THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj.Franklin

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The Leaders in American Diplomacy

By Hon. John W. Foster

WHEN the thirteen Colonies, which afterward constituted the United States of America, published to the world their Declaration of Independence, they were ill prepared to assume the diplomatic or international duties which were to devolve upon them in their capacity of an independent nation. They had had a long experience in the science and practice of government, as for more than a hundred years the Colonies had enjoyed a greater or less degree of home rule, and they had more than once banded together when emergencies, such as the Indian wars, had made it necessary. But in their dependent position their public men had had no opportunity to practice diplomacy, and little occasion to study international law.

The only one of the patriots who could lay any claim to experience in diplomacy was Benjamin Franklin, and that was in a very subordinate character. In 1757 he had been sent to London by the Legislature of the Colony of Pennsylvania to act as its agent before the British Government, but his duties were mainly confined to wrangles at the Colonial Office in London with the heirs of William Penn, over the respective rights of the Colony and the Proprietors.

Franklin, likewise, afterward became the agent of the Colonies of Massachusetts, New Jersey and Georgia. For seventeen years he was a resident of London, and being himself a man of a literary, scientific and philosophical turn of mind, he made the acquaintance not only of government officials, but also of a great many men of letters and science, and he became a welcome member of the best circles of society and learning.

This contact with the greatest minds in the British capital gave him polished manners and cosmopolitan tastes, and this experience stood him in good stead when he was sent by the Continental Congress to Paris to win over the King of France to the cause of the rebel Colonies, and to resist the influence of the trained British diplomatists in the Courts of Europe.

But in addition to Franklin the Congress sent over to the Continent, in the first years of the war, nearly a score of agents and representatives, who, compared with him, proved to be a "sorry lot"; most of them earnest men who desired to serve their country struggling to be free, but who had no experience of foreign ways and were possessed of only mediocre ability; but there were some who were disloyal to their trust, and others who were absolutely dishonest or dissolute. Contrary to the advice of Franklin, the Continental Congress dispatched diplomatic representatives to the leading nations of Europe before even France had

Franklin, the first American diplomatist, at the French Court

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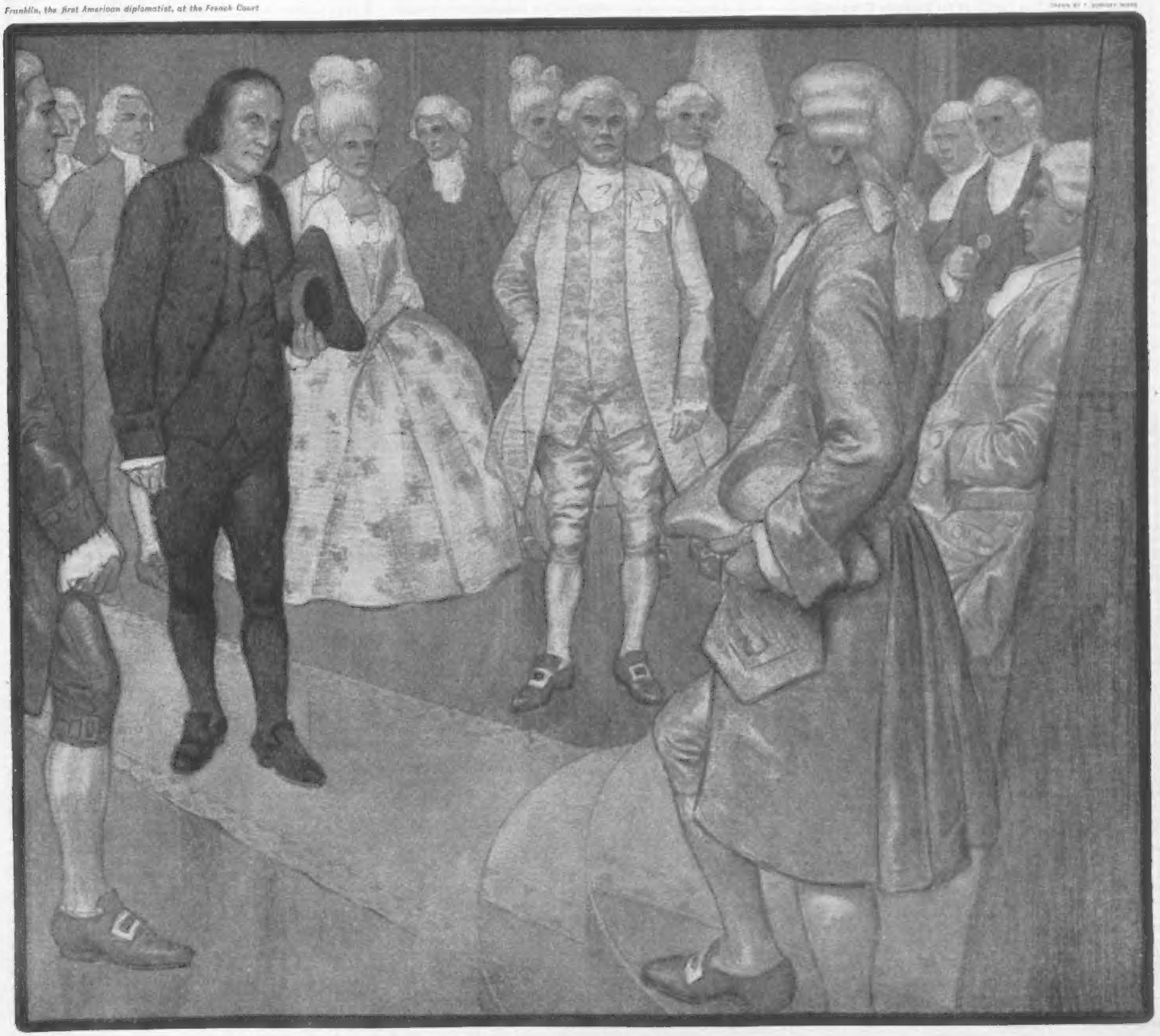


recognized the Colonies, and these gentlemen, having been rejected at the various courts, congregated at Paris and made themselves busy by intermeddling in Franklin's duties. The state of relations between these diplomatic representatives of the young nation may be inferred from an extract from the diary of John Adams, who arrived in Paris in 1778. He writes: "It is with much grief and concern that I have learned, from my first landing in France, the disputes between the Americans in this Kingdom; the animosities between Mr. Deane and Mr. Lee; between Doctor Franklin and Mr. Lee; between Mr. Izard and Doctor Franklin; between Doctor Bancroft and Mr. Lee; between Mr. Carmichael and all."

Notwithstanding the mistakes, failures and dissensions, the record of the diplomacy of the Revolutionary period reflects great credit upon the country. The three distinguished names are Franklin, John Adams and Jay. To them were intrusted the most important negotiations, and history records how successful were their labors. In the estimation of Europe, Franklin was the most illustrious American who has ever represented his country abroad, and he holds unchallenged the primacy in our diplomatic service. Adams carried into his work abroad the same fiery zeal which characterized his assaults upon the British in Boston and his bold defense of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia. He paid little regard to the etiquette of diplomacy, and likened himself to "the militia" which "sometimes gains victories over regular troops even by departing from the rules"; but he was ever abroad a staunch defender of his country.

John Jay was in some respects the best equipped of his colleagues for the great work assigned them. He was a well-trained lawyer and in the prime of life. He bore the burden of the negotiations of the treaty of peace and independence. He was the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court under the Constitution, and was asked by President Washington temporarily to lay aside its duties in order to go to London in 1794 and negotiate the treaty with Great Britain. Twice since then has a Chief Justice been called to important diplomatic duties. Oliver Ellsworth, while acting as Chief Justice, was appointed by President Adams, in 1799, as the head of a commission to avert war with France and negotiate a treaty; and very recently Chief Justice Fuller has acted as a member of the tribunal of arbitration at Paris on the Venezuela boundary.

Marshall's Busy Work at Midnight

It is not generally remembered that our greatest Chief Justice, John Marshall, held high diplomatic posts before he donned the judicial robe. He was a member of the first commission sent to France to negotiate for peace in 1798, and was Secretary of State at the close of John Adams' Administration. The story is told of him that on the night of the third of March he was busily engaged in completing and signing the commissions for officials appointed by Adams on the eve of Jefferson's term, and that, just as the hour of midnight approached, a member of Jefferson's incoming Cabinet entered and informed him that he had been instructed by the President-elect to take charge of the office. In after years he used to laugh at the incident, and say that he had been allowed to pick up nothing but his hat.

Thomas Jefferson, who succeeded Franklin at Paris, had a distinguished career in the French capital, and returned to America to assume the duties of the first Secretary of State under the Constitution, in which position he did an important work and laid the foundation of the permanent American diplomatic service. During his Presidency he was not, however, always happy in his diplomatic relations, as he was frequently in turmoil with members of the corps in Washington. When a new British Minister went to the Executive Mansion to present his credentials he reported to his Government:

"I, in my official costume, found myself, at the hour of reception he had himself appointed, introduced to a man as the President of the United States, not merely in an undress, but actually standing in slippers down at the heels, and both pantaloons, coat and underclothes indicative of utter slovenliness and indifference to appearances, and in a state of negligence actually studied." The Minister not only regarded this as an intended slight to him and his King, but he thought he found confirmation of it when he and his wife were invited to dinner by the President, for, in the "pell-mell" order which then prevailed at the White House, they were both left without any designation of escort to the table. This precipitated a social war between the Administration and the *corps diplomatique*, which was amusing, but not very creditable to our country.

The Story of Mr. Adams' Summer Tie

Jefferson is not the only President whose manner of dress has subjected him to criticism. John Quincy Adams records in his diary that an attack was made upon him in the newspapers of the country, charging that he wore neither waistcoat nor cravat, and sometimes went to church barefoot! He says the story gave his wife and friends much concern, but he refused to dignify it with a denial. He writes in his diary: "It is true only as regards the cravat, instead of which, in the extremity of the summer heat, I wear around my neck a black silk riband. . . . There is nothing so deep and nothing so shallow which political enmity will not turn to account. Let it be a warning to me to take heed to my ways."

The early post-Revolutionary period was distinguished in the diplomatic service by Pinckney, who during the trouble with France gave utterance to the words: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute"; by James Monroe, Livingston, John Quincy Adams and others. Of all the diplomatic servants of the Government of the United States, Adams was probably the best-equipped man for the service. He accompanied his father to Europe at the age of eleven; at fourteen he was private secretary to our Minister to Russia; at sixteen he was secretary to the American plenipotentiaries at Paris in the peace negotiations of 1782-3; at the age of twenty-seven he was appointed by President Washington a Minister Plenipotentiary in Europe. His service was longer and in some respects more varied than that of any other American diplomat. He was acquainted with all the leading languages of Europe, and was a good classical scholar, as he found life without Cicero and Tacitus like "a privation of one of his limbs." He was a man of marked ability, and his ambition equaled his ability.

He possessed a very positive temperament. The distinguished British diplomat, Sir Stratford Canning, who was Minister in Washington while Adams was Secretary of State, many years afterward bitterly complained of his "very uneven temper" and of his "manner, too often domineering." But in his fits of temper Adams kept a clear head; he records an interview in his diary when Secretary of State: "I found in this gentleman the same peremptory tone which is common among Englishmen when discussing political topics with Americans, and I was compelled, reluctantly, to assume a similar tone myself. He then became more courteous."

A Courtesy to a Dissipated Diplomat

But Adams' usual manner was that of studied courtesy; while President it was his usual practice to walk down from the White House at a very early hour in the morning and take an hour or two's swim in the Potomac; a European diplomat asserts that Mr. Adams was the most polite man he ever knew, as he never would recognize him in those early hours, when he met him (the diplomat) on his return to his lodgings from his all-night carousals.

All through his life he was a thoroughgoing Puritan. He was a faithful church attendant and made a practice every day of reading at least two or three chapters of the Bible. His diary is full of pious ejaculations and sentiments, sometimes of an original poetical nature. For instance, on the first Sunday after he became Secretary of State, the entry in his diary is in poetical form, consisting of six stanzas, from which I quote the first and last:

> "O God, my only trust was thou
>   Through all life's scenes before:
> Lo, at thy throne again I bow,
>   New mercies to implore.
>
> . . . .
>
> "Extend, all-seeing God, thy hand,
>   In mercy still decree,
> And make to bless my native land
>   An instrument of me."

It has often been asserted that the American foreign representatives have not been able to cope with the trained diplomats of Europe, and it has been especially charged that Great Britain has generally got the better of us in negotiations. The history of diplomacy in the past century and more, since the United States has had an existence, does not justify this charge. Undoubtedly mistakes have been made, but they by no means equal our diplomatic triumphs, and our relations with Great Britain are a conspicuous example of this. Our most important negotiations with that country followed our three greatest wars, that of the Revolution, of 1812, and the Civil War, resulting in the treaties of 1783, 1814 and 1871. Lecky, the English historian, in his review of the eighteenth century and the peace of 1783, says: "It is impossible not to be struck with the skill, hardihood and good fortune that marked the American negotiations. Everything the United States could, with any shadow of plausibility, demand from England they obtained; and much of what they obtained was granted them in opposition to the two great Powers by whose assistance they had triumphed." Of the negotiations of the American and British peace commissions at Ghent, in 1814, Lord Wellington, the British Prime Minister, declared in the House of Lords that the American commissioners "had shown a most astonishing superiority over the British during the whole correspondence." The result of the negotiations of the Joint High Commission in 1871, the treaty of Washington and the Geneva arbitration of the Alabama claims is too fresh in the memory of the reader to require vindication from me.

Portfolios that Demand Checkbooks

The middle period of the nation's history is not so marked by diplomatic skill on the part of our foreign representatives as it is distinguished by the great men who filled the office of Secretary of State. The most prominent were Clay, Webster and Calhoun, that triumvirate of statesmen who so adorn the civic record of the second generation of our country; and to these are to be added the names of Van Buren, Buchanan, Marcy and Cass. It is a fact to be noted that although Clay, Webster and Calhoun were among the most able of our Secretaries of State, none of them ever held any diplomatic post abroad, if we except the few months Mr. Clay was engaged as peace commissioner at Ghent. All of them were tendered foreign missions more than once during their public careers, but they were men who had made their way to high station in public esteem through their own unaided abilities; none of them was possessed of an independent income, and the salaries allowed by the Government were inadequate to enable them to live in the style of their foreign colleagues; and they were forced to forego the benefits of official residence abroad. Mr. Calhoun was tendered the mission to France by President John Quincy Adams, and by Polk the mission to England, but he declined both, saying he "was well aware that a long and familiar acquaintance with Europe was indispensable to complete the education of an American statesman, and regretted that his fortune would not bear the cost of it." With the increased cost of living in the European capitals of late the missions to great Powers are now practically excluded from all but rich Americans, and unfortunately the possession of riches is not always accompanied by diplomatic ability.

In a later period of American history are found in the diplomatic list the names of Everett, Bancroft, Burlingame, Cushing, Marsh and Washburne; but the most useful and probably the most able of our representatives of that era was Charles Francis Adams, who represented our Government in London throughout the period of the Civil War, and crowned his diplomatic work by signal service as a member of the arbitration tribunal at Geneva. The greatest danger to the Union during our Civil War was not the Confederate armies, but the threatened intervention of Great Britain, and to Minister Adams, more than to any one else, must be ascribed the credit of averting that fatal calamity. The characteristics of the Adams family of determined courage, devotion to duty, and ardent Americanism were never more conspicuous than during his term of service as Minister to England. James Russell Lowell, who later filled the same mission, says: "None of our Generals in the field, not Grant himself, did us better or more trying service than he.

Mr. Lowell's remark emphasizes the lesson of American history that not alone to the great soldiers who have won our important battles, nor to the Presidents and statesmen at home who have so successfully guided the ship of state, are due the glory and prosperity of our country, but that a large share of the honor has been achieved in foreign lands by American diplomats.

Editor's Note — This is the second of a series of papers on American Diplomacy and Diplomatists.

The Dynasties of the Comic Song

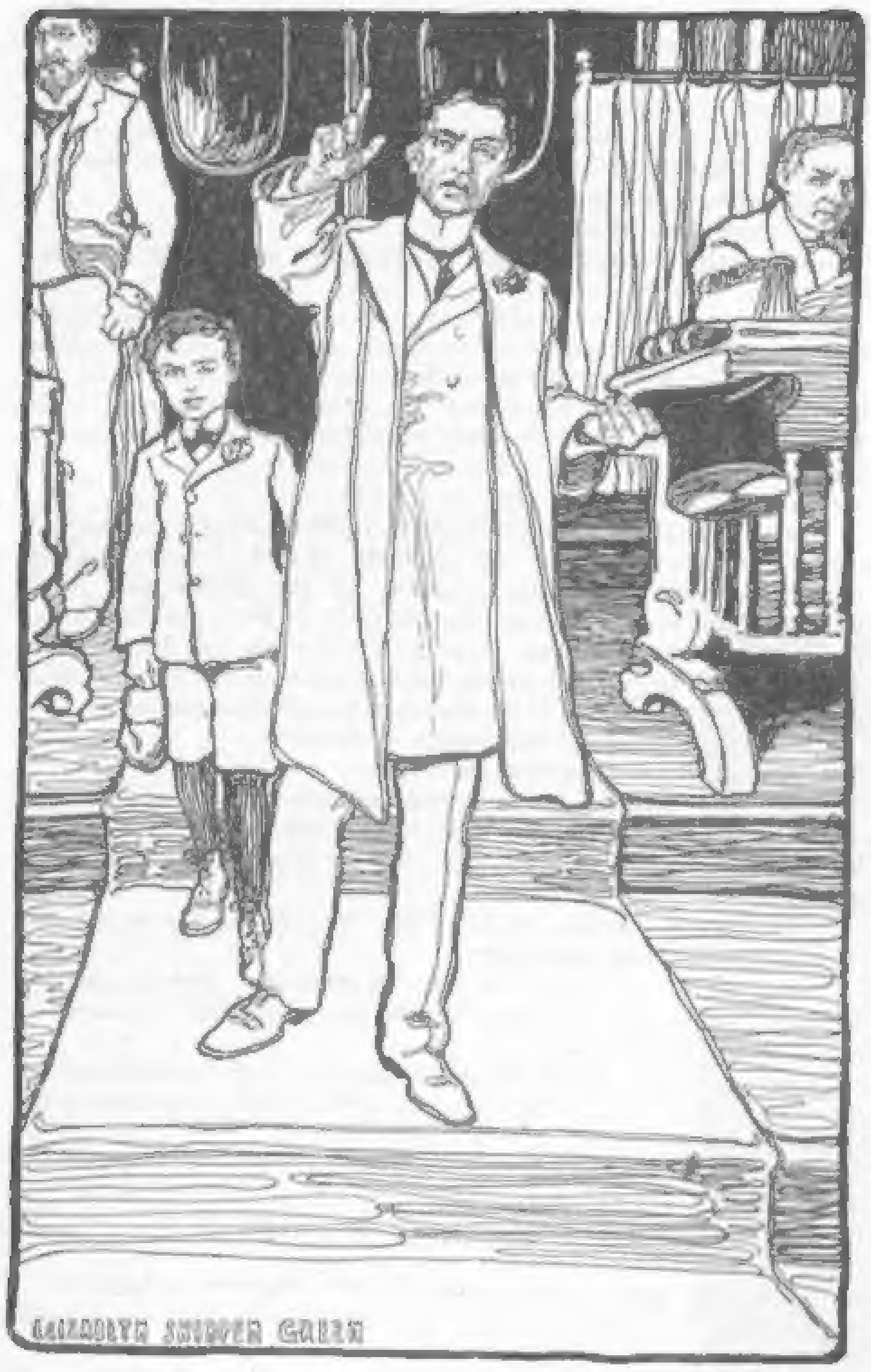
By Justin McCarthy

I HAVE often wondered that no historian seems to have been found as yet for the popular comic song. There are dynasties of popular comic songs. Old men and women in English country villages are fond of retracing the succession of their past years by telling of the royal personages through whose reigns they lived and moved and worked and wrangled. It has many times occurred to me that one might, if in a properly contemplative mood, retrace the years of his life not less satisfactorily by his association with the reigns of successive comic songs. My own earliest recollections are of the era when the immortal Jim Crow ruled over the comic theatres and the music halls — such music halls as then existed — of the English-speaking world. From morning to night, and often indeed through the night till the morning, Jim Crow echoed through every street and every drinking shop and every resort of men where the comic song was shrieked or shouted or whistled or hummed. The listener then, whether a willing listener or not, was incessantly invited to "Wheel about and turn about and jump Jim Crow." There used to be a painted wooden figure of Jim Crow standing outside a tobacconist's shop on the right side of Broadway in New York as you go up town, and, for aught I know, it may be standing there still, but I have not been in New York for some years, and during my later residence there the figure had passed somehow out of my notice. I am afraid that Jim Crow must have passed out of the notice of most people long before this, and I wonder whether the younger generation will have the least idea as to what I am writing about when I mention the dusky hero's once famous name.

The reign of Jim Crow was succeeded, so far as my recollection tells me, by "Jim Along Josey" — Jim the second let us call him — and he, too, was a popular monarch while he reigned, but his domain never spread quite so far, nor did his flag count so many devoted followers as did the reign and the flag of Jim the first — Jim Crow. Then we had in England a very popular sovereign of the singing saloon and the street, of whom I cannot say with certainty whether he ever spread his rule over any part of America — I mean Billie Barlow. King William Barlow was, during his time, a very popular monarch in England. He used to appear on the comic stage and on the platform of a singing saloon in the unpretentious costume of a crossing-sweeper with his broom over his shoulder, and it was the fashion of Billie Barlow to throw himself into the spirit of any great popular movement going on at the time and to represent himself as having taken a leading part in it. Some other sovereigns, we know, used to do the same sort of thing. George the Fourth once appealed to the Duke of Wellington to sustain him in the assertion that he, George, had led a cavalry charge at the battle of Waterloo, and the Duke discreetly replied, "I have more than once heard Your Majesty say so." Billie Barlow I can distinctly connect in memory with the revolutionary era of 1848, for I heard him sing a song in which he described himself as having taken a commanding position during the struggle in the streets of Paris, and he told us in song how the moment he appeared in the open air the soldiers and the people united in shouting for "General Barlow."

I think the next monarch of the music hall whose reign made an impression on me was "Old Bob Ridley," and I can recollect the fact that during one Christmas he was a prominent figure at nearly all the pantomimes, and that at one of these entertainments he appeared as the Egyptian Sphinx on the desert near to the Pyramids, and the mechanized stage sphinx opened its huge mouth and sent forth in hoarse tones the song of Old Bob Ridley. Still more lately we had the noisy, blustering, boisterous reign of "Champagne Charlie," and I remember the whole pit and gallery of a great popular London theatre at a Christmas pantomime joining in the stage chorus which made proclamation that "Champagne Charlie is my name." About this time I began to be drawn into politics and other such frivolous occupations, and I seem to have lost my hold on the succession of the popular comic songs, hardly noticing even that I was living for a time under the sway of "Ta-ra-ra-Boom de ay." I cannot therefore pretend to become a qualified historian of the successive reigns, and can only suggest to others more fitted for the task this field of historic labor.

Senate Bill 578. *By* Brand Whitlock



"I object!"

HE WAS a page in the Illinois Legislature—"House Page No. 7," the bright metal badge on the lapel of his little coat said—and all day long he heard nothing but "Here, boy!" from city members, or "Hey, bub!" from country members, or "Hi, there, kid!" from the other pages, or "Get a move on you, Seven!" as the chief page snapped his fingers at him in his lordly way. His real name was James, but he never heard that, now that his father was dead. His mother called him Jamie.

Jamie was kept very busy and yet he enjoyed his legislative duties. He felt that it was a big thing to help, even in his humble little way, to make laws for all the people in the State. It was pretty important, for instance, to carry a paper from some member up to the clerk's desk, for after the clerk had read it, on three different days, and the House had voted on it and passed it, and after it had been read on three different days and passed by the Senate, and after the Governor had read it and thought over it as he walked back and forth between the Executive Mansion and the State House, and had written his name on it, it became a law, and everybody in the State had to obey it or go to jail.

The people were called constituents; they seemed to be divided up amongst all the members of the Legislature; everybody in the State House had his constituents. Jamie felt that, as a legislator, he should have some constituents, but he couldn't decide who his constituents were, and he didn't like to ask anybody. But finally he thought of his mother, and when he told her that she was his constituent she took his little face between her two hands and kissed him and pressed her cheek to his. Her cheek was moist with tears.

If everybody in the State House had been as good to his constituents as Jamie, Illinois would have been a very happy place in which to live. When his father died, Jamie's mother had to take in sewing and to work hard to keep things going. She was sad much of the time, and always looked tired, and this made Jamie sad. He longed to help her but he did not know what to do. Then a friend of theirs, Mr. Woodbridge, said he could get Jamie a place in the House as a page boy—they always say "page boy" in the Legislature—and one morning Jamie's mother dressed him in his Sunday suit and sent him up to the State House with Mr. Woodbridge.

And so he became a page. He was paid a dollar and a half a day. Every twenty days the pay-rolls were made out, and Jamie would go down to the Treasury, sign his name in a big, round hand, "James Horn," and then proudly take home to his mother thirty dollars in fresh, crisp, green bills! His mother had wished him to stay in school, but, of course, being a page was better than going to school. There were no books to study, and then you got out so much earlier every day! And more than all, you couldn't take home money from school!

The House met every morning at ten o'clock, and after the Speaker had taken his place under the canopy where the beautiful flag was draped, and had rapped for order, and the chaplain had prayed, the clerk would call the roll for the introduction of bills. This was Jamie's busiest time. Everybody would have bills to introduce or petitions from his constituents to present, and for an hour Jamie would be scampering up and down the aisles between the members' desks and the clerk's desk. But after that he had a breathing spell, and could sit on the Speaker's steps and whisper to the Speaker's page, or look about over the House and watch the members. There were grave members from the country districts with long whiskers and steel-bowed spectacles, there were city members with fancy vests and diamonds, there were Irish members and German members, there was a Polish member named Kumaszynski, and there was a negro member, who sat away back on the Republican side almost under the galleries, and was very quiet, and wore black clothes and gold eyeglasses.

But there was one whom Jamie liked above all the others. He was tall, with smiling blue eyes that saw everything, and though his black hair was patched with gray at the temples, his face was that of a young man, clean-shaven and ruddy. He was a Chicago member and the most fashionably-dressed man in the House—he wore a different suit of clothes every day. He was a lawyer and his name was Bronson Meredith. Jamie loved him the first time he ever saw him, and whenever Mr. Meredith clapped his hands Jamie would spring to his side before any other page had started, and if by chance Mr. Meredith ever gave a resolution or a bill to any of the other boys Jamie felt a twinge of jealousy at his heart.

Sometimes he would loiter an instant beside Mr. Meredith's desk, and a smile from him made Jamie happy all that day. Jamie longed to touch him with his hand but dared not. The only thing he could do was to pat Mr. Meredith's overcoat, with its soft, silken lining, as it hung on his hook in the cloakroom. At night, lying in his bed, Jamie would close his eyes and see Mr. Meredith standing beside his desk, his lips slightly parted in a smile, showing his white teeth and replying so sharply to members who interrupted him that they would shoot down into their seats with red faces and all the other members would laugh, while Mr. Meredith, raising his hand, would go on with his speech, saying:

"Now, Mr. Speaker, as I was about to remark when I yielded to the perplexing question of the distinguished gentleman from Pike——"

Mr. Meredith was not often on his feet, as they say in legislative bodies, but when he took part in a debate all the other members kept still and listened with their hands behind their ears, which they didn't do when any one else spoke. Mr. Meredith was a leader—many called him a reformer. Jamie decided that when he grew up he would be a lawyer, a leader and a reformer.

Now, when the session was about over there was a bill in the House which almost all the Chicago members hoped to see made into a law; but Mr. Meredith was against it. The country members, too, for the most part were against the bill, and Jamie noticed that when it first came over from the Senate there was a stir in the House, and that every time it came up, after that, all the members would rush in from the cloak-rooms, or the lobbies, or the Supreme Court Library, or the rotunda of the State House, to speak about it and to vote on it.

Jamie did not understand the bill, or know what it was for; he only knew that it was something about a franchise in Chicago, and that every week a party of rich-looking gentlemen would come down to Springfield and stand about in the House, or sit on the big red lounge behind the Speaker's chair, and whisper and try to get men to vote for it.

And Jamie knew, too, that it was called Senate Bill No. 578; he impressed that number firmly on his mind and could never forget it. He soon observed that on any day when he saw S. B. 578 on the calendar—which is a kind of program printed every morning to tell what bills are coming up—Mr. Meredith would be on his feet and make motions and speeches, and that the gentlemen on the Speaker's red lounge would scowl at him and the other city members try to answer him. And Jamie noticed that Mr. Meredith always succeeded in having the bill referred back to some committee, or did something to keep it from becoming a law.

Jamie read the newspapers now and then. He always turned first to the baseball news—the season was just opening—and then to the legislative news, although he never read that as carefully as he did the baseball news. Often he saw Mr. Meredith's name in the types—the papers said he was making a gallant fight against the franchise grab. Jamie hoped with all his soul that Mr. Meredith would win in that fight; not, of course, that he cared about the franchise grab—he had, like many older persons, very hazy ideas about that—but he always wished to see Mr. Meredith win.

The spring had come, and as the Legislature usually ends early in June, and the work was piling up, the House was meeting at nine o'clock in the morning. The House adjourned every Friday at noon, in order that the members might go home over Sunday, and it didn't meet again until Monday afternoon at five o'clock, and then only for a few minutes. The members who had gone home did not get back until Tuesday morning, and there were never many there Monday afternoon, not even a quorum, and it was always understood that nothing was to be done at that session. The chaplain prayed, the journal of Friday's session was read and approved, and the House adjourned until Tuesday morning.

But one Monday afternoon when Jamie reached the hall of the House he was surprised to find a big body of members there—almost all the Chicago members except Mr. Meredith. Those rich gentlemen were there, too, sitting on the Speaker's red lounge. Jamie looked for Mr. Meredith—he was not there. He thought instantly of Senate Bill 578—something was up! They were going to try to pass Senate Bill 578—that was why the gentlemen were there on the Speaker's red lounge; that was why the Chicago members had come down to Springfield on the Monday afternoon train instead of waiting for the Monday night train. Jamie was worried.

It was a balmy spring day with a sky blue and tender, and a soft wind that wafted strange sweet country smells about, smells that filled Jamie with dreamy longings and a kind of pleasant sadness. The Speaker gently tapped with his gavel; the good old chaplain arose and spread out his white hands.

"O Lord," he prayed, "we thank Thee that the winter is past, that the rain is over and gone, that the flowers appear upon the earth, that the time of the singing of birds is come."

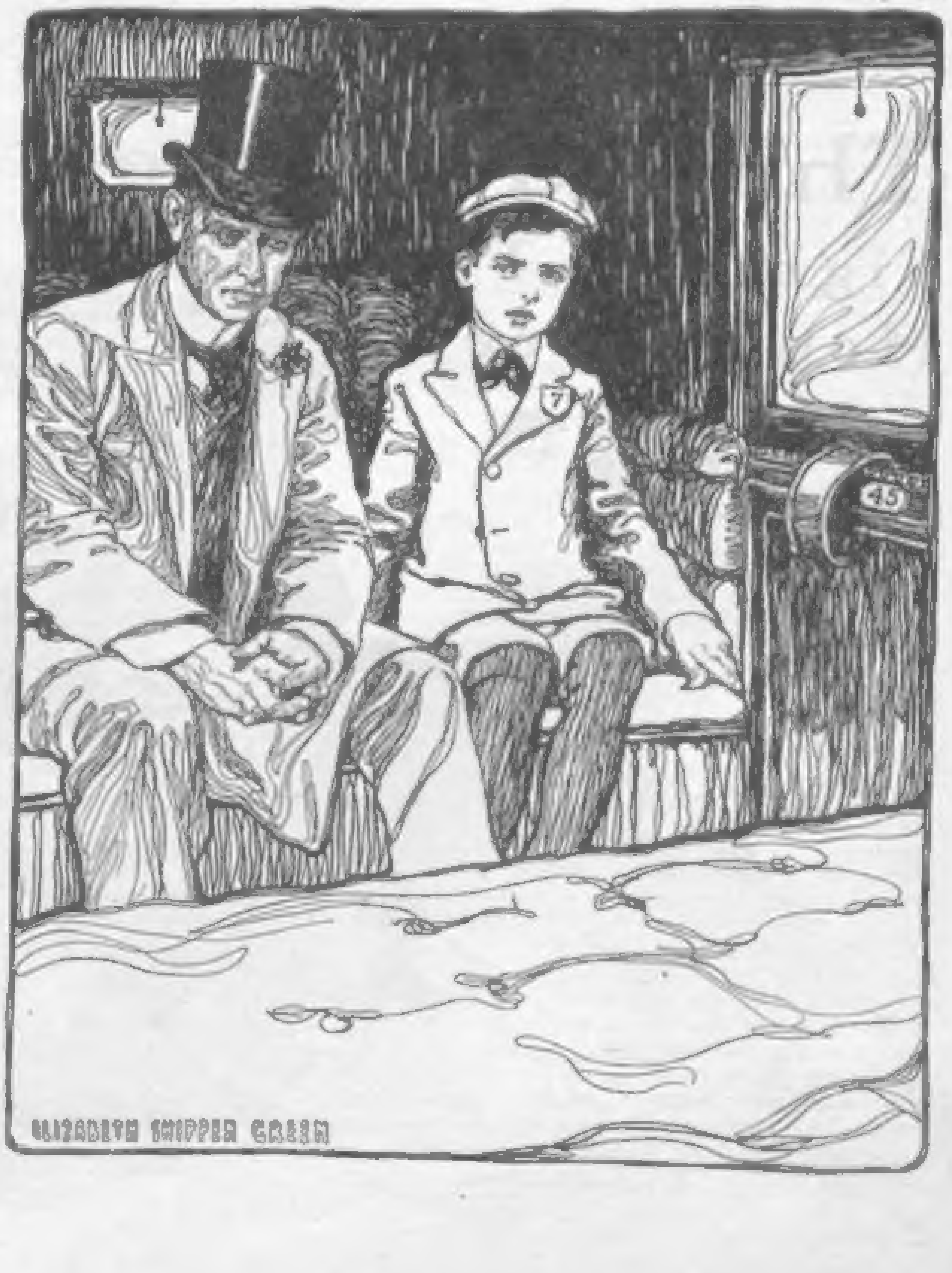
The words stole sweetly in upon Jamie's soul. He sat on the steps, looking out of the open windows at the tender young leaves of the maple trees—it was just the way he used to look out of the open windows in school before vacation came, when he thought of the swimming-hole out at Sycamore and of going barefooted. It was all so calm and peaceful. But with the chaplain's "Amen!" the Speaker's gavel cracked and the buzzing noise peculiar to the House began again. And Jamie awoke from his reveries with a start. He had heavier things to think of now; he was almost a man; he was in the Legislature. Senate Bill 578 was on its third reading, the gang was present, and Mr. Meredith had not come. Jamie was troubled, and sighed. He must attend to his duties—he must do something.

Jamie looked over all the faces before him; nowhere could he find one man he could trust as a friend of Mr. Meredith.

He glanced at the door with a lingering hope that Mr. Meredith would appear, but of course he did not come. Then Jamie slowly hitched down the Speaker's stairs, a step at a time, and, reaching the floor, slipped over by the reporters' boxes—empty that afternoon, for the correspondents, like the legislators, never returned until Tuesday morning—and thence into the side aisle, under the gallery, and to the cloakroom. There he got his cap, looked longingly at Mr. Meredith's hook, empty now, with no satin-lined overcoat for him to nestle lovingly against for a blissful second, and then he went on out into the hall under the huge dome.

No one, of course, observed a mere page boy, but Jamie felt, as he clicked his hurrying little heels across the marble floors, that something was about to poke him in his cold,

Mr. Meredith was silent until the carriage whirled into the State House grounds



unprotected back—the fear of a rear attack that boyhood inherits from its far-distant savage ancestry. Jamie didn't take the elevator, or the grand staircase, but reached the main floor by leaping two steps at a time down a narrow side stairway, unused and dark.

Then he flew out of the east entrance, ran down the wide walk and on up Capitol Avenue for four long blocks—ran as fast as he could pump his little short legs to the hotel where he knew Mr. Meredith lived when he was at the capital. But Jamie had no hope of finding him there that afternoon. He went to the hotel simply because he did not know where else to go—that was all. Rushing into the hotel and up to the clerk's desk, he put his chin over its edge and, as the clerk leaned down with his face almost in Jamie's face, the boy panted:

" Is—now—Honorable Bronson Meredith in?"

The clerk smiled and Jamie blushed, fearing the clerk was making fun of him. And his heart sank—he might have known Mr. Meredith was not in.

" Who did you say?" asked the clerk.

" Honorable Bronson Meredith—the gentleman from Cook——"

The clerk was knitting his brows, though the wrinkles about his lips were twitching as if he found it hard to keep them from rippling out into smiles. Jamie thought the clerk was wonderfully stupid not to know such a great man as Mr. Meredith, and he added, in order to jog the man's memory a little:

" You know—the reformer."

The clerk straightened up, placed his hands on his hips, threw back his head and laughed. Jamie stared at him with wide eyes—he saw nothing to laugh at, especially when Senate Bill 578 was coming up. Presently the clerk took one of his hands from his side and dropped it on the big bell beside the register, and as it clanged out in the empty lobby, he shouted in his laughing voice:

" Front!"

A bell boy in buttons slid to the desk just as a page boy does in the House when a member claps his hands. The bell boy and Jamie looked each other all over from head to toe in the instant they stood there facing each other, and the clerk began:

" Go see if Mr. Meredith——"

And just then a tall form appeared around the corner of a wall, and Jamie looked up.

It was Mr. Meredith himself, as smiling as the spring, with a bunch of violets in the lapel of his new light coat. Jamie sprang at him.

" Oh, Mr. Meredith," he said, raising his clasped hands almost appealingly, " come—quick!"

" Why, what's the matter?" said Mr. Meredith, halting in surprise.

" They've got Senate Bill 578 up!"

Mr. Meredith's eyes opened; his face lost its mild expression.

" What do you know about Senate Bill 578?"

Jamie took him by the coat—he dared at last to lay hands on his sacred person—and tugged as he said:

" Oh, honest—Mr. Meredith—honest—cross my heart they have—you'll be too late!"

Mr. Meredith looked at the pleading lad closely, and then suddenly exclaimed:

" Oh, yes! You're one of the page boys." And then he ran as fast as he could through the lobby, down the steps and across the sidewalk, Jamie after him.

" Come on!" cried Mr. Meredith as he stooped to plunge into a carriage at the curb, dragging Jamie in after him, and shouting to the driver:

" The State House—fast as you can drive!"

The driver whirled his carriage about in Sixth Street, and as Mr. Mereidth drew in his head and slammed the heavy door he shouted:

" Faster there—I'll double your fare!"

The carriage lurched around the corner, the lash of the driver's whip writhed in the air, and the horses went galloping with the rattling old hack down Capitol Avenue. And as the carriage pitched and rocked Jamie was supremely happy—he had done what he could, and, better than all, he was sitting beside Mr. Meredith and actually riding in the same hack with him!

Mr. Meredith was silent until the carriage whirled into the State House grounds and the horses, breathing heavily, were plunging up the driveway toward the north portico. Then he turned and said:

" How'd they know I was in town?"

Jamie looked up in surprise.

" Who?" he said.

" Why," replied Mr. Meredith, " whoever sent you."

Jamie felt hurt.

" But no one sent me, Mr. Meredith," he said; " I just came."

" And how did you know I was here?"

" I guessed."

Mr. Meredith was thoughtful for an instant and then said:

" But why did you come?"

Jamie blushed.

" I—I—I—now——" he stammered. " I don't like to tell." And he hid his face against Mr. Meredith's sleeve.

The carriage stopped, the driver leaped from his box and flung open the door. Mr. Meredith sprang out, leaped up the stone steps, ran down the corridors, dashed into the elevator and was shot up to the third floor. Jamie had been compelled to run faster than he ever did in his life to keep up with him. He was nearly pinched by the iron door of the elevator as the man slid it shut.

But he was close at Mr. Meredith's heels when he ran into the House. The few Senators, having just concluded a perfunctory Monday afternoon session over in their more or less solemn chamber, were bustling into the hall of the House, evidently expecting something of interest to occur. They pressed by the doorkeeper, and as they entered Jamie heard the Speaker cry:

" The gentleman from Cook asks unanimous consent to have Senate Bill 578 taken up out of the regular order, read at large a third time, and put upon its passage. Are there any objections?"

The Speaker raised his gavel, waited an instant, and said:

" The Chair hears——"

But suddenly a voice beside Jamie rang out like a bugle:

" Object!"

The Speaker looked up in amazement. The members of the gang turned about in their seats with startled, guilty faces; the rich gentlemen on the Speaker's red lounge leaned forward with pained expressions. Mr. Meredith was striding down the centre aisle, his hat in his hand, his face red, his eyes on fire.

Half way down the aisle he halted, and once more shouted in that fearless note:

" I object! A million people in Chicago to-night are waiting to hear from this House on this franchise bill—I dare you to take it up in this star-chamber session!"

Mr. Meredith's hand swept a wide arc that included the whole House as he flung his defiance, and then he stood glaring at them all. The eyes that met Mr. Meredith's eyes quailed; the House was still. No one arose, no one replied to him.

Then after a long minute of this painful silence the Speaker, lowering his head until Jamie could not see his face, said in a low voice:

" Objections are heard."

And so the franchise grab bill was not taken up that day after all.

The session was very short after that, and when the House adjourned Mr. Meredith went down to the Speaker's dais. The Speaker looked up as if he thought Mr. Meredith was coming to speak to him, but Mr. Meredith stopped at the steps, and taking Jamie's little hand he pressed it in his own big palm and said:

" Come with me."

It was the proudest moment of Jamie's life as he walked out of the noisy chamber, through the crowd of angry, baffled members, past the staring pages, by the wondering doorkeepers, and so on out into the rotunda. They walked down the great white staircase, and as they were passing around the polished brass railing of the balcony on the second floor Mr. Meredith said, as if suddenly reminded of something:

" Beg your pardon, but what's your name?"

" James Horn," replied Jamie.

They kept on and Jamie wondered where they were going, until they turned into the Governor's offices. Jamie's heart leaped suddenly. Surely this was a day of big surprises, thought he.

" Is the Governor in?" Mr. Meredith asked of the Governor's private secretary.

" Yes—just go right in, Mr. Meredith," and in another instant Jamie was standing beside Mr. Meredith in the presence of the Governor.

The Governor arose as they entered, and looked first at Mr. Meredith, then lowered his kind blue eyes and fixed them on Jamie.

" Governor," said Mr. Meredith, " I wish to present my little friend, Master James Horn."

The Governor bowed, took Jamie's hand in his own and said in his soft voice:

" I'm very glad to meet you, Master Horn, I'm sure."

Jamie felt himself tingle all through at the Governor's words.

" Master Horn, Governor," continued Mr. Meredith, " is a page boy in the House, and to-day, when we were all caught napping, he saved the franchise bill from becoming a law."

The Governor, looking a question at Mr. Meredith, said:

" Ah?"

" Yes," answered Mr. Meredith; and then, when the Governor had motioned them to take seats, and Jamie had worked and wiggled himself away back into a deep leather chair, with his legs and feet sticking straight out in front of him, Mr. Meredith told the Governor the whole story. When he had done, the Governor arose and went over to where Jamie sat in the big chair, his arms stretched along the chair's arms.

Jamie would have wriggled out of the chair, but he had not time to do so. And then, as he looked up into the grave, kind face, His Excellency, speaking very seriously, said:

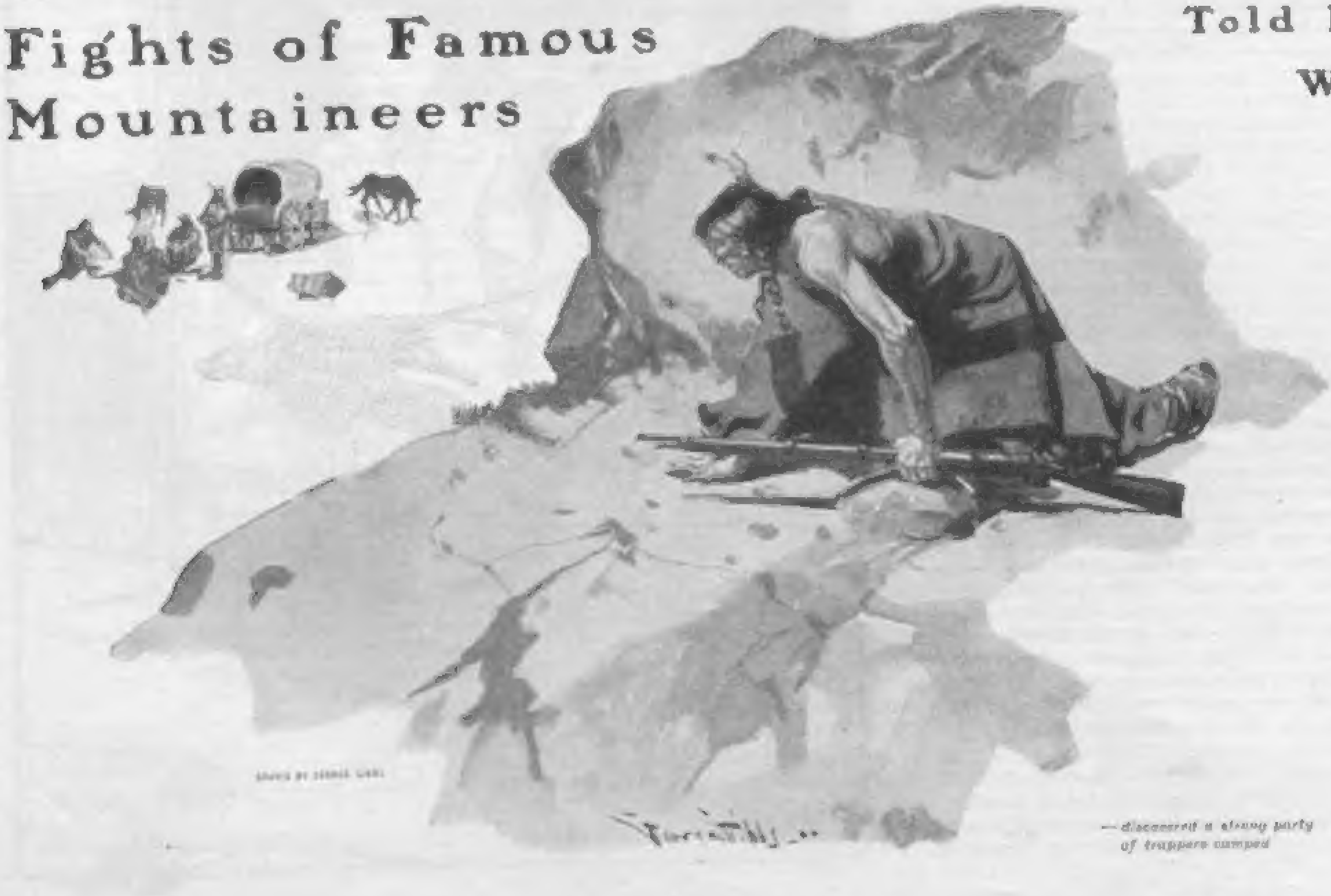
" My boy, you have done the people of Chicago and the people of Illinois a great service—a service you will understand some day—and now, on their behalf, I wish to thank you for it."

The Adventures of a Pioneer Plainsman

Fights of Famous Mountaineers

Told by Captain John J. Healy

Written by Forrest Crissey



—discovered a strong party of trappers camped

IT IS doubtful if to-day a dozen men may be found in a single large city of this country who have any right notion of what the term " mountaineer " means, as it was used in the old trapping and trading days. And still it seems but yesterday when the mountaineer stood out as the main figure in the wild landscape of the mighty West!

My definition of a mountaineer is this: a man who was able literally to " live off his rifle " in the heart of the fiercest wilderness, hundreds of miles from the habitations of civilized man, and without a single human companion. I speak of him as belonging to the past, for his race is practically extinct. There are to-day scores of good scouts and successful hunters who are looked upon by the people of settled communities as picturesque heroes and are accepted as true types of the mountaineers. They are brave men, but their knowledge of the mountaineering craft is so meagre that they would perish like helpless children if placed in the conditions amid which Bridger, Fitzpatrick, the two Carsons, Vanderberg, Johnson, Beckwourth, Mildrum and the other genuine mountaineers lived and thrived.

Any man of this class outfitted with a good horse, rifle and knife could not only support life in the most remote cañons of the Rockies, or far out on the plains, but he could live in comfort for the main part, sometimes in luxury, as men of the pioneer West judged the various degrees of " creature comforts." With this meagre equipment he was the most independent and self-reliant man on earth. With a pinch of powder, a steel and a piece of flint, or even two dry sticks, he was able to start his camp-fire. If he was out on the bare prairie without a picket-pin and not a stick or stone to be found, he drew his knife, drilled a hole in the earth, crowded into it the knotted end of his rope, tamped down the soil and had as secure a picket as a dozen pins would have made.

His food and clothing all came from his gun. The deer, elk and antelope furnished his choicest food and their hides were tanned and made into leggins, breeches and shirts, while the pelt of the beaver or fox yielded him the cap that covered his head. Every article of his apparel was made by his own hands, and from the raw material brought down by his faithful rifle.

His sharp eyes were always on the alert for "signs," instinct with the most vital meaning. If the wolf which he saw trotting across the plain a mile ahead suddenly stopped or turned about, the trained mountaineer knew the animal had detected the presence of an enemy — in all human probability an Indian. A commotion in a distant herd of buffalo or the startled flight of a bird suggested danger from the same source. The whole bent of the mountaineer's effort was to detect his enemy before the latter saw him. Herein lay the whole problem of safety from the Indian prowler. Always to make sure of this point required intense vigilance and a resourceful craftiness that quickly perfected men in the arts of acute observation and reduced the knack of concealment to a science.

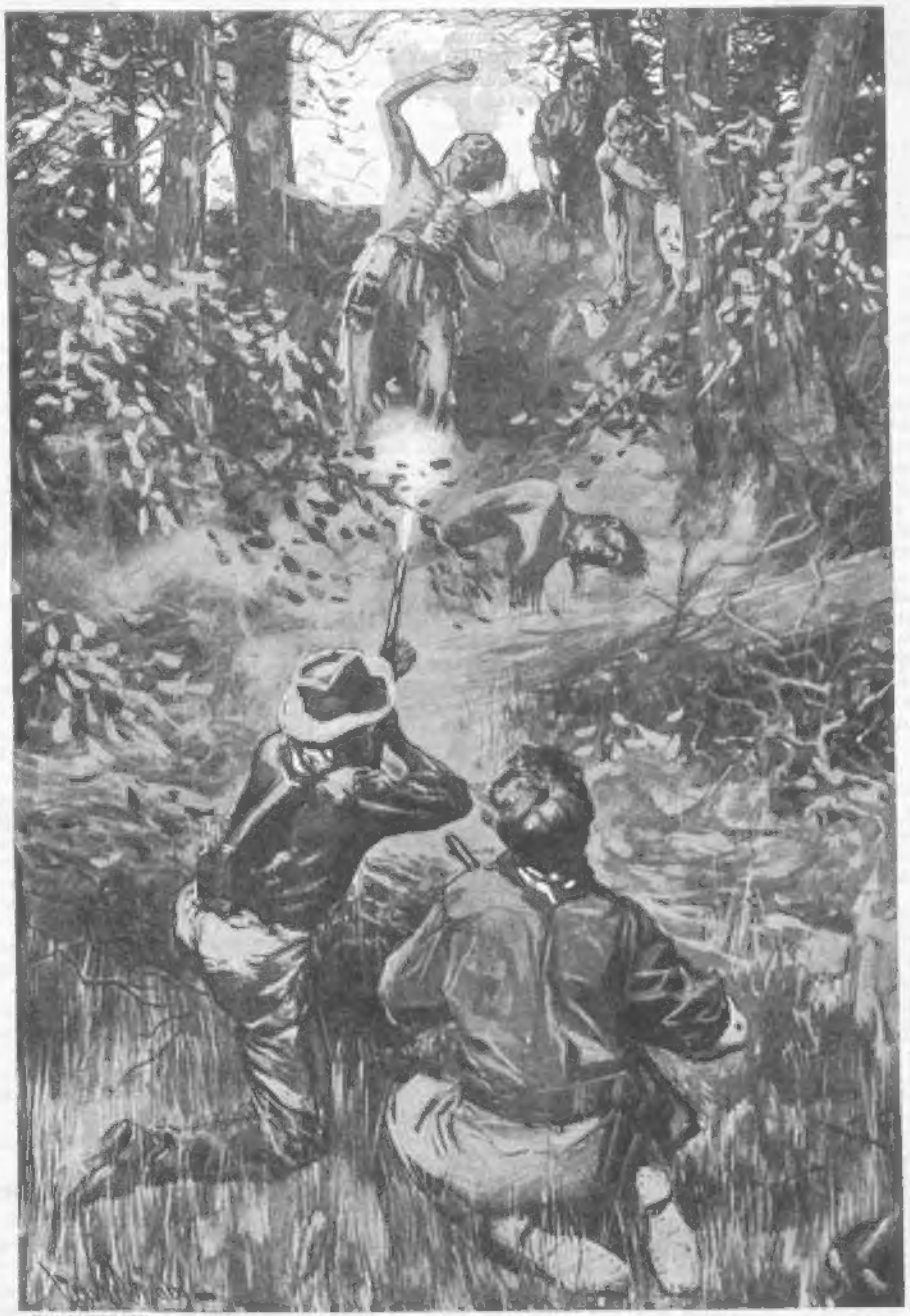
When traveling through a hostile country these men practiced precautions which now seem far-fetched and almost absurd. The camp of the solitary traveler across the plains was as uncertain and deceptive a thing as a stream in a shady plain or a cloud shadow on the lush grass of a mountain meadow. It seemed to vanish almost under the gaze of the spectator! At the sunset hour the mountaineer would be camped beside a stream, eating his evening meal and apparently settled for the night. A half hour later only the ashes of his camp-fire would remain and man and horse would seem to have disappeared from the face of the earth. But they had only stolen away in the dusk to the cover of a bunch of willows, a grove of cottonwoods, or the protecting seclusion of a hiding-place among the rocks. Many a scouting Indian, who marked from some distant elevation the smoke of the mountaineer's camp-fire, has been cheated of his victim by tactics of this kind.

Another precaution which the skillful mountaineer observed when in a hostile country was that of sleeping against his horse. This was not mainly that he might be so close to the animal that he would not be cut off from his mount in case of a sudden night attack, but because a horse or a mule is so keen of scent and hearing that it detects the presence of another creature — beast or human — much more quickly and surely than a man can. Consequently his horse was a barometer of danger to the traveler on the plains, and a sniff or a sigh or a sudden starting on the part of the animal would instantly awaken the man pillowed against its back.

Caution and self-reliance were taught by every step that the mountaineer took when outside the trading-post or the fort. His resourcefulness was put to the test in a hundred ways, and often his life depended upon his cleverness in devising some scheme of deception that would outwit the enemy. Once when closely pressed by a superior force of braves who were on the war-path I hit upon a subterfuge which saved us from an attack. There were only three or four in my party and quite a big band of warriors was after us. When we came to a snow bank I directed my men to tread carefully through the snow with a wide straddle, each man stepping exactly in my tracks. The result was very deceptive. To all appearances there were two separate trails, both hard packed as if made by a large party attempting to conceal its strength. The Indians who were following us gave up the chase when they came to this trail, concluding that we were altogether too many for them, and had received reënforcements. Repeatedly afterward this ruse saved me from an attack, with the odds against me. The man who couldn't meet every emergency with a special makeshift born of the necessities of the moment had no business outside of the settlements in the days of which I am speaking.

Often the question has been asked, how did the mountaineers manage to live and follow the pursuits of trapping, trading and hunting in a country swarming with Indians eager for their scalps? They were able to defy an enemy which outnumbered them a hundredfold because they stood squarely together. To present a solid front against the hostiles was the first and foremost business of the hour. Had the Indians rubbed out a trapper and taken his horse and rifle? The moment the news reached the other mountaineers of his locality every man dropped his private affairs, no matter how pressing, and turned out to revenge his comrade's death, recover his things, and inflict upon the common enemy the lesson that all white men were brothers and that an injury done to one of them was done to all. If those first white men on the plains had not been always ready to fight for any of their number or to avenge every depredation, they would have been exterminated by the Indians, who greatly outnumbered them.

In the camp the mountaineer was habitually silent and spoke seldom and in a tone so low that it was difficult to hear him a dozen feet away. All his noise was made when at the rendezvous or the trading-post. There he went to the opposite extreme and threw himself into the horse-racing, gaming and dissipations of the hour with absolute *abandon* and tremendous energy. Even there, however, he was little given to story-telling or boasting — particularly if he was really entitled to relate a stirring narrative. All the mountaineer's loafing was done when inside a trading-post. He could not be caught hanging about an open camp-fire at night. Instead, he invariably sat in the shadow, where the firelight could not set him out as a conspicuous target for the sneaking Indian.


DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

— there was a forward rush of warriors

The mountaineer trapper had two working seasons. He was out on the beaver streams as soon as the ice broke up in the spring, generally beginning in April and continuing into June. Then he returned to the post and "celebrated" until the opening of the longer fall season, which usually could be counted on for four months of good beaver trapping. Once more he returned to semi-civilization — provided he was not caught in the mountains by the deep snow — and "lay around" until spring, always coming out of the winter with a load of debts that kept him a hopeless slave to the trading company which employed him. The "free trappers" were the most independent, but they were generally deeply in debt to the "free trader," to whose standard they flocked instead of binding themselves to the service of one of the great fur companies.

No better man ever followed a trail or fought an Indian than Jim Bridger. In every point he was the typical mountaineer and deserves a bigger place in history than some who are far better known to the present generation. He was lank and ungainly in figure, modest to the point of shyness, a man of few words, but a master in everything that made a mountaineer. The plains, mountains and streams of the "Great West" were as clearly fixed in his mind as if that whole wild country had been modeled in clay so that he could look down upon it at his feet. No wonder he was chosen to act as Johnson's guide for the Mormon Expedition of 1857. This was when I first met him, and although he was an old man and I a mere boy, he taught me the mountaineering craft and I became much attached to him. The moment my eyes first took in his picturesque figure he became a hero and a model to be followed.

But even a master like Bridger, who knew the peculiarities of every tribe of Indians in the Northwest, was sometimes caught napping — and always through having too much faith in the good intentions of the savages. The Indian knew that the word of a white man was good, and the mountaineer was inclined to receive the red man in full confidence when the latter pledged his honor. This mistake often proved fatal, for treachery was held to be good generalship among most of the tribes. One of the closest calls that Bridger ever had came about in precisely the way I have described. The story of the fight was told me by Mountain Chief himself, years after the affair happened. He was a splendid specimen of the Piegan band of the Blackfoot nation and his name in Indian was Ne-nas-ti-co, meaning Chief of the Mountains. At that time he was very young, and, of course, anxious to distinguish himself in war with the whites, against whom all the Blackfeet were in a chronic state of hostility.

While Mountain Chief was ranging about the Blackfoot hunting grounds in the region of the Wind River Mountains he discovered a strong party of trappers camped in a position from which it would be almost impossible to dislodge them except by the most daring strategy. The object of the Piegan chief was to engage the leaders of the party and draw them away from their men, and also to get the latter to scatter out so that they could be attacked from the rear. This move took splendid nerve, but Mountain Chief was equal to the occasion. He waited until Bridger had gone a short distance from camp and then stepped out from cover, threw up his hands and made the sign, "I want to talk to you."

Scarcely waiting for a reply, the Piegan dropped his rifle to the ground, threw off his blanket and stripped himself to his breech-clout. Then he advanced with easy dignity to shake hands with Bridger. Aside from his treachery, there was something fine in the nerve of Ne-nas-ti-co, marching unarmed up to one of the most famous of all Indian fighters, with the intention of killing him with the very rifle that he held in his hand. Here was an exploit which, if successfully carried out, was sure to bring him glory with the entire nation of Blackfeet.

His dependence was wholly on his magnificent physical development. In his moccasins he stood six feet two inches high and his muscles were superb. I can just see the picture which the naked Mountain Chief made as he slowly walked up to Bridger and put out his treacherous hand!

As the mountaineer shook the right hand of the warrior the latter dropped his left upon the barrel of Bridger's rifle, which rested upon the horn of the saddle, the muzzle extending beyond the chief. This would have been the most natural thing in the world for a man to do in just that situation, but instantly the mountaineer saw the whole plot. He understood that the powerful warrior intended to secure the rifle and shoot him with it while the other Indians in ambush should kill the trappers as they came to the rescue of their leader. A man with the solid ground under his feet has an immense advantage over a man in the saddle in a struggle for a gun upon which the former has a safe grip — the rifle serving as a lever with which to pry the mounted man from his seat.

The instant Bridger felt the pressure upon the barrel of the gun and understood what was taking place he drew up the hammer and pulled the trigger. Then he struck his horse and made a dash to the spot where Mountain Chief had put down his arms. At the same time he saw Vanderberg and Fitzpatrick approaching from the direction of the camp.

"Go back, boys!" he shouted; "I'll take care of myself!"

They obeyed, but turned about a second too late, for a ball from the ambush finished Vanderberg on the spot. He and Fitzpatrick were among the best men the world ever saw. They, like Bridger, were real mountaineers.

When the Piegan chief realized that the tables had been turned upon him he dashed into the brush and made his escape. Although his daring scheme had partially failed and the horses and plunder he was after remained in the hands of the whites, he won distinction among his people for the bravery of attempting so audacious an enterprise.

Bridger belonged to the best class of mountaineers. He represented the steady, responsible element, and the fact that he had a squaw for a wife will not detract from his standing in the opinion of any broad and fair man understanding the conditions in which the mountaineer was placed. A squaw was one of the few reliable sources of safety to a white man in a hostile country. She proved a tie between her people and the mountaineer and helped to keep good feeling between them. Almost invariably the Indian

(Concluded on Page 32)

The Onward March of American Trade

By Frank A. Vanderlip

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

WHEN, in a single year, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Stockholm come knocking at our doors with bonds to sell, certain it is a wonderful change is indicated in the world's distribution of ready cash. It was not so long ago—only in 1895—that the United States Treasury Department sent a commission to London, and in its strong boxes were United States obligations to be exchanged for British gold. Now, in 1900, things are reversed. London carries her war bonds to New York, and American gold takes half a British loan of $50,000,000. Russia offers herself as a borrower. Germany was content to pass by London, with the result that we hold 80,000,000 marks in her good securities. Sweden, also, was accommodated from our store of plenty.

These happenings are significant. They indicate more clearly than anything else a certain financial independence not before known; nay more, they foretell what is destined to come—financial supremacy. They indicate also that the United States is rapidly passing from a debtor to a creditor nation. Credits abroad have been built up to such an extent that the wiggle of a Wall Street finger starts a stream of gold from the other side.

What has brought about so great a change in our relation to the older nations of the world? No single event is sufficiently momentous to be responsible, and just as it has been said that the happiness of mankind depends upon a conjunction of many circumstances, so it is true that a combination of extraordinary things has advanced the United States to the leading place it happily occupies to-day.

For the first time in the history of the United States the foreign trade has passed the two-billion-dollar mark, and in so doing it exceeded any previous record by more than $320,000,000; or, in other words, the foreign trade of 1900 surpassed the foreign trade of any other year in the country's history by more than a million dollars for each working day of the year.

Of the $2,243,000,000 which represents the total value of this year's foreign commerce, almost $1,400,000,000, or, to be exact, $1,394,000,000, belongs to the exports. This is the greatest record for exports in our history. The increase means that half a million dollars more a day than last year, from this source alone, has been added to the wages of American labor and the rewards of American enterprise and capital. In this record of exports we find a partial explanation of the great increase this year in the foreign trade. But the imports also are greater; the prosperous condition of the United States has invited the products of other countries to an increased extent. Articles of luxury have been more in demand during the past year than during any previous year of the decade, and the remarkable activity in manufacturing has created a demand for manufacturers' raw materials, which during 1900 were imported to a greater extent than ever before, the value of such imports being $303,000,000, or $80,000,000 more than in 1899. But the real reason for this year's marvelous growth in exports is to be found in the rapid development of manufactures.

The exports of manufactured articles in 1900 were valued at $432,000,000, an increase of $93,000,000 over the highly satisfactory record of 1899. The most striking advance has been in the manufactures of metal. Iron and steel exports in 1890 were valued at $25,500,000, and in 1900 at $121,800,000. The exports of copper manufactures increased during the same period from $2,300,000 to $58,800,000; agricultural implements from $3,800,000 to $16,000,000; leather from $12,400,000 to $27,200,000; cotton manufactures from $10,000,000 to $24,000,000; and paper manufactures from $1,200,000 to $6,200,000. The record might be continued to a tiresome length showing advances no less wonderful.

Significance of Export Expansion

In 1860, ninety-three per cent. of the exports of the United Kingdom was represented by manufactures, since which time this percentage has been gradually decreasing. Last year only eighty-two per cent. of Great Britain's export trade was in manufactured articles. In 1860, manufactures constituted thirteen per cent. of the trade of the United States, while last year they were thirty-two per cent. We should see the deep significance of the fact that American engines run over American steel rails in England, and English women in Manchester wear American cotton of American weave.

It will be seen, therefore, that marvelous and gigantic activities have carried the foreign commerce of 1900 to a new high-water mark, and for this millions of Americans have a real cause to rejoice. It is not alone for enormous bulk that the trade of 1900 is pleasing, but it is the character and nature of that trade itself which holds forth promise of still greater development. And so, too, with other recent years. When 1899 was with us we were satisfied and happy because of its triumphs and abundance, and thus it was with 1898 and 1897. Not so much can be said for the immediately preceding years, and as to them it is better to forget, unless to remember is to profit by the lessons they should teach.

Exports of coal from the United States for the fiscal year 1900 aggregated 7,200,000 long tons, valued at $19,500,000, as against 1,900,000 long tons for 1890, valued at $6,800,000. Hitherto exports of coal have been mainly to the contiguous countries of Canada and Mexico, but advices which the Treasury Department has received show that coal in large quantities is being exported to Europe, notably to St. Petersburg, Stockholm and the Italian, French and German ports. According to the statement of an English authority, the people in England have been considering the question of bringing coal from America to Lancashire. This would indeed be carrying coals to Newcastle.

It is doubtful if many realize that of all countries the United States is conspicuously the leader in the world's most important products. In this great Republic there are many kings of production and industry. American wheat, corn, oats, cotton, coal, petroleum, iron, steel and copper are the mighty monarchs which have won first places. No other country on the globe surpasses the United States in these great staples. Cotton, during 1900, after having been deposed for several years, has been restored in the record of exports to its kingship. It is the largest single item of export, exceeding even all the breadstuffs combined. The 3,081,000,000 pounds sent abroad this year were worth $245,000,000, the average price the pound being nearly eight cents. The season closed in August with cotton bringing ten cents.

This is the golden age. Since the discovery of America the world has produced $9,756,000,000 gold. Two-thirds of this vast sum are to be credited to the last fifty years, as against one-third for the preceding 350 years. The production of gold from the mines of the United States has more than doubled since 1890. In that year the value of all the gold produced in this country was only $33,000,000, whereas for last year production exceeded $71,000,000. The figures for Colorado alone have increased from $4,000,000 to $25,000,000 in the period given. This is only the beginning. It is predicted by one of the Mint officers at Denver who is familiar with the Colorado fields, that the present gold mining in the State is but scratching the earth with a cambric needle compared with the gigantic efforts and results which future developments will bring.

The most ardent inflationist must be rejoiced at the fact that there is now more money in circulation in the United States than ever before. It will be remembered for a long time that it was during the year 1900 when first the amount of money in circulation passed the two-billion-dollar mark. By October 1 the total outstanding circulation was $2,113,000,000. The per capita circulation then was $27.01, the highest in our history. That is more for each man, woman and child than at the beginning of the fiscal year 1899, and six dollars more for every person than there was in circulation July 1, 1896, on which day the total of money outside the Treasury stood at only $1,506,000,000.

Those who are lovers of stability should be especially pleased that the larger part of this increase from $1,506,000,000 to $2,113,000,000 has been in gold, and better still, every dollar of the increase is as good as gold. Out of the total increase, aggregating a little more than $600,000,000 during the last four years, more than $300,000,000 has been in gold, while, including gold in the Treasury, the general stock has increased more than $400,000,000.

Masters of Power and Prosperity

The supremacy of the United States in the production of pig iron and steel is complete. Last year the pig-iron production of the United States was 13,600,000 tons, or some 4,300,000 tons larger than Great Britain, and more than 5,000,000 tons greater than the production of Germany. At the present rate of increase it will only be a few years when the output of the United States will exceed the combined output of both these great pig-iron producing rivals. Of steel, last year the United States produced 10,600,000 tons, more than twice Great Britain's output. The rapidity with which the iron and steel industry has advanced in the United States has been such as to amount to a veritable revolution. Only five years ago we were importers of iron and steel products. It was then not an uncommon thing that iron from American mines should be shipped abroad only to be returned in manufactured form. Now we are exporters, both of the raw and the manufactured product, and exporters to such a degree that, considering the abundance of material at hand, both of coal and iron, it is likely that the ascendency so recently gained will never be lost.

The final harvest returns for the United States will not be known until early in December, but the latest figures obtainable indicate a wheat crop exceeding 500,000,000 bushels, which, though not so great as last year or the phenomenal year 1898, will be as large as the prosperous year 1892, and will exceed the harvest of 1896 by 75,000,000 bushels, and that of 1893 by more than 200,000,000 bushels. There will still be, as there has been during the last few years, a large exportable surplus. The corn crop will be well up to the average of 2,000,000,000 bushels, while the best indications are that the crop of oats will exceed that of 1899 by 25,000,000 bushels. These crops, as well as those of the recent prosperous years, have been, or are being, marketed at prices remunerative to the farming classes.

Coincident with the return of prosperous conditions to the agricultural sections, and with a revival in manufacturing, is the wonderful prosperity of the railroads. It is said that, during hard times, for two years the New York Central Railroad had thirty-five miles of freight cars standing continuously idle upon its side-tracks, a condition which also applied in a degree to all other railroads throughout the country. This year and last there has been a car famine, and it has been difficult to obtain promptly and when wanted adequate facilities for the immense carrying trade. Almost without exception railroad earnings are greater than they were in 1899, which was also an exceedingly prosperous year for transportation lines. From January 1 to the present time the gross earnings of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe have been $3,700,000 greater than for the same period in 1899. The Baltimore and Ohio and Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern have increased their earnings $4,700,000 over last year; the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, $2,000,000; the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, $1,300,000; the Chicago and Northwestern, $1,450,000; the Erie, $1,400,000; the Great Northern, $2,300,000; the Illinois Central, $3,000,000; the Lehigh, $1,430,000; the New York Central, $2,660,000; the Northern Pacific, $2,700,000; the Pennsylvania (east of Pittsburg), $8,380,000; the Southern Pacific, $2,800,000; the Southern Railway, $2,200,000; the Union Pacific, $1,550,000; and the Wabash, $1,000,000.

Some Other Figures to Be Proud of

During the fiscal year which ended June 30 last, shipping under the American flag increased to such an extent that, for the first time since the close of the Civil War, the tonnage exceeded 5,000,000 tons. The new construction of the year aggregated 382,000 gross tons, and this has been exceeded only twice since that time. The value of such tonnage, however, was greater than that of any preceding year in the history of American shipping. Lake commerce has been advancing with wonderful strides, and the necessities for greater carrying facilities on this remarkable fresh-water route are such that this year more than a score of enormous steel vessels are under construction, some of which are designed to carry as much as 9000 tons.

As the number of immigrants who arrive in the United States each year reflects the condition of the country, it may be of interest to note that the arrivals this year were 448,000, or 87,000 more than during the fiscal year 1899. During the period of hard times arrivals fell off sharply, the decrease from 1893 to 1894 having been from 502,000 to 314,000.

The postal receipts may also be taken as an index to the general business situation in the United States. The principal item of revenue is the sale of stamps and stamped paper, which for the fiscal year 1900 produced $94,013,000, an increase of $6,733,000 over 1899. The value of post-office money orders issued in 1900 was $255,600,000, as against $224,900,000 for the preceding year.

There has been a great increase in deposits of savings banks. No single class of statistics so clearly shows the condition of the wage-earner as this. Three hundred thousand more people in the United States had money to put aside in 1900 than in 1899, and the increase in amounts deposited added $174,000,000 to the fund for a rainy day.

Now while individuals and classes have felt the magic touch of good times, and all fields of human endeavor have prospered as never before, the Government of the Republic has also advanced to those securer conditions which make for great national prosperity. The public credit is at its highest. The year 1900 has also witnessed the passage of a financial law which fixed, beyond doubt or equivocation, the standard of value. That law also provided ample safeguards for maintaining the superb national credit, which was rescued from out of the darkness and doubt of recent acute commercial paralysis and financial uncertainty.

The law authorized refunding into two per cent. bonds that part of the public debt represented by three, four and five per cent. bonds, aggregating $839,000,000, and maturing during or before 1908. So strong is the public credit that holders of the old bonds have actually exchanged more than $340,000,000 of them for two per cents, and even these are quoted at 103 and 104 in the market. There is a profit to the Government in this transaction amounting now, in interest saved, to almost $9,000,000.

But the chief advantage lies in the fact that the operation is a magnificent example to all the world of great national strength and credit. It has increased our financial prestige both at home and abroad.

The National Treasury is abundantly, in fact too abundantly, in funds. We had a substantial surplus this year of $81,000,000, the first surplus in seven years. Let us be thankful it is not on the wrong side of the ledger. The public revenues have been rehabilitated and, though excessive taxes should be carefully avoided, let us remember that one of the first signs of coming disaster will be a Treasury deficit.

With the Old World turning toward us to market the best of its national securities; with our own government bonds commanding such confidence as to advance their market value far above the quotations for any other security in the world; with our currency firmly established as to standard and abundantly increased in volume; with our foreign trade expanding at a rate and to a volume which astounds the commercial world; with an impetus which that foreign trade has given us toward a position absolutely dominating in the world's commerce, a position which we are sure to reach; with the fullest employment of labor at the highest average rate of pay any country in the world can show; with our financial worth at home more than keeping pace with the wonderful advance in our position among the commercial nations, a growth evidenced for illustration by an increase in bank deposits in ten years from $4,563,000,000 to $7,982,000,000; with achievements in diplomacy which have vastly advanced our position in the estimation of the whole world and opened wide great doors to a further commercial expansion in the far East; with all those and a thousand other important facts significant of commercial and industrial progress and plenty, we can utter our words of thanksgiving this year with few reservations, so far as our material prosperity is concerned.

For Divers Reasons

By Charles Battell Loomis

I SAILED from England this summer on the Mid-Ocean Line. I shall call the steamer the Bathtubbe. The fare to New York was sixty dollars for an inside berth in an inside room and that was the kind of room that I selected.

The passengers were sociable, amiable and interesting, and I formed many agreeable "ocean friendships." But all seemed lacking in one quality.

For instance, I approached a sporty-looking man with a red necktie and a diamond in his shirt-bosom. He was leaning over the rail, gazing at the last bit of green that we should see for eleven days.

I began a conversation with that confidence that he would reply pleasantly which strangers on a steamer always have—nor is that confidence ever abused.

"Easy motion, isn't it? You come over on this line?"

"No. I came over on the Fürst Bismarck, but I had a touch of the gout in Paris and the doctor recommended a slow ocean voyage, and so I chose this line. It's the slowest ever."

I was too polite to wink at him and he immediately turned the conversation into other channels.

Later in the day I met a lady from Boston. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that I was introduced to this lady; also to every Bostonian on board.

"Easy motion, isn't it?" said I as I drew my chair into the shadow of one of the boats.

"Yes," said the Boston lady; "the motion is easy, as you say, but I prefer a faster boat myself. We were coming home on the St. Louis, but Mr. Adams was cabled to come home at once and this was the only line that we could secure passage on at such short notice."

"You were very lucky," said I, mentally figuring that if they had taken the St. Louis they would have reached home two days sooner than the Bathtubbe would dock it.

"Well, I don't know as we can call it lucky; the table is so inferior—at least to Back Bay cooking."

I think it was on the same day that I fell into conversation with a well-put-up young man of New York. I fell into it in my usual way by saying:

"Nice, easy motion, isn't it?" We were standing in the bow watching a school of porpoises out for their noon recess.

"You may call it easy but I call it blamed hard. Ten days more of it. I don't see why I was foolish enough to give up my passage on the Oceanic, but a chap in London told me that if I wanted an absolutely novel experience I'd better take one of these tubs."

"Yes," said I, "and they have the advantage of being cheap. Table not so bad, either."

"Well, the cheapness didn't appeal to me. In fact, I tried to get a whole stateroom for $240 so that I'd have plenty of room to myself, don't you know, but the confounded boat was so crowded that I could only get an inside berth, lower one at that. If I hadn't foolishly cabled my return home to the governor I'd have waited and taken a Cunarder."

I met a Southern woman that same day in the ladies' saloon. We were both writing letters and neither one of us could think of a thing to say, so I looked up and smiled and uttered my formula:

"Easy motion, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; I wish it would roll a little. It is so monotonous. They say the sister steamer, the Washtubbe, is much more of a roller."

"Fine line, though, isn't it?"

"Do you think so? I've always been accustomed to take the White Star Line, but my husband's brother's cousin, whom we met at Bingen, told us if we wanted to be perfectly comfortable we'd better take a Mid-Ocean Liner."

"Cheaper, too," said I, wickedly.

She colored and went on: "I really don't know about that part of it. My husband always attends to the buying of tickets."

I had heard that there was a stowaway, who had been discovered the third day out. I went to him. He was peeling potatoes in a dismal room off the kitchen.

"Hello, my boy," said I; "that's right. I see you're helpful. I used to do that for my mother when I was a boy. Easy motion, isn't it? Did you expect to come by this line?"

He was flattered at not being taken for one of the crew.

"No, I wanted to take the Bremen, but she was burned at Hoboken, so I came on this. It's kinder fun to peel potatoes. The skins slip off so easy."

With a sad heart I left this insincere young man peeling potatoes and went up on the upper deck. There I saw a dignified and a handsome old gentleman, the best-dressed man on board, reading Aristophanes in the original. He had spoken to no one and people thought him offish. I wondered what tale he would give me, and I stopped alongside of him, and when he looked up I said:

"Easy motion, isn't it?"

"Yes, luckily for me it is. I'm a poor sailor. But easy or not easy I had to come by this line, as I practically went broke in London, and just had enough to buy a passage by this cheap line. I'll have to touch the friends who come to meet me for the money to tip the stewards. I don't rave over the table, and I know lots of ways in which the service could be improved, but I'm practically broke and that's why I'm here, so I don't complain." Here he cast a comprehensive glance at such of the passengers as were in sight. "Yes, I'm broke, and I fancy we're all in the same boat."

"Shake," said I.

The Banner Bearer.

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

III

AND now began one of the unwritten, unsung conflicts of the world. They rage everywhere, their victims writhe but do not fall, and no law can punish the offenders.

The gaunt old "Banner Bearer" of the Confederacy, living for years on a beggar's dole from revenues that should have been his own—snubbed and hectored from the rising to the setting of the sun—slinking, as a marauder slinks, in and out of his paternal dwelling, was at last driven to bay, and turning, faced his foe. Terrible in his manly wrath he held the cowering woman to an arraignment for her sins. The fire of his eloquence seared her coward conscience. Joella, stricken into believing that he had at last found out her infidelity to the promise exacted by her dying husband, was on the point of throwing herself before him and declaring penitence. But a spinster sister, imported to live with her, who had no weak spots and a long list of baffled advances laid up to the Colonel's account, kept firm as adamant. To the bitter end she emitted spurts of venom, strengthened her frightened junior, and recommended the Colonel to take his grievances elsewhere and show whether he were a real man or a broken-down sot, sponging upon women for support. Then he looked at her in silent scorn and left the room.

This tragedy was enacted late at night in the sitting-room of The Neck. Jinny, tired out by a long day in the saddle, had gone to bed and to sleep. When, just before daybreak of a fair morning in spring, old Jock Fleming, for the second time in his life, took silent leave of his old home, he passed on tiptoe across the upper hall and paused for a moment outside his darling's door.

For the sake of that little slumberer within he had borne the hardest buffets Fate had to give him. Come what might, existence had no terrors in store like those he was quitting now. But Jinny! Light of his desolate heart! Jinny! How could he give her up? Before leaving the door, and without going in, he knelt down and kissed the little mat on which her feet would rest in going out of her room on the morrow. Then, with a dead weight of sorrow in his bosom, he stole forth into the matin freshness of the woods.

To tell how he finally drifted into New York, what his efforts had been to keep afloat in the great whirlpool of city life, would be to repeat a story old as the everlasting hills. He had tried everything possible to him, failed in all, maintained a brave front, and was now—five years after his second flitting from The Neck—face to face with extremity.

He had corresponded at long intervals with Jinny, giving her addresses at which to write to him, and, in all his letters, contriving to hide from her the real state of his affairs. The two creatures who had driven him from shelter, alarmed at their own share in the proceeding, had put a decent face on his departure. Jinny thought it was "urgent business" which took her grandfather from her. At first she grieved for him hotly, and would not be consoled. Then Time came to her aid with all the distractions of young maidenhood. Jinny was invited to visit relatives in Baltimore, was taken by them on a visit to the Virginia Springs, made acquaintances of her own age, found out that she was the heiress of all her mother's good looks and twice her mother's fascination for the other sex. Gradually the pain of separation from the dear old fellow was merged into tender memory of him, and regret that he kept himself so far.

Of late the Colonel had not had the heart to write to his grandchild. And, at last, at the most critical period of old Jock's poverty, he was thrilled by coming upon a "society column" called "Jottings from Baltimore," containing the announcement of Jinny's marriage with "Mr. Lionel Arthur Trafford" of that city. No mistaking it! She was spoken of as the "well-known Virginian belle, Miss Jane Fleming, of The Neck, whose remarkable beauty and tall stature had won for her the title of 'the Gibson Girl' at the White Sulphur Springs last summer."

IV

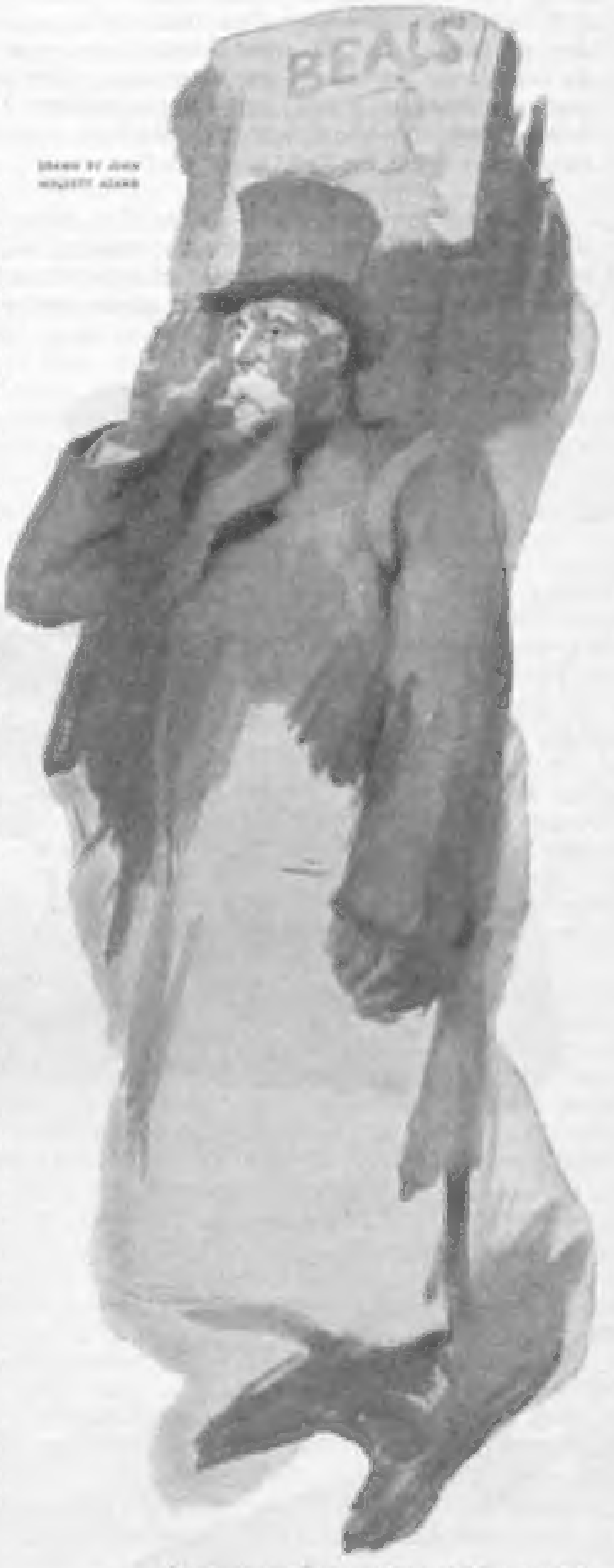
While the Colonel perused the splendid paragraph extolling his Jinny's charms, he was feeling uncommonly dull and seedy. For an hour he had sat on a bench in Madison Square watching the workmen and sculptors swarm over the white creation that, a few days thereafter, was to start before the gaze of the people into a glorious symbol of patriotic valor exhibited by our Navy. The warmth of the sun helped to take the stiffness from his bones. He had spent the night previous in the drying-room of a cork factory in East Broadway, whose employees, taking pity on the homeless old fellow with the soft voice and "tony" manner, had smuggled him in to sleep there.

Some other amateur in daily news had gone away from the seat by his side, leaving the week-old newspaper in question, and the Colonel, picking it up eagerly, had been electrified by the sight of his darling's name.

After he had devoured the tidings of her for the fourth time he put the sheet down upon his knee, feeling that the world had suddenly grown more luminous. A little swallow of satisfaction took the place of the breakfast he was yet to enjoy. What that correspondent had said about her being tall and stately accounted for his own fancy just now, that the figure of Victory on the arch opposite had, somehow, reminded him of Jinny. The idea of possessing such a granddaughter made him button his coat, sit erect, preen himself like the birds after dipping in the fountain near at hand. But the idea of Jinny marrying—little Jinny a wife! It took his breath away.

"You must be feelin's good as if somebody had offered to sling a drink into you," remarked a hoarse and sodden veteran in the next seat.

The Colonel laughed. He picked up the paper and re-read his favorite paragraph, then idly ran over the account in an adjoining column of the wedding presents showered upon a bride of the day before. This gave him an idea, delightful at first conception, but followed by a mortal pang. If he might only send Jinny a wedding gift! All of Tiffany's stock wouldn't be too good for her, bless her; but


BEALS
DRAWN BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

But he stood, all unconscious, rigidly absorbed

Editor's Note.—This is the second and concluding part of Mrs. Burton Harrison's story, The Banner Bearer, begun in The Saturday Evening Post of November 3.

he'd be satisfied with one little trifle from it—some sort of a brooch or pin in a heart-shaped case of rose-pink leather, which, he had just informed himself, was the very latest touch of fashion's elegance.

And the Colonel, for obvious reasons, alas! had not yet breakfasted.

Into his bitter-sweet reverie came again the hoarse voice of his brother vagabond.

"Seems like you was in my box, pard," said he. "Pretty nigh played out, ain't you? Well, I've got a chance ahead, an' if you're game to join me I'll let you in for it. Ever heard o' banner-packing where you came from? I've a friend in the business, a *reg'lar* dean o' the faculty he is—an' he's told me to come in at twelve to-day to headquarters when they unlock the fellows from their cages, an' he guesses there'll be one or two vacancies to fill. Men can't stand it long, 'less they're a peculiar sort. Must have no end o' sand, or else be so far gone you don't know the difference to be a banner-packer."

"A banner-packer?" repeated the Colonel vaguely.

"Yes, the new style o' advertisin,' don't you know? I don't s'pose you ever carried a banner, though?"

The Colonel straightened up again, a martial air manifested by his whole rather drooping person.

"Well, yes. I carried one, once—for a little while," he said modestly.

"I want to know!" was the surprised reply. "Kind o' thought you was o' the seen-better-days-pattern. But if you're on to the racket, so much the better for you. The latest fashion is an iron band worn around the waist with iron shoulder pieces an' the banner raised above the packer's head, fastened on to a pole set in a socket behind. It ain't play, carrying that apparatus in a stiff wind, I tell you. The old sandwich board was a forty-dollar overcoat compared to it. But the folks in a crowd sees a sign on the banner lots better than they used to on the boards."

"But why do they lock you in?" asked the Colonel.

"Why?" repeated his would-be benefactor with a grin widening his sodden face. "Maybe because it's human nature to get yourself rid o' a load that's too heavy for you, when nobody ain't lookin'. My friend says the bloomin' things are clapped on to you in the mornin' by the foreman at headquarters, then you stick to it and it sticks to you—come weal, come woe—till noontime, when you go back an' get unlocked an' have an hour for lunch; then finish the day in the same strait-waistcoat. The pay ain't so bad if you get the confidence o' the boss. Now, I'm a good sprinter myself if I only keep out o' saloons along the way, an' the banner'll be a brake on my progress in that direction. Anyhow, I'm going to-day to try my luck at it. What do you say to joining me?"

The Colonel felt a wave of hot blood tingle through his old veins as he paused for a moment before replying.

"Rheumatic, likely? That's a poor lookout for this business. An' you'd better believe that when once you get yourself under that d——— sign that nods up above your head, an' go marching all over Manhattan, you're as bad as a galley-slave, an' 'bout as lonesome. But it's an improvement on starvin', pard; an' I guess you an' I are in the same boat. Say the word, an' I'll blow in my last twenty-five cents on a meal for the two o' us."

A day to be remembered in the civic history of New York! The great city astir at daybreak was by noontide in a fever of patriotic flurry. A splendor of animation filled its streets. The remarkable spectacle was presented of Fifth Avenue blocked from end to end with two living walls of eager people—quiet and in excellent temper—awaiting the coming of an unobtrusive man wearing an Admiral's cocked hat and uniform, in the greeting of whom went up from the crowd one continuous roar of welcome as he drove in an open carriage between their serried lines.

Along the line of march, house fronts and façades of clubs, hotels and public buildings were flamboyant with decorative color. Venetian masts supported heroic emblems, or wreathed the street between them with flowery garlands. Away down at the end of the vista, seen looking southward from the crest of Murray Hill, arose the crown of the city's scheme of welcome to her gallant guest: a great, perfect arch of dazzling white that had sprung like Aladdin's palace in a night out of the earth; a monument, perishable in texture but as noble and classic in design, as inspiring to the eager multitude that stops not to criticise petty details as any of the works of antique chiseling in marble that make Greece the immortal garden of the sculptor's art.

Before all of the houses and buildings thus gay of exterior with flags and streamers, pendent rugs and bunting, had been built for the accommodation of spectators a series of temporary wooden balconies or stands, containing seats rising to the windows at the back. Many of these were the belongings, and their patrons the prey, of speculators. More were the voluntary contribution of merchants and dwellers in private houses to the entertainment of their friends.

In the front rank of a draped platform before a handsome corner house in the upper part of the avenue sat a very young couple, unmistakably new-made man and wife. There was something so frank and unconventional, so cordial and joyous in their bearing to the world at large as to attract to them the approving eyes of many in the moving throng. The girl was, in her own fair person, pretty enough and distinguished enough to have claimed this homage from the crowd, and the youth seemed to regard the whole pageant as instituted for her own private edification. In the gay group of invited guests around them jests were exchanged at their expense. More than one attempt to supplant the husband at his wife's elbow had failed among the men, and the women were either lightly scornful or honestly admiring over the display of naif devotion between the pair.

"I don't care what they think," whispered the young man in his lady's ear; "we're only a week married. So there!"

"Oh! are we rude? Perhaps we shouldn't have come here. But our hostess is your mother's old friend, and I couldn't resist her invitation. Lionel, lean down, I want to tell you something. I could be so perfectly, exquisitely happy if it weren't for thinking about *him*."

"Perhaps he never got your letter!"

"*Of course* he never got my letter; I begged him to come to see us the first thing. I told him that was one of the chief reasons for coming to New York upon our wedding journey. And I sent it to the same old address. Seeing this throng of people, so unending in numbers, makes me sad, because I feel as if I can never find him now."

"Well, we've only been here a day, and perhaps when all this fuss is over the old gentleman will turn up. If you like, dear, I'll go this evening and try to look him up."

"It was some place in Brooklyn, and that was six months ago when he wrote last. He must have come, had he got my letter. Oh! he surely must have come."

Lionel had his doubts, but did not mention them. His ideas of Jinny's grandfather were derived from the popular belief now existent in Virginia that Colonel Fleming was slightly touched in the upper story. Why else should he have twice left a comfortable home and betaken himself to live—who knew how—among strangers, treating his nearest of kin in such eccentric fashion? But, all the same, Lionel was full of admiration for the gallant old chap of whose prowess in war and courtesy in peace he had heard many an anecdote from his elders. Jinny's young husband had begun to have apprehensions that old Jock might be ill or dead, and it sobered him to think of such a cloud on Jinny's honeymoon.

As the hours wore on, Jinny called Lionel's attention to a strange figure standing with his back to them on the corner below, apparently rapt in the survey of a marching regiment. It was that of a very tall old man wearing a mackintosh and hat emblazoned with advertisements, the most conspicuous portion of whose outfit was a gaudy sign braced to his back proclaiming the surpassing merits of "Somebody's" shoes. The wandering wit of the crowd, concentrating itself upon this inviting object, showered on him cries, jeers and catcalls. But he stood, all unconscious, rigidly absorbed, till suddenly, raising himself to full height, the poor old banner-bearer committed the patent absurdity of bestowing upon the passing troops the salute of a reviewing officer.

A policeman, swinging along in search of an object for his zeal, saw this occurrence, heard the universal guffaw of loud, derisive laughter. With a contemptuous gesture he peremptorily ordered the banner-packer to fall back. The old fellow started meekly to obey. There was a sudden closing of the crowd around him. He was tripped, pushed, buffeted and finally thrown violently off his equilibrium across the curbstone and into the gutter of the comparatively empty side street. While people in his vicinity were feebly looking about for another policeman to come up, an athletic young man swung himself over the railing of the platform where he sat and ran to the rescue of the social wreck.

Lionel Trafford stayed by the senseless banner-packer until a surgeon, appearing, announced his belief that the old man was merely stunned. Then ensued a pitiful attempt to rid the sufferer of the incubus of his broken sign. The waistband working on hinges was locked in the rear, and the wearer could no more get out of it without the owner's key than a criminal prisoner can free himself of shackles. The hospital doctor, a smart young fellow who next came upon the scene, swore roundly at the nuisance of the machine in lifting the patient into the ambulance, happily at hand.

Lionel Trafford, too, swore to relieve himself of the intense pity created in him by the incident. The only person who preserved his equanimity was the banner-packer himself. He, although found to be suffering from a fracture of the collar bone, begged his sympathizers not to give themselves overmuch concern, since he could readily bear the inconvenience of his situation until the hospital should be reached. Some tone of the old man's voice broken by pain, some look of his patient eyes haunted Lionel after he went back to rejoin his wife and the other ladies, all gathering about him in sympathy with the sufferer.

During the waning hours of the afternoon that had stretched out into an apparently endless display of marching men in blue or gray or in brown khaki, of caracoling steeds bearing smiling officers, of horses dragging gun-carriages, of halting columns and eternally joyous bands, of shifting saunterers upon the sidewalks and unweary shouters on the stands—Lionel thought, again and again, of the expression of the banner-packer's face. What was it that it recalled to him?

That evening, after he had tucked his wife up on her lounge to rest, and had announced his intention of going for a walk, Jinny called him back for a last caress.

"This one is not for you," she said, kissing him tenderly. "It is for the young man who was not too lazy or too indifferent to go to the help of a poor old street waif in distress."

"To tell you the truth," he said, a little shamefaced, "that's where I'm going now—to the hospital, to see after the old duffer. I can't get rid of the thought of him."

Lionel had stooped again to put back a tress of hair fallen across his girl-wife's eyebrow. (What she had done without him all these eighteen years to regulate that refractory lock he could not imagine!) But as she now glanced toward him the light from the electric lamp on the table near her brought out the tired look in her eyes. He stopped short in his speech, almost choked by the conviction that overtook him. Impossible to confide to Jinny what his apprehension was!

Jinny knew, next day. In the broken old banner-packer she discovered him to whom her loyal thoughts had ever flown like homing doves. The Colonel was very ill, pleurisy having complicated the injuries caused by his mishap. He could not tell how his grandchild had come to his bedside, nor did he task his confused brain with an effort to learn. It was enough to feed his hungry gaze upon her beloved face. The nurse, in answer to his appeal, produced from the drawer of his bedstand a small parcel, containing an empty heart-shaped box of pink leather. This he fingered lovingly, then put it in Jinny's hand. It was the wedding present he had dreamed of giving her—the case, bought first—out of the banner-packer's meagre earnings—the jewel was yet to come. Jinny, her heart aching within her, grasped at a comprehension of the facts.

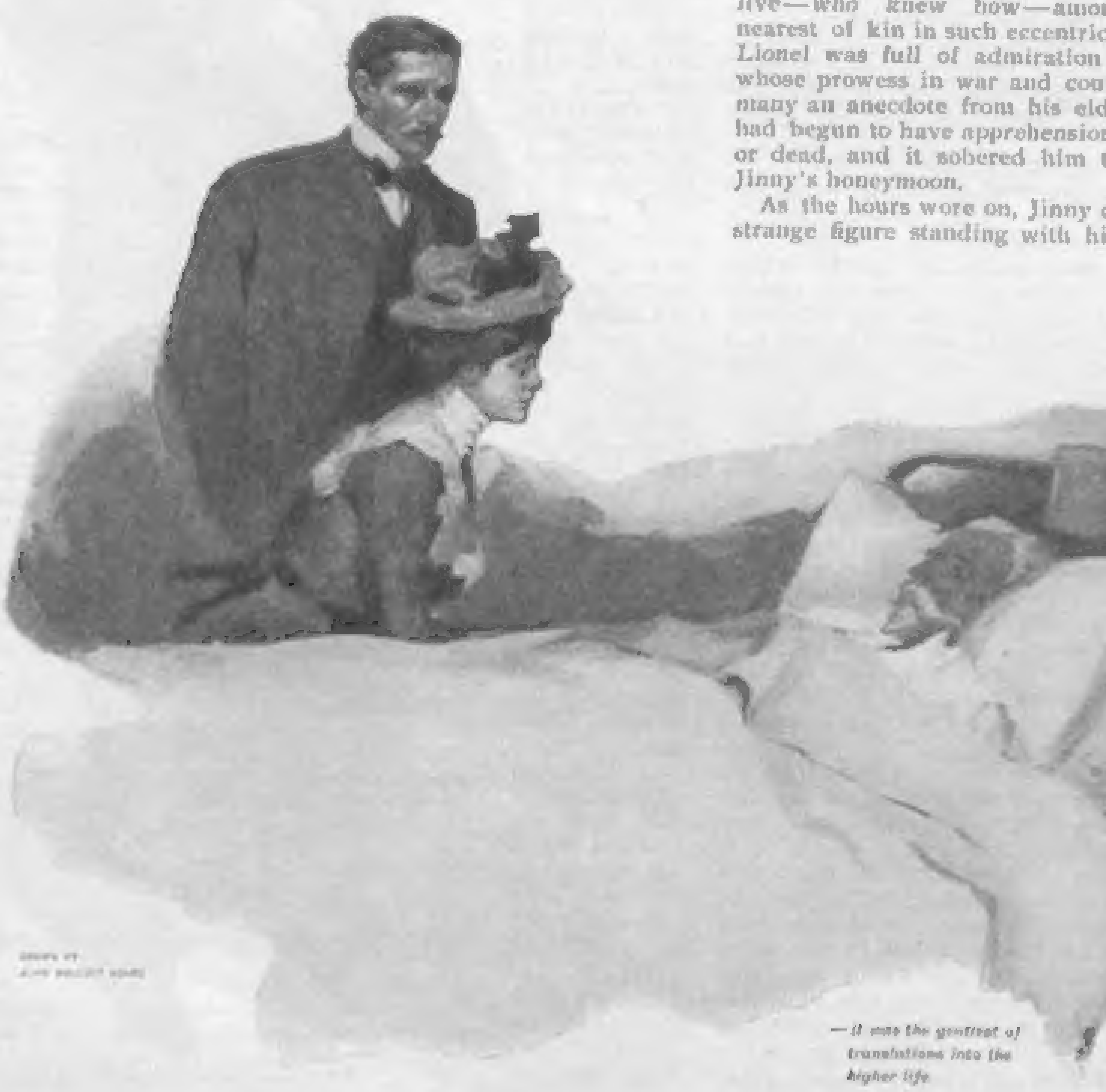
Not for years had the Colonel been so happy and comfortable as now, in his hospital cot, with the rosy nurse devoting herself to him, and Jinny and her husband coming every day to sit with him as long as they were allowed to stay. He had been placed, by their orders, in a private room, where sunshine visited two southern windows half the day, and a canary bird, trilling somewhere not far off, reminded him of the Southern country, so he said.

Jinny, yearning for his recovery, promised herself yet many pleasant doings in his company, but the doctors, and Lionel—and the Colonel, too—knew better.

When he died it was the gentlest of translations into the higher life. But a few moments before the end he opened his eyes and said to Lionel, smiling:

"By George, sir, I had harder work than I'd counted on, toting around that blamed old advertisement of shoes. Whenever a hard wind took me I had just to scud before it like an ice-yacht, or else strain my shoulders trying to hold back. Not much like my first little experience in banner-bearing, eh? Scampering up a hill, a regimental flag in hand, my comrades falling, and the bullets singing around my ears! Ah! that was life, sir. That was *life!*"

He was smiling still when the nurse tried presently to rouse him for nourishment from what they took for sleep.



—*it was the gentlest of translations into the higher life*

(THE END)

The Defacement *of* the Modern City

By Carter H. Harrison

Mayor of Chicago

Mayor Carter H. Harrison at his summer home

TO PROTECT his city from defacement is one of the most difficult problems with which the public-spirited citizen or the municipal officer is confronted. While other questions outrank this in importance, it is quite as easy to undervalue as to exaggerate the significance of this task. Cities, like women, cannot afford to be indifferent to the impression which they make on passing acquaintances.

For a city to become popular implies that it also becomes populous, and this also carries the natural inference of prosperity. Nothing that is intended to increase the popularity of a city, to enhance the general good impression it makes upon the visiting stranger and the outside world in general, can be called insignificant.

The whole problem resolves itself into a warfare between short-sighted commercial greed and far-sighted regard for the general good, including the most generous and substantial share of individual gain. Resistance to these encroachments of selfishness and commercialism is to be made by a strict application of the police powers of a municipality and by educating the people to a better appreciation of the need and value of firmly resisting all that threatens to detract from beauty of view.

The men who are mainly instrumental in defacing a city or a neighborhood by permitting, for hire, the erection of unsightly bill-boards are also to be divided into two classes: the non-resident owners of vacant property, and those resident owners to whom a rental fee of one hundred dollars from a bill-board company is larger and more tangible than twice that amount gained through the appreciation in value of their property by reason of its share in the general advancement of the neighborhood in appearance and conditions.

There is far more excuse for the former class of offenders than for the latter. The non-resident landholder, who does not see the advantage of an immediate improvement of his holdings, next looks about for some means of making his vacant property pay a portion, at least, of its own taxes, while waiting for the time when it may be advantageously improved or sold. His agent reports that the largest revenue is to be had by renting the frontage to a bill-board company.

Boulevards Spoiled by Bill-Boards

Perhaps it is a specially choice lot facing a boulevard. If so, it commands a still higher price for purposes of defacement. Owners of the adjoining property may protest until they are exhausted. They are told that the non-resident owner of the ground has ordered its rental for bill-board purposes and that there is no recourse from such a decision; that taxes must be paid, and the non-resident owner is not worrying about the æsthetic appearance of a city in which he does not live.

But what effect does this have on the property in the long run? Does it pay when the final results are summed up? No! And one of the best means of promoting the good looks of a city and of preventing its defacement is the establishment of a systematic propaganda for convincing non-resident owners of unimproved lots that they cannot afford to rent their frontage for bill-board purposes.

In some cases a peculiarly favorable location may render the bill-board privilege so valuable that the income from this source would actually pay both interest and taxes on a lot. One hundred dollars, however, is a liberal annual bill-board rental for a fifty-foot lot in the central portion of a large city. In most cases, probably, half that amount would be a liberal estimate of the income from the frontage privilege of a lot of standard or ordinary size.

Therefore the amount involved in this problem is never a large one to the individual property owner. Only a slight advance in the value of the holding would be required to cover the income from this defacement; for it may be taken for granted that the bill-board at its best, wherever placed and however constructed, is a defacement of the landscape.

Attractiveness Helps Real-Estate Values

Does any person doubt that the abolition of the bill-boards in Chicago, for instance, would add greatly to the general attractiveness of the city? And this is only another way of saying that the visiting stranger would be far more favorably impressed with the appearance of Chicago were these unsightly barriers to free vision removed. It is upon a consensus of just these "impressions" concerning a certain locality that the price of land within its limits is advanced. Anything which contributes to make these impressions more favorable is important. And it is surprising to notice how many dollars a little improvement in the appearance of a certain locality will add to the value of every lot in the neighborhood.

But the plain, unæsthetic property owner is inclined to underestimate the possible appreciation in value of his land from causes of this kind, and to overestimate the size of the check which has been placed temptingly within his reach by the bill-board company. It is to be feared that a long, persistent and well-directed campaign of education will be necessary to effect a general and marked change in the attitude of the men who constitute this large and unimaginative class of property owners.

This brings us to the point of the remedies by which the tide of city defacement may be stayed and driven back within reasonable bounds. Unfortunately, most American cities are in a situation about similar to that of Chicago, so far as the legal status of this problem is concerned. The only basis of action in law open to those who would take active steps to curtail such wholesale injury to the city's good appearance is found in that clause of the charter which gives the municipality authority to enact, in relation to property or persons, any regulations necessary to the public health or safety.

No ground for municipal legislation or interference can be found in the fact that a certain use of property violates the æsthetic sense of a neighborhood or of a city. Only when property is so used as to threaten the health or safety of the public can the municipality correct this violation of the canons of civic patriotism.

Legislative Remedies for the Evil

The first step for any city to take in a war against defacements is to determine the extent of the powers granted by its charter. Then its legislative body should pass enactments which provide for the exercise of all the power conferred by the charter and upheld by a sound interpretation of the common law. Right here, however, is a danger into which more than one city has fallen. In their zeal to frame an effective ordinance the friends of this kind of reform are very likely to exceed the limits of the charter and of good law and to enact an ordinance which will not stand in the courts. This difficulty has been encountered in Chicago and no doubt in scores of other cities. We cannot by ordinance compel a city to make itself beautiful any more than we can legislate the private citizen into a state of morality.

What can be done to fight the defacement nuisance, however, is this. Regulations and restrictions can be made so exacting, under the police powers of the city, that the number and the size of its bill-boards will be greatly diminished, that the citizen will hesitate before renting his frontage for that purpose, and will be inclined to refuse the tempting offer of the advertising companies rather than attempt to comply with the rigid police exactions.

Chicago has already accomplished something in this direction, although there is still room for improvement. The "triple-decker" sign-board has been practically abolished. This was an actual menace to the safety of the public, as a high wind was liable to dash any of these towering structures upon pedestrians passing along the street. Some "double-deckers" still remain with us, where they are of specially strong construction and are not so dangerous. But these, too, will have to go sooner or later—and the sooner the better. Of course the bill-board on a boulevard in the fine residence portion of a city is far more objectionable than in the business district, and this distinction should always be borne in mind in attempting to solve this problem.

One regulation which has been found effective is that requiring all bill-boards to be mounted a certain distance above the ground. The vacant lot, shut from the street by a huge bill-board which comes tight down to the ground, at once becomes a receptacle for all manner of filth and makes the place an offense to the community. This nuisance has been abated by compelling the elevation of the boards—a restriction which has a tendency to reduce the size of the bill-boards and to render them more expensive and difficult of construction. Thus, while the city cannot prevent a man from putting up a huge bill-board on the ground that the structure will shut off from a neighbor a desirable view, it can discourage the bill-board mania in general by keeping the police regulations, in that particular, up to the limit of good law and by enforcing them to the letter, curtailing their size, demanding that they be of heavy construction, and that their anchorage be of so elaborate and substantial a character that they are not likely to be uprooted by a strong wind.

What Private Citizens May Accomplish

I am convinced, however, that the private citizen can do more than the municipality in protecting a city from defacements in every way. Let us suppose a certain vacant lot, on a handsome boulevard, is owned by a man living in another part of the city. The property adjacent to the lot is owned by two men who have their homes there. A bill-board is to be erected on the frontage of the vacant lot. This will seriously obstruct the view of the neighbors across the street, will be an annoyance and an offense to those living alongside of it, and tends to make the whole immediate locality less attractive. Let all those neighbors form themselves into a delegation, go to the owner of the vacant lot and, in a reasonable and friendly way, place before him their objections to the bill-board, putting particular stress upon the fact that his intended move is certain to exert a depressing influence on the price of property in the block. If they cannot convince the owner of the unimproved property that he cannot afford to offend his whole neighborhood, and that he should not take such action as certainly will not help the price of his own holdings, they are below the average of delegation members in powers of persuasion. The man who will stand out, in a comparatively small matter, against the united protest of his "property neighbors" has more than the ordinary amount of fortitude and stubbornness. This spontaneous, private, unorganized manner of curtailing the encroachment of the bill-board and the big sign is unquestionably the most effective means of warfare.

Clubs and "improvement associations," however, may wield a powerful influence in this direction. They are the best channels for pushing a general campaign of education by which to elevate the sentiment of the whole city or community. In scores of smaller cities organizations of this kind have accomplished marvels and have changed the whole face of their landscapes. A notable example of such a work is to be seen at Geneva, Illinois, where the persistent labors of the local improvement association have preserved and protected the beauty of the valley of the Fox River for a course of many miles. The non-resident owner of vacant property should be carefully looked after by the club or association engaged in this line of work. He should be communicated with and made to feel that he owns property in a live city, that his "property neighbors" there recognize that he has a mutual interest, with them, in the advancement of the city's general welfare, and that he should help instead of hinder this dignified and businesslike effort to make the city in every way handsomer and more attractive. When appealed to in this manner he will think twice before instructing his agent to again give to an advertising company the right to put a bill-board on his property in a community where such a wholesome and vigorous agitation is in progress.

The Crusade Against Paper Scatterers

There seems to be a somewhat general impression that European cities have solved this problem, but such is not the case. Though their bill-boards are unquestionably covered with matter of a superior artistic standard, the boards are almost as numerous as in the larger cities of America.

The big signs painted on the exposed walls of large buildings are almost as flagrant defacements as are the bill-boards, and they are much more difficult to remedy than the latter. Practically speaking, they cannot be touched through the police powers of a city, and the arousal of public sentiment is about the only method by which they may be effectively discouraged.

Another very common and offensive disfigurement of cities arises from the wholesale scattering of papers of all kinds. This may be remedied by compelling the people properly to separate their garbage, instead of throwing into the box, along with food scraps and other household refuse, paper that will be lifted and blown about the streets by the first high wind that whistles down the alleys. In the residence districts of Chicago this reform has been so well enforced through the police department that it is certainly well established. Persons caught wantonly scattering papers were taken into custody and brought to the police station, despite the fact that they were steady-going citizens of high character and standing. A few examples of this kind exercised a most salutary influence.

Protruding stairways, and all signs which obstruct the sidewalks, are directly under the control of the city, and are permitted through the influence which their owners have with the aldermen or members of the council. When public sentiment demands it, defacements of this kind will speedily vanish. These things come through the aldermen and may be abolished through the same agency.

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

SYNOPSIS OF PART I — Tommy Wood and his mother — Tommy, a sub-freshman from the West — arrive in Cambridge. Tommy's mother, after much hesitation, finally places him with Mrs. Chester, a motherly boarding-house keeper. With final injunctions to look after his health, she leaves him with a pair of rubber boots and an empty bookcase, and makes her way home. That night Tommy enconnters the dignity of the upperclassman in the person of some one whom he knows only as "Mr. Duggie." Mr. Duggie lives in the same house with him. From him he learns his immediate duties and more immediate perils.

PART II — "BLOODY MONDAY NIGHT"

WELL, I've learned a lot of things during the past week that aren't advertised in the catalogue. If I've neglected to make a note of them until now, it has been my misfortune and not my fault.

We registered on Wednesday morning — Freshmen have to register the day before college really opens — and I confess I was a little disappointed at the informal way such an important act of one's life is done. In the first place, as you can drop in any time between nine A. M. and one P. M., you don't see the whole class together. Then the room we registered in might have been in the High School at home. I don't know what I expected exactly, but it certainly wasn't a bare, square room, a desk on a low platform, some plaster casts, and a lot of plain wooden chairs arranged in rows on an inclined plane. However, when I think the matter over I don't see what else they could have.

A dissatisfied-looking little man with a red necktie sat reading a newspaper at the desk when I went in, and near him — reading a book — was a younger fellow who looked as if he might be a student. There were piles of registration cards on the desk, and after I had stood there a moment, not knowing what to do, the little man looked up absently from his paper, handed me some cards with a feeble sort of gesture, and murmured in a melancholy, slightly trembling, and very sarcastic voice:

> " . . . . . This gentleman is come to me
> With commendation from great potentates,
> And here he means to spend his time a while."

Then he yawned and took up the paper again. The young man, without apparently thinking this remark in the least odd, closed his book on his thumb so as not to lose the place, and gave me another card, saying in a perfectly businesslike voice:

"Please fill this one out, too." I sat down at a bench to write and just then five or six other fellows came in. One of them was the good-looking chap (with the pretty mother) who rooms in the same house with me. I hadn't seen him since the day I signed my lease. I listened to hear if the little man at the desk would spring anything weird on them; but as they went right up to him and took cards as if they knew all about it and retreated to the back of the room, he didn't have time. They talked and laughed a good deal, and once they got into a scuffle, but the instructors didn't even glance up. I finished answering the questions on my cards and was reading them over when one of the fellows behind me said:

"I'll ask him — we live in the same house;" and the handsome one came and sat down beside me. There was something they didn't understand in making out the cards, and the first thing I knew they were all gathered around me examining mine. I felt quite important. But the next minute I felt equally cheap.

The cards that had been given us by the young man with the book had to be filled out with one's name and address and religion. When the good-looking one (whose name I've since found out is Berrisford) came to it he began to giggle, and after he had written on it he showed it to the man next to him, who burst out laughing and passed it on to the others. They all laughed as soon as they saw it, and I was just about to hold out my hand to take it when the young instructor closed his book and said in a rather tired, dry tone:

"By the way, unless you actually happen to be Buddhists or Hindus or Mohammedans or followers of Confucius, kindly refrain from saying so on the card; only four men have indulged in that particular jest this morning, which, in comparison with former years, is really very few. I begin to feel encouraged; pray don't depress me."

I don't know what Berrisford had written, but he got very red while the instructor was speaking and crumpled the card into a little lump which he afterward slipped into his pocket. The others pretended to be deeply absorbed in their writing just then; but one of them snorted hysterically.

If anything like that had happened to me I think I should have expired with mortification; but Berrisford after a minute or two didn't seem to mind it at all. I almost think it encouraged him to do something even more idiotic.

There are two large, fine statues standing in the front corners of the room. One of them is a Greek athlete in the act of hurling something not unlike a pancake, and is called, I believe, The Discus Thrower. (We have a little one in the library at home.) The other is a venerable old man in flowing robes — probably Homer or Sophocles or some such person. Well, we had all gone up to the desk with our cards. Berrisford was first, and just as he got there he stopped (without giving his cards to the little man who reached out for them), and looked inquiringly from statue to statue. Berrisford has a beautiful, silly face with big, innocent eyes, and when he talks his manner is graceful — almost timid; you can't help liking it. I could see that he impressed the instructors just the way he did mamma and me the day we saw him with his mother. He looked at the statues a moment and then said to the little man:

"Would you mind telling me, please, which of these gentlemen is the President of the college?" His voice was so deferential and there was something so eager and earnest and pure in his expression, I really believe that for a moment the instructor thought he was just a nice fool and was on the point of kindly explaining what the statues represented. He didn't, though, for one of the fellows in the background tittered and ran out of the room, and the little man leaned back in his chair, examined Berrisford very deliberately, and then remarked in his queer, sarcastic way:

"'Sir, thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; but it speeds too fast—'twill tire!'"

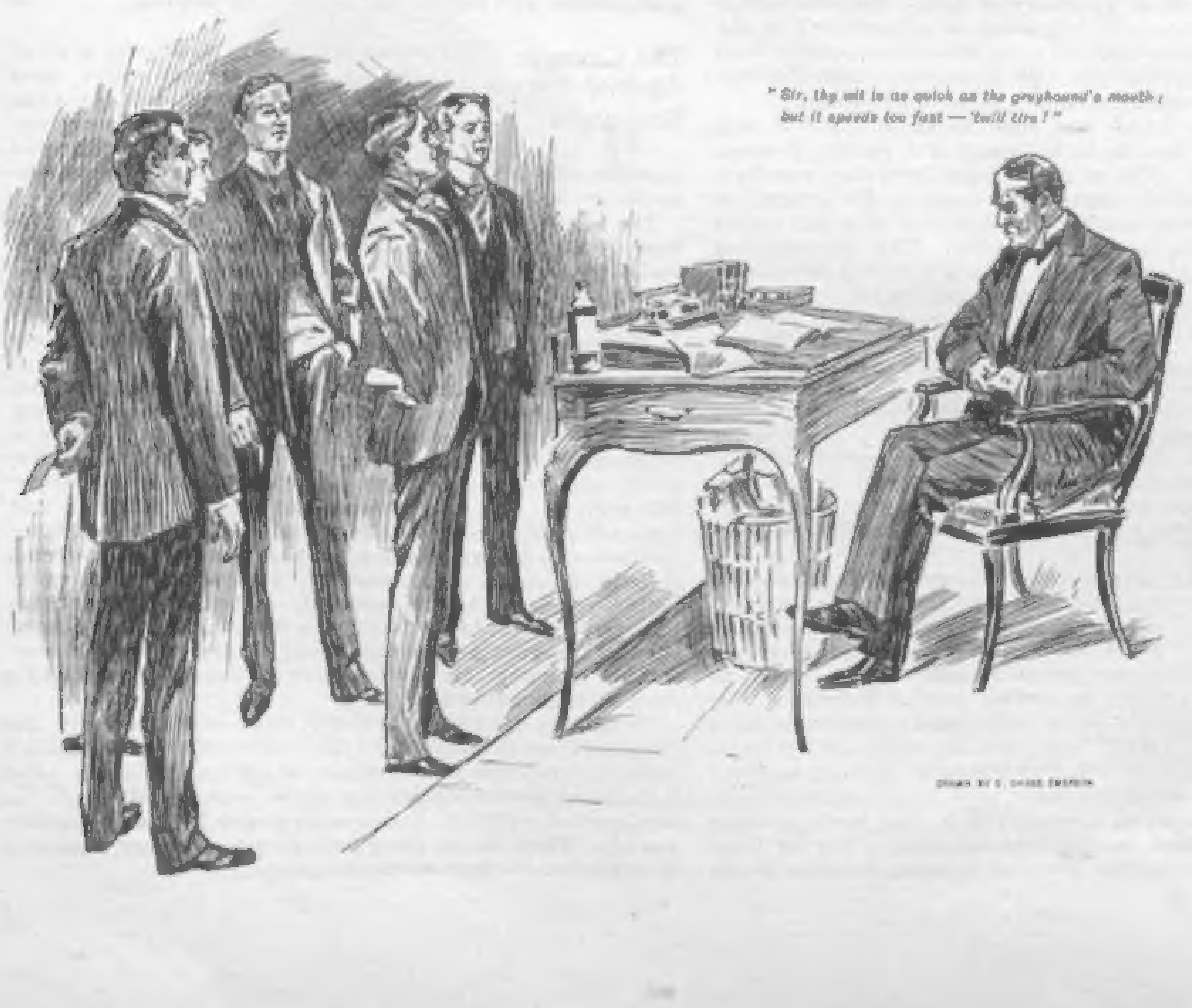
As soon as we got outside Berrisford said:

"What a disappointing little creature! I had an idea he would be very angry, and he wasn't at all."

"Did you want him to be angry?" I asked rather surprised.

"Why, yes, of course," he answered. "It's so interesting to watch them; there are so many different ways of losing a temper. Sea captains are the most satisfactory, I think. I discovered that last spring on my way to Europe. I go up to them when they're very busy — just getting out of a harbor or something — and exclaim, 'Oh, I say, captain — shall I steer?' You can't imagine how furious it makes them." I said I thought I could and we parted. He seems to have a great many friends; he hasn't spent a night at home since college opened — a week ago.

Well, I went to see my adviser who helped me select my studies for the year. That is to say, he hypnotized me into taking a lot of things I really don't see why I should know. However, as I don't seem to have what he called "a startling predilection" for anything (my entrance exams. divulged this), and as he was a pleasant young man who invited me to dinner next week, I allowed myself to be influenced by him. He gave me a lot of little pamphlets with the courses and the hours at which they come marked in red ink. I've forgotten what some of them are, as we haven't had any real lectures yet — just rigmaroles about what books to buy.



"Sir, thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; but it speeds too fast — 'twill tire!"

For the first few days the whole college and all the streets and buildings near it seemed to be in such confusion that I couldn't walk a block without feeling terribly excited — the way I used to feel when I was a kid and we were all going to the State fair or the circus, and mamma would insist on our eating luncheon although we didn't want a thing. Along the sidewalk in the Square there was a barricade of trunks so high that you couldn't see over it, to say nothing of huge mounds of traveling bags and dress-suit cases and queer-shaped leather things, with banjos and mandolins and guitars and golf-sticks in them. And from morning till night there were always at least four or five fellows telling the expressmen that it was "perfectly absurd"; that they simply had to have their trunks immediately; that the service was abominable, and that the whole place was a hundred and fifty years behind the times, anyhow. All of which the expressmen may or may not have agreed with, for they hardly ever answered back, and just went on digging steamer trunks and hat-boxes out of the ruins and slamming them into wagons to make room for the loads that kept arriving every little while from town.

It was very interesting to watch so many fellows of *my* own age or a little older hurrying about or standing in groups talking and laughing and looking glad to be here. But at the same time it was sort of unsatisfactory and hopeless. I didn't like to stay in my room much of the time, as I had a feeling (I haven't got over it yet) that if I did I might miss something. Yet, when I went out, I had so few things to do that, unless I took a walk — which of course leads one away from the excitement — there wasn't much point in my being around at all. No one stuck his head from an upper window in the Yard and called out: "Ay-y-y-y-y Tommy Wood, come up here," when *I* passed by; and no one slipped up behind me and put his hands over my eyes and waited for me to guess who it was, because with the exception of Mr. Duggie and Dick Benton and Berrisford I didn't know a soul. I often saw Mr. Duggie in the Square, but as he was always with a crowd or striding along in a great hurry, and being stopped every few feet by some one who asked him questions that made him laugh and run away, I got a chance to speak to him only once. He nodded his head and smiled in a professional kind of way without in the least remembering who I was. Dick Benton I didn't have any hesitation in going right up to, as at home I had heard him solemnly promise mamma that he would look out for me and keep his eye on me. Of course I don't expect him to do this; but I confess I did feel sort of disappointed for a minute when he said: "Well, Wood" (he calls me Tommy at home), "when did you arrive? Getting settled? Got your courses picked out? Awful bore, isn't it? Well, here's my car — going to meet some people in town and am late now. How's Mrs. Wood? So glad. Hunt me up when you're settled. So long." He swung himself on a passing car and I turned away and stared at a shop window. I must have stood there several minutes before I realized it was a bakery, and that there was absolutely nothing to look at behind the glass except three loaves of bread and a dish of imitation ice cream that hadn't been dusted for weeks (it has just this minute occurred to me for the first time that I must have been homesick that day and

"Hunt me up when you're settled. So long."

the next. Isn't it queer, I didn't know what was the matter with me?). I bet I can describe every article in every shop window in the Square; for there was nothing for me to do the first few days except to walk up and down and pretend I was going somewhere. Of course I tried to get the books the various instructors told me about: but every time I asked for them at the three bookstores I found either that the last one had just been sold or that they hadn't arrived yet

Mrs. Muldooney's tables were unfortunately full when I applied and I have been eating around at the most ridiculous places — ice cream parlors, and dairy restaurants where you sit on high stools and grab things, because you can't get over the feeling that a conductor will stick his head in the door pretty soon and say, "All Abo-urrrd."

On Bloody Monday night the Freshmen reception took place. I scarcely know how to touch on that event, as my part in it (or rather in what followed) was so unexpectedly prominent and terrible

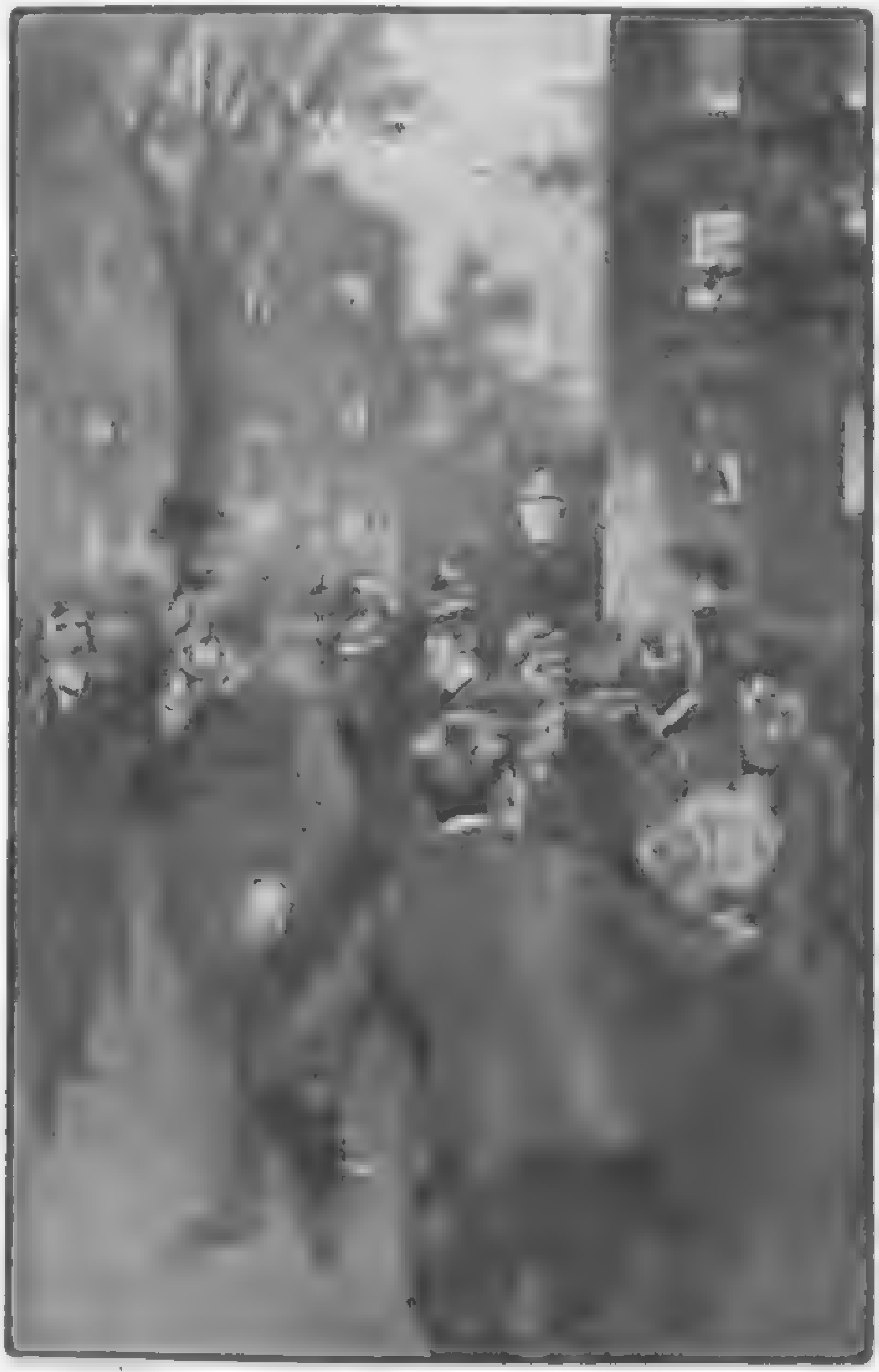
The old college men at home had let drop all kinds of mysterious hints about Bloody Monday. In their time, apparently, it was the custom for the upperclassmen to send grewsome notices to the Freshmen, telling them what would happen if they didn't have a punch in their rooms on that occasion. These warnings were written in blood and began and ended with a skull and cross bones. Then in the evening there was a rush in the Yard between the Freshmen and Sophomores. The old graduates knew perfectly well that the punches had been given up long ago; but I don't think they liked to admit it even to themselves — although they do groan a good deal about college days not being what they used to be. From what they said I could not tell whether there really were such things nowadays or not, so I wrote a little note to Mr. Duggie and left it on the stairs, where the postman puts our letters, asking him what to do if I got a notice, and if there was going to be any rush. He answered. "The custom, I am sorry to say, is *ausgespielt*, it must have been great sport. As for the rush — theoretically we don't have it. By the way, my name (Mrs. Chester to the contrary notwithstanding) is not Mr Duggie, but Douglas Sherwin."

At that time I didn't know what the second sentence of his note meant, but I understand now; it dawned on me during the speeches at the reception. In some mysterious, indescribable way it was communicated to me as I sat there in the crowded theatre. Whether it came to me most from my classmates — packed into the pewlike seats and standing in rows against the wall — or from the professors who spoke on the stage, I can't say. I simply became aware of the fact that something was going to happen — something that wasn't on the program. It was in the air — it made me restless, and I couldn't help thinking of that sultry afternoon out West when the seven pack-horses stampeded just as we were about to start, I knew the little devils were going to do something and they knew it, too, for they all began to buck at the same instant But I hadn't said anything about it — and neither had they

It was just like that while the speeches of welcome were being made in Sanders Theatre. They were fine speeches; they really did make you welcome and part of it all — in a way you hadn't thought of before. You couldn't help being proud that you "belonged," and after the President had spoken and the fellow next to me yelled in my ear (he had to yell, the cheering was so loud), "He's a great man, all right," I felt all over that he *was* a great man — everybody did. But nevertheless, there was something else tingling through the noise and excitement that we felt just as much. The professors themselves felt it. The elaborate way in which every one of them ignored the subject of Bloody Monday was almost pathetic The Dean in his speech ignored it so radiantly that the audience actually laughed Theoretically (as Douglas Sherwin had said) there would be no rush, the speeches made one quite ashamed to think of such a thing

I wasn't there when it started, for after the speeches I went with the crowd into the great dining hall to be received. It would be nice, I thought, to be introduced to the distinguished men and to get to know some of my classmates. Every one was trying to move toward the further left hand corner of the vast place, and I soon found myself hemmed in and carried — oh, so slowly — along with the tide. It was very hot, and as I am not particularly tall I would more than once have given a good deal to be out in the fresh night air; but the thought of shaking hands with the President and the gentleman who invented plane geometry (I didn't know whether he had anything to do with solid or not; I never studied it), and another gentleman (a humorist) who wrote a book and called it The Easy Greek Reader, cheered me up. I knew, too, that mamma would be glad to hear I had talked to these men. But when, after at least half an hour of waiting and pushing, I reached the corner of the room, I discovered that it wasn't the distinguished men we had all along been gasping and struggling for; it was the ice cream. The distinguished men were lined up away across the room all alone; if it had been rumored beforehand that they were indisposed with the plague they couldn't have been much more detached. Every now and then some young fellow — probably an upperclassman — would snatch a Freshman from the throng, say something in his ear (it looked as if he were murmuring "They're all perfectly harmless — only you mustn't prod them or throw things in the cage"), and march him up to be introduced. I watched these proceedings a while, and then, as the ice cream in the meanwhile had given out, I left and started to walk to my room by way of the Yard

A sound of confused cheering reached me the moment I got outside, and when I passed through the gate I could see down the long quadrangle what seemed to be a battle of will o' the-wisps — a swaying, shifting, meeting, parting, revolving myriad of flickering lights and lurid faces. I ran until I reached the edge of the crowd and stood for a minute or two staring and listening. The fellows were surging wildly up and down and across the Yard with torches in their hands, cheering and singing Whenever enough men got together they would lower their torches and charge the whole length of the Yard — amid a howl of resentment — like a company of lancers. Then by the time they had turned to plow back again, another group would have formed which usually met the first one half way with a terrible roar and a clash of tin torches — a drench of kerosene and a burst of flame. Two German bands that never stopped playing the Blue Danube and the Washington Post were huddled at either end of the Yard. Now and then a sort of tidal wave of lights and faces and frantic hands would swell rapidly toward them, lap them up, engulf them, and then go swirling back again to the middle. But they never stopped playing — even when they became hopelessly scattered and horribly reunited



"It's your turn now," he gasped, and thrust the parcel into my hand

I saw two policemen fluttering distractedly on the brink — pictures of conscious inefficiency — and felt sorry for the poor things. As I was standing there wondering where I could get a torch, a slim middle-aged man with an iron-gray beard bustled up to them and the three held a sort of hurried consultation. It ended by the iron-gray man's (he was a professor) suddenly leaving them and mounting the steps of University Hall. His expression as he turned to face the crowd was the kind that tries its best to be persuasive and popular and tremendously resolute all at once, but only succeeds in being wan and furtive. He filled his lungs and began to talk, I suppose, as loud as he could; yet all I heard was an occasional despairing "Now, fellows . . . It seems to me, fellows . . . Don't you think it would be better . . . "

No one paid any attention to him, however, and in an incredibly short time the crowd had crushed itself as far away as it could into the quadrangle's lower end. I made my way over there, and as I was pushing into the thick of things a man next to me exclaimed to no one in particular: "They've sent for Duggie Sherwin, the captain of the team, as a last resort — he's going to say something from the porch of Matthews'." I saw I never could get near Matthews' by trying to forge straight ahead, so, as I wanted to hear Mr. Duggie (I hadn't known until that minute what he was), I extricated myself and ran around the edge of the crowd. Even then I wasn't very near, and, although I couldn't hear a word he said, I could see him — standing on a chair — towering above everybody and smiling a little as if he enjoyed it. I didn't know what he said, to tell the truth I don't think anybody did, except perhaps the men right around him. Yet in about a minute two or three fellows began to yell: "All over," "The stuff is off," and "*Now* will you be good," and the crowd fell back a little, attempting to spread out. The spell somehow was broken; for owing to Mr. Duggie's wonderful influence we would have dispersed quietly if it hadn't been for that flighty idiot, Berrisford

I had picked up a torch that some one had thrown away and was moving along with it when Berrisford dashed up to me with something round — about the size of a football — wrapped in a newspaper One of the sleeves of his coat was gone he was breathing hard and seemed to be fearfully excited

"It's your turn now," he gasped, and thrust the parcel into my hand

"Why — what is it? — what are we going to do? The rush is over," I answered, for I didn't understand

"Of course the rush is over — stupid," he said hurriedly. "We're playing a game now — 'The King's Helmet' — and you're It. I *was* It — but I'm not any more; you are now. Hurry up, for Heaven's sake, or they'll get it. Here they come — run for all you're worth; it may mean a lot for the class." This last and the fact of my catching sight just then of some men running toward me decided me. I clutched the parcel to my side and scudded down the Yard. Every one fell back to let me pass and my progress was followed by screams of delight. I never had attracted so much attention before, and from the things that were shouted at me as I flew along I knew I was doing well. At the end of the Yard I ran smash into a building, but although somewhat dazed I managed to hang on to the parcel, turn and look back. The only person pursuing me, apparently, was a bare headed policeman — and he was alarmingly near. But I managed to pass him, and on my return trip I noticed that I received even a greater ovation than the one the fellows had given me at first. I didn't know what it all meant and I was nearly dead and suddenly tripped, staggered and fell into the arms of a second policeman who handled me very roughly and seized Berrisford's package. It contained the helmet of the bare headed one, who arrived in a moment exceedingly exhausted, but able, nevertheless, to shake his fist in my face

The parade to the police station must have been several blocks long — I heard about it afterward. First there was me with an escort of two officers, all the muckers in Cambridge and the Freshman class in a body, who started a collection on the way over with which to bail me out. Then there was a German band playing the Blue Danube, and after that "a vast concourse" (as Berrisford called it) of Sophomores, upperclassmen and law students with another German band playing the Washington Post in their midst

I was almost paralyzed with fright and my head ached dreadfully from the blow I had given it against the building, but although I didn't show it I couldn't help feeling furious at Berrisford. He stayed right behind me on the way over and kept saying at intervals

"It's all right, old man. Don't worry — there's no use worrying; just leave everything to me."

Editor's Note — The third part of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of November 24

Field-Marshal the Viscount Wolseley

An Anecdotal Sketch

By Major Arthur Griffiths, of the British Army (Retired)

VISCOUNT WOLSELEY AS HE IS TO-DAY

THE Londoner who frequents Pall Mall must often have observed a short, slightly-built, middle-aged man, erect in figure, alert in movement, entering or leaving the War Office through the portals where stands the statue of Sidney Herbert. This is Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, ex Commander-in Chief of the British Army, who has but just resigned his post in favor of Lord Roberts. His professional work may be finished, but surely not his life, for he is still the same acute minded, keenly intelligent, eager, impetuous soul who so quickly climbed the lower rungs of the military ladder, and gave the lie to common belief that unaided merit cannot make its way in the British army.

Wolseley's career proves this: his steady upward rise from rank to rank, from the lowest to the highest, was altogether his own achievement. Court and social influences tended rather to impede than promote him, yet he won his way by sheer brain power and good service. Precisely the same may be said of his successor; Lord Roberts' present exalted position is of his own making, much of it within the last twelve months, for a year ago it might have been thought that he was already ripe for the shelf. There is this in common between the two foremost British soldiers in recent times, and yet more. Both have shown equal ardor, equal fixity of purpose, the same strategical skill, the same conspicuous gallantry, the same faculty of inspiring devotion in their men, the same keen desire for the moral and material welfare of the troops they have commanded

Garnet Wolseley comes of a soldier family. His father was a Major in the army, and many of his relatives and forbears have been in the military service since the time of Colonel William Wolseley, who was greatly distinguished under William III. Young Wolseley's aspirations were all toward soldiering; and the military art and history were his earliest and most assiduous studies. He acquired a knowledge of surveying, fortification and military engineering long before he joined the army, and was no stranger to the theory if to the practice of war, into which as a mere stripling he immediately plunged. His first regiment, the Eightieth, was actively engaged in Burma, and he went out to it, when gazetted, without an hour of technical training He found himself called to lead troops in the field without having learnt even the words of command, and when barely nineteen years of age. His native spirit was sufficient, and carried him at once into the foremost rank. At the storming of Myatoon's stronghold Wolseley twice charged up at the head of his men, and when struck down with a terrible wound still cheered them on as he lay helpless on the ground. The wound nearly proved fatal, for he all but bled to death, and his convalescence was most protracted. Campaigning in those days was attended with greater risks and discomforts than now. Men and officers fought under a tropical sun while wearing tightly buttoned coatees, leathern stocks and heavy shakos.

A Brave Act Rewarded by a Reprimand

Wolseley was brave not only in the presence of the enemy. On the voyage up country by the Irawadi River, the steamer passed a bathing-place where a soldier was being carried away by the swift current. Young Wolseley immediately plunged in to save his life, but unhappily failed, and narrowly escaped losing his own. He had stripped to his shirt, and when he regained the steamer he stood there streaming with water. His Colonel, who knew nothing of the incident, came on deck at this moment and sharply reprimanded him for being improperly dressed.

Reward so richly deserved now reached Wolseley, and he was promoted to a lieutenantcy in the Ninetieth Light Infantry, a historical corps with which he was closely identified as long as he was a regimental officer. The Ninetieth has had the distinguished honor of giving two Commanders-in Chief to the British army. The first was Lord Hill, one of Wellington's most trusted lieutenants, "Varmer Hill" as his country-bred soldiers in Spain loved to call him because his round, honest face reminded them of home. Many more famous soldiers served in the Ninetieth, including General Sir Thomas Graham, who raised the regiment and became Lord Lynedoch, General Marcus Slade, and General Sir Evelyn Wood, at this moment Adjutant-General to the forces

Wolseley went with the Ninetieth to the Crimea and found there another stepping-stone to advancement His acquaintance with the scientific side of soldiering led to his selection to act as an assistant engineer in the siege of Sebastopol The chief under whom he served was one Charles Gordon, then a Captain of the Royal Engineers, and the foundation was then laid for that warm friendship and mutual esteem which lasted until the Christian hero was murdered in Khartum. There was a personal as well as a patriotic eagerness on Wolseley's part to effect his rescue, and no one felt his failure more than Wolseley. He forecast it too, for when one of his staff entered his room to congratulate him on his appointment, he said sadly, even then: "It is too late, three months too late, to save Gordon."

Wolseley's work before Sebastopol was unremittingly arduous, and even full of danger. He was wounded repeatedly; after the attack upon the Quarries he lost his voice. One night in the trenches, when a shot dispersed the stone contents of a gabion, he was so severely injured that the bearers who brought him to the hospital tent laid him down with the words, "Here's another dead 'un." Even then, with a face so bruised and battered as to be beyond recognition, his unquenchable spirit rose superior to his wounds and he cried, "I'm still worth a good many dead men" His left cheek had been cut away, his jawbone was thought to be shattered, both eyes were completely closed, and the sight of one lost irreparably; his whole body was lacerated as though it had been peppered by small shot, and there was a huge wound in his right leg. Yet his buoyant vitality brought him through; he was back at his duty within a month or two, although he suffers from his old hurts to this day.

The Spartan courage with which he endured all this was characteristic of the man, although he was perhaps outdone by another friend and comrade of those days, Sir Gerald Graham. Wolseley tells a story himself of Graham's fine stoicism. It was in the Chinese campaign of 1860 and at the attack of those Taku forts which have again made history. Graham was with the advance, the only officer mounted, and his giant form offered an easy mark to the enemy's sharpshooters.' Wolseley, who had come up to speak to him, put his hand thoughtlessly upon Graham's thigh to emphasize his words

"Don't, please," said Graham. "There's a bullet underneath there"

He had been hit some time but had not thought of leaving the field.

Some Brilliant Campaigning in the Colonies

From the Crimea Wolseley passed on to India, now once more with the Ninetieth, and hurrying to reinforce the hard-pressed garrison against the Sepoy mutineers. This was not his first experience in leading troops in the field, and his superb daring at Lucknow in carrying two important positions is remembered among the finest exploits of the war. He was detailed to storm the Mess House, a building which had served in peaceful times for the mess of the Thirty-second Regiment, and having captured it, according to his instructions, he pressed on without orders to attack a neighboring palace, the Moti Mahul, which he also occupied. It was a gallant achievement, but the General in command, stout old Sir Colin Campbell, sternly disapproved of Wolseley's unauthorized action. A friend warned Wolseley to keep out of the chief's way. "He's simply furious and talks of a court martial." Next day, however, they met by accident, when Sir Colin calmed down gradually, and, after admitting that he had never been so argry with any one in his life, ended by congratulating and thanking him for what he had done. As an instance of Wolseley's generous spirit it may be mentioned that when some one declared in his presence that he (Wolseley) had been the first into the Mess House, he at once [illegible] the honor. "No, not at all; it was my bugler."

Wolseley's first independent command was that of the Expedition to the Red River for the overthrow of the half-breed Riel's rebellion. This, the dearest ambition of every soldier's heart, to work on his own account, reached him after eighteen years' service and when no more than thirty-six years of age. Thenceforth his advance was rapid. Major-General at forty, full General at fifty, Field Marshal at sixty; it was an active, glorious career replete with deeds which have passed into history. We live so fast that even recent events fade quickly out of sight, and the fall of Coomassie, the victory of Ulundi, the defeat of Arabi and the first foundation of our British power in Egypt are crowded into the record, which, so far as field service went, ended with the abortive Nile Expedition for the rescue of Gordon. Even this might have succeeded but for a concurrence of misfortunes. The worst of all was the death of Herbert Stewart at Aboukklea, for Stewart was in full possession of Wolseley's plans and was as eager as his chief to push forward. When the desert column started on its hazardous march, little less than a forlorn hope, Wolseley was heard to say to Stewart:

"Remember, Herbert, I will forgive you anything except being killed."

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY IN 1882

But certainly Wolseley was not implacable, and never ceased to regret Stewart, whom he had picked out of the crowd, as he did so many more good men. No commander has ever secured more devoted personal attachment from his following. He chose his men wisely, with an instinctive appreciation of character, and had always the pick of the basket. In those early days when he was first rising into notice, every young and ardent spirit was eager to throw in his lot with the young General.

Wolseley's Courage, Grit and Tenacity

The personal characteristics of notable men must possess unfailing interest for every one. Those most marked in Lord Wolseley are high physical and great moral courage; the first exhibited on many fields, the latter in the tenacity and fiery zeal with which he has always fought for his ideas. As to his courage, there can be no question of it. Although he does not wear the V. C., the most coveted distinction of every British soldier, he would certainly have obtained it had the order been in existence when he won his first honors in Burmah, and he was twice recommended for it during the Crimean War, on both occasions for conspicuous bravery in the trenches. It was said that Sir Colin Campbell would have got it for him after the fighting at Lucknow but for the affair already mentioned of the Moti Mahul. Eyewitnesses bear testimony to his surpassing coolness under fire. To show *sang-froid* was the first duty impressed by him upon all officers, and we may read in his Soldiers' Pocketbook the quaint recommendation to those who were without *sang froid*, that they had better stay at home with their mothers.

When Colley (the ill-fated leader of Majuba Hill) came up to him in the hottest part of the fight at Amoaful in Ashanti he found Wolseley in high good humor Colley brought bad news, the collapse of the carrier transport upon which the whole campaign depended, and he wore a very gloomy, woebegone look. Wolseley laughingly bade him be off. "You had better stay away while you are in such low spirits. They might be catching"

Chief among Lord Wolseley's mental equipment is a remarkable quickness of perception. There never was a man in authority who disposed so rapidly of his daily business A strongly developed sense of proportion helps him to separate trivial from important questions, and he penetrates the latter with an almost instantaneous, intuitive knowledge of the true gist of the matter. For long years he has stood a head and shoulders above those immediately surrounding him, and has always secured their respect and esteem. There was a discussion once among a number of distinguished soldiers as to the value of the opinions expressed on a certain vital subject. Presently Lord Wolseley's view was quoted, and one person accepted it as final. "Wolseley must be right, he is the best man amongst us; we may be all very well, but he is a genius." Yet there is really no self sufficiency about the man, although it might at times be diagnosed from the combativeness and cocksureness which he displays in the heat of debate. Moreover, he brings to the business in hand a light-heartedness and wealth of good humor which make relations most pleasant; friction or disagreement melt away in good-natured banter, for no one loves a joke better or has a merrier wit

Shirt Sleeves the Easiest Fighting Rig

Wolseley is of a practical turn, looking more to essentials than show or glitter. The pageantry of his profession, the millinery side so to speak, has never appealed to him. His desire has been to simplify dress and uniform wherever possible. He has a soul above buttons, and little sympathy with those old traditions that loved skin-tight clothes, with the motto "that a crease was an outrage but that a seam might be forgiven."

Long ago he wrote in the Soldiers' Pocketbook that the ideal costume for the men who had to fight was shirt sleeves. It was he who brought the now universally accepted "khaki," or light brown earth-colored cloth, into general use; his little army of Ashanti was clad in Canadian homespun, and was the prelude really to the general adoption of khaki

Wolseley could exercise great decision of character in small things; for instance, although an inveterate smoker for years he gave it up at a moment's notice, feeling that the taste was getting too strong for him. One morning in the Egyptian campaign of 1885 he resolved to smoke no more and he has adhered rigidly to his determination ever since There is perhaps no simpler or more abstemious liver. He eats little and drinks less, although he is by no means a total abstainer, and will drink a glass or two of wine, champagne by preference, at dinner. He is a strong advocate of temperance, especially for soldiers. In his Egyptian campaigns he banished alcohol entirely from his camp, and men who had to labor under that tropical sun blessed this enforced abstinence which was in effect the custom of the country. Now within the last few weeks he has raised his voice in appeal to the British nation not to spoil the troops' return from South Africa in that too common form of effusive welcome which finds its outlet in an abundance of free drinks. He rightly dreads a relapse to the times when drunkenness was the bane of the British army, and from which it has greatly freed itself

It may be still premature to arrive at any exact estimate of Wolseley's administrative work; much of it is still unseen, many of the important results but imperfectly appreciated. He came into the War Office as a comparative junior, but it was at the express wish of the then Secretary of War, Lord Cardwell, who was already meditating the great changes in army organization

The advent of this somewhat outspoken and frankly confessed reformer was not altogether to the taste of his military superiors. The story goes that when Wolseley returned from the Red River and was to be awarded the honors of a successful first command, the dispensers of military patronage would have consigned him to a distant staff appointment, at Edinburgh, in fact. But this did not suit him, nor Lord Cardwell, and so the young officer was finally appointed to headquarters in Pall Mall, where he became identified with the system of short service so fiercely debated, so strenuously championed and opposed. It is the fashion to say that Lord Wolseley invented it, an altogether erroneous belief. To put it paradoxically, the British soldier himself demanded it, for recruits would not come forward to serve on longer terms. But there was another sound reason for adopting the system it alone could supply a reserve. This was the initiation of the plan by which soldiers after a brief term with the colors passed into private life with a lien on them to return if required. The active army thus became a training school, continually turning out matured men who remained within call, but were yet an inexpensive burden to the country. It may be emphatically asserted that but for this reserve Great Britain could not have entered upon the Boer war

England and her army owes much to Lord Wolseley. He has been eminently progressive. It is not too much to assert that but for Lord Wolseley there could have been no Boer war waged. Many of the disappointments which supervened might have been avoided had more attention been paid to his warnings and recommendations. It was his earnest wish to dispatch a substantial field force to South Africa months before the conflict became imminent. Such a precaution would have deprived the Boers of the initiative, an enormous advantage in warfare; the invasion of Natal and the investment of Ladysmith would scarcely have taken place then, and there need have been no arduous and costly reconquest of the colony. Again, had transport animals been purchased betimes, as he so strenuously urged, there would have been no delay in those offensive movements which alone could change the features of the war. He was in favor of a dispatch of a force of volunteers to the seat of war long before it was agreed upon; he wished from the first to employ local levies largely, and especially of irregular cavalry, the arm which has practically done most in the war.

Lord Wolseley is a many-sided man. A soldier first and before everything, devoted to his profession, never happier than when working at his trade, his tastes are very varied his interests widespread. His artistic temperament is seen in his affection for bric-à-brac; he has a keen eye for a pretty thing from the time when he picked up jade ornaments in the loot of the summer palace at Peking, and he has since ransacked every curiosity shop within reach, so that his home is a perfect treasure-house of rare old furniture.

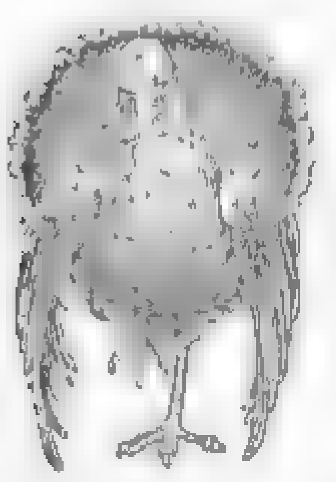
He was fond of sketching in his youthful days and his surveys show much skill as a draftsman. Some of these, made in 1860 of the country between the Pei-ho and Peking, were brought out the other day when the combined armies marched upon the capital to release the Embassies. Wolseley's first literary effort was an excellent and authoritative account of this small war. Literature he has always loved. He is deeply read in history and *belles-lettres*, and having a very retentive memory can still repeat hundreds and hundreds of lines learnt in childhood. He has continued his studies to this day by utilizing those early hours which many waste in sleep. But for this being continually immersed in serious business he could never have kept up his reading, which is varied and voluminous. He is at his desk every day at six A. M. for choice in the country which he loves, inhaling the freshness of the flowers, and enjoying the peaceful beauty of the scene. A cup of tea, of late years a tumbler of hot water, satisfies him till breakfast or till his horse comes around for a gallop across the Sussex downs. Now that he has retired from active duty, Lord Wolseley is hankering much after his *magnum opus*, the life of Marlborough, which he has still to complete. Ere long he will seize the first leisure that has come to him, for quite forty years, to travel over Marlborough's battlefields and compare the ground with the tactics employed

Lord Wolseley will have two homes, and may be at some pains to decide between their respective attractions. One is at Hampton Court; not one of the ordinary apartments allotted by the Queen to her friends, but a distinct and separate residence practically a wing of the palace, with a beautiful garden and many ancient traditions, including that of a ghost. Some connection might be traced between the name of Wolseley and that of the famous Cardinal who built Hampton Court, but the Wolseley of Henry VIII's time was the son of a Norfolk butcher and associated with wool stapling, while the other Wolseley was originally Wolfsley and belonged to an ancient family in Staffordshire. Lord Wolseley's other home, more unpretending, but more charming, is the farmhouse at Glynde, near Lewes, which has been converted by Lady Wolseley into an ideal English home.

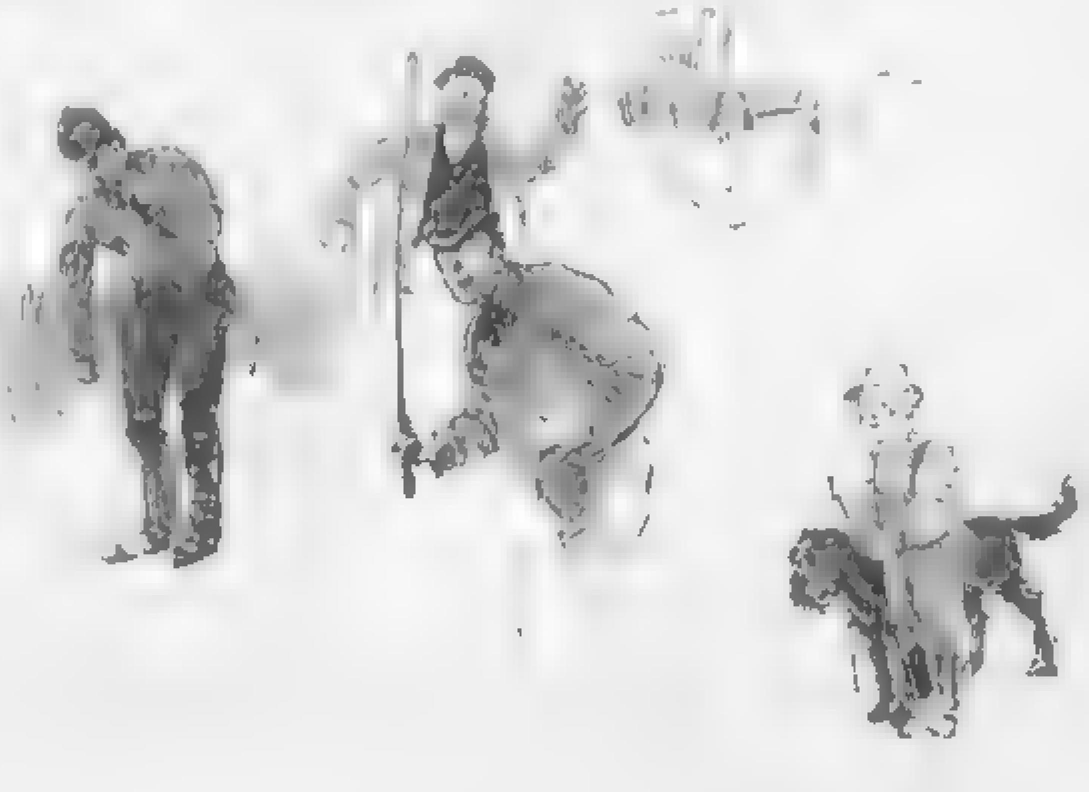
BALLAD *of* OZY B. ORR.

By Holman F. Day

Author of "Up in Maine"



HERE'S a plain and straight story of Ozy B. Orr—
A ballad unvarnished, but practical, for
It tells how the critter he wouldn't lie down
When a Hoodoo had reckoned to do him up brown.
It shows how a Yankee alights on his feet
When folks looking on have concluded he's beat.
Now Ozy had money and owned a good farm
And matters were working all right to a charm,
When he "went on" some papers to help his son Bill
Who was all tangled up in a dowel-stock mill.
Now Bill was a quitter, and therefore one day
Those notes became due and his dad had to pay.
So he slapped on a mortgage and then buckled down
To pay up the int'rest and keep off the town.
Oh, that mortgage, it clung like a sheep-tick in wool,
And the more she sagged back, harder Ozy would pull;
But a mortgage can tucker the likeliest man,
And Ozy he found himself flat on hard pan.
He dumped in his stock and his grain and his hay,
He scrimped and he skived and endeavored to pay;
He sold off his hay and his grain and his stock
Till the ricky-tick-tack of the auctioneer's knock
Kept up such a rapping on Ozy's old farm
That the auctioneer nigh had a kink in his arm—
Till it happened at last, 'long o' Thanksgiving time,
Old Ozy was stripped to his very last dime.
And he said to his helpmeet: "Poor mummy, I van
I guess them 'ere critters have got all they can.
For they've sued off the stock till the barns are all bare,
'Cept the old turkey-gobbler, a-peckin' out there;
They'd 'a' lifted him, too, for those lawyers are rough,
But they reckoned that gobbler was rather too tough.
So they've left us our dinner for Thanksgivin' Day;
Just remember that, mummy, to-night when you pray.
Now chirk up your appetite, for, with God's grace,
We'll eat all at once all the stock on the place."
But Ozy he was a cheerful man,
  A goodly man, a godly man—
He didn't repine at Heaven's plan, but he took things as they came;
And cheerfully soon he whistled his tune
  That he always whistled—'twas Old Zip Coon,
And he whistled it all the afternoon with never a word of blame.
While all unaware of his owner's care,
The gobbler pecked in the sunshine there,
With a tip-toe, tip-toe Nancy air, and ruffled like dancing dame;
Till it seemed to Ozy, whistling still
  To the ripity-rap of the turkey's bill,
That the prim old gobbler was keeping time
To the sweep and the swing of the wordless rhyme:
  Pickety-peck,
  With arching neck,
The turkey strutted with bow and beck.
And a Yankee notion was thereby born
To Ozy Orr ere another morn.
A practical fellow was Ozy B. Orr,
As keen an old Yankee as ever you saw.
A bit of a platform he made out of tin,
With a chance for a kerosene lantern within;
He took his old fiddle and rosined the bow
And took the old turkey—and there was his show!
You don't understand? Well, I'll own up to you
The crowds that he gathered were mystified, too.
For he advertised there on his banner unfurled
"A Jig-dancing Turkey—Sole one in the World."
And the more the folks saw it, the more and the more
They flocked with their quarters, and jammed at the door;
For it really did seem that precocious old bird
At sound of the fiddle was wondrously stirred.
In stateliest fashion the dance would commence,
Then faster and faster, with fervor intense,
Until, at the end, with a shriek of the strings
And a furious gobble and whirlwind of wings,
The turkey would side-step and two-step and spin,
Then larrup with ardor that echoing tin.
And widely renowned, and regarded with awe,
Was the "Great Dancing Turkey of Ozy B. Orr."
And the mortgage was paid by the old gobbler's legs—
Now Ozy is heading up money in kegs.
He would calmly tuck beneath his chin
  The bulge of his cracked old violin,
He sawed while the turkey whacked the tin, the people they paid and came;
For swift and soon to the lilting tune,
  When he fiddled the measure of Old Zip Coon,
The gobbler would whirl in a rigadoon—or something about the same!
While under the tin, tucked snugly in,
  Was the worthless Bill, that brand of Sin;
And 'twas Bill that made the turkey spin with the tip of the lantern flame;
For, as ever and ever the tin grew hot
The turkey made haste for to leave that spot,
Till it seemed that the gobbler was keeping time
To the sweep and the swing of the fiddle's rhyme.
  Pickety-peck,
  With snapping neck,
The gobbler gamboled with bow and beck!
Does a notion pay? It doth—it doth!
Just reckon what O. B. Orr is "wuth."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1900

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

William Shakespeare, Incorporated

NOT content with increasing our youth in knowledge, a Chicago Professor comes forward with a contribution to the gayety of the nation. Explaining just what he meant when he suggested a comparison between Shakespeare and Rockefeller, he is quoted as saying in part:

> "The comparison is not dependent upon moral principles, but hangs upon intellectual capacity. But if the question becomes a moral one, then Shakespeare's case is as bad as that of any of the robber barons. When he poached upon the preserves of history he laid hands upon incidents, experiences, stories and plots that were not his own. Beyond this he tyrannized over every dramatic author of his day. He drove out of business every playwright who had not enough intellectual capital to meet his competition. In short, he formed a trust within himself. And what a *thief* was *Homer*!
>
> "But I am not content to leave the case on the moral grounds. Literature at least will not bear the test. The truth is, Homer and Shakespeare were supreme intellects. They were master organizers, they were great as manipulators of literary properties. They monopolized the plots and stories of their predecessors, while Rockefeller monopolized the natural resources of his time. They found wealth scattered about the world, unimportant, lying ownerless. They gave it form, system, value, and, therefore, laid claim to its ownership. From this point of view the comparison does not seem inapt."

As the discussion of the trust question during the campaign had already brought out the "Retort Courteous," the "Reply Churlish," the "Reproof Valiant," the "Counter-check Quarrelsome," the "Lie With Circumstance," and the "Lie Direct," it was inevitable that the "Quip Modest" should turn up sooner or later, even though it came a little out of its natural order, and as a bit of unconscious humor

* * *

Now that Shakespeare has been proved a bloated monopolist, some one will be finding Scriptural authority for the trusts next. But it is to be regretted that the Professor did not resist the temptation to show up the dramatist as an example of the trust idea, because his action may give new impetus to the movement toward Literary Combinations. Already there have been symptoms that our more business-like authors are beginning to see the advantages to accrue therefrom. Last year there was a rumor that a Kipling Trust had been formed, that it had secured a monopoly of his writings, and that thereafter the helpless consumer who craved his Kipling regularly was to be squeezed. Happily the rumor turned out to be without foundation. But with literary syndicates and agents already here and "tying up" authors, the trust is in sight, the method by which the publishers and the public will be squeezed is clear.

Let us say that dialect stories are popular, and that the demand has resulted in "overproduction, and overstocking" by the magazines. A shrewd agent will take the dialect writers in hand, contract for their output for a year, retire half of them to Europe on a vacation, and, after "restoring a healthy tone to the market" proceed to "lift prices." Promising young authors will be given jobs if they will listen to reason, but, if they persist, rates will be cut on them until they are forced into keeping books. And the exposure of Shakespeare as a sort of mediæval joint stock company with Standard Oil methods will, it is to be feared, hasten this unfortunate condition of affairs.

Yet, though the man inclined to levity may smile at the Professor's discovery, the serious citizen who believes in the Baconian theory, and reads his Shakespeare with a sharp eye for double meanings, will find warrant for thinking with him. Witness these lines from Pericles, showing all too plainly that the dramatist was not unfamiliar with the fundamental doctrine of the trusts:

Third Fisherman—"Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea."

First Fisherman—"Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones.

* * *

The man who tried to make a reputation on differentiating expansion and imperialism will now take a rest

The Bogy of Germs

GERMS? Of course there are germs—millions and billions of them. The scientists tell us so, and we can't doubt the wisdom of the scientists. We shall have the germs, like the poor, always with us.

But let's not worry about them. Let us remember that it was care killed a cat, and that a cat has nine lives to our one. And let us not forget that Methuselah lived to be 969 years old, and yet he never heard of a germ. And study the tombstones in any old churchyard; read the goodly length of days to which our ancestors attained; and then remember that they, too, never heard of germs.

Job, too, the long-suffering, the patient—germs had not been discovered in his day or no doubt he would have had a few quadrillions of them. And is there a veiled allusion to such a possible catastrophe in the couplet,

"The troubles that afflict the just
In numbers many be . . ."?

Since we can't catch the germs, and can't kill the germs, and can't do away with the germs, it is certainly worse than useless to worry about the germs, or to allow ourselves to be startled by arrays of statistics showing the total population of germs. Then, too, if they were really and practically so dangerous as we have been led to believe, we couldn't any of us live an hour. We should be overwhelmed by numbers. We should be more helpless than Gulliver in the hands of the hosts of the Lilliputians.

Germs, germs, everywhere! They are in the air we breathe, in the food we eat, in the water we drink. They are in the carpets we walk over, in the chairs we sit on, in the clothes we wear

Yet scientists themselves reluctantly admit that not all germs are harmful; they even more reluctantly admit that in the present state of science it is quite impossible to tell just which are harmful and which are not. Let us not, then, indiscriminately abuse them, for even a germ may turn.

Then what is there to do? Forget about germs; don't worry about them; just pay attention to sensible rules in regard to dressing and eating and drinking, and let that suffice.

A prominent scientist was telling the story of Pandora's box to his little son. He was telling it with all possible dramatic effect. "And she slowly lifted that lid and peeped within, and then, what do you think came out?"

"Germs!" cried his little son promptly.

Let us put the very idea of germs back in that box and close the lid

* * *

Now that the election is over apologies are due for the oratorical things that were not really meant.

Dead Men in Fiction

IT BESPEAKS a lack of imagination in modern writers that so many of the recent novels boast pen pictures of real personages in history. They claim invention or inspiration less than historical fact and flavor, whereas the history that all of them contain is not read by one-half of the readers, and is practically worthless as literature. It helps to make the book bigger and that is about all

There is, however, no question about the craze, and no leading figure in history has escaped. Poor George Washington has been resurrected again and again and then done to death with most pathetic detail. Of all the famous characters he is one of the best because he gives dignity to the scenes in which he appears, and there is a sly, if a somewhat unpatriotic, pleasure in telling the good reader that Mr. Washington was not altogether a saint, and that he played the races, and sometimes drank a bottle of wine.

Another victim is Paul Jones. In one story we read of him as the brave fighter and the finished gentleman; in another as an adventurer who sometimes did shady things. So it goes, and in a book just out the limit is reached. Abraham Lincoln saves the hero in a village trial; Jefferson Davis in the next chapter fights a duel and saves the money and honor of a family, and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis subsequently carry on a dignified and interesting conversation on a Mississippi steamboat, while in a succeeding chapter the hero tells how Mr. Davis, as President of the Confederacy, pardoned him from Libby Prison, and how later he was standing almost at Mr. Lincoln's side when he was assassinated.

This is bringing history pretty close to date, and it makes us tremble for the future. For instance, who shall stay some ambitious hand from writing another sea story with Dewey on the quarter-deck saying heroics by the peck? And a writer of a political novel may go so far as to put words in the mouth of that master of silence, William Jennings Bryan.

Of this use of historical material there is still another class—and of all it is the worst—the novel that deals with divine figures and sets them up as chatterboxes in puppet shows Although most of the men and women guilty of these books do not write good English, they assume to interpret and to magnify the characters, thoughts, aspirations and actions of the greatest figures in religion—the most splendid thinkers and doers in human history. To healthy minds such books are awful in their impertinence.

And after all, when a book scores a success we get a new form of it upon the stage, with some very ridiculous Napoleons, some melodramatic Ben Hurs—where people pay to see the scenery and endure the actors—and some others which were better forgot. Of course the craze will run its course, but in the meanwhile a lot of good work is wasted.

Never mind about history, ye weavers of yarns! Give us flesh and blood, good imagination, what inspiration you have on hand, and make the whole thing move so that when we begin to read we must keep on with you to the end!

* * *

The man who made speeches and expressed his dislike of office holding is now watching the mails for a letter from Washington.

Gratitude as a Luxury

"IN TRUTH, O Judges," spoke Cicero, "while I wish to be advanced with every virtue, yet there is nothing which I can esteem more highly than being and appearing grateful

Thus we have a subtle distinction that divides gratitude into two parts—and each is important. To be grateful is virtue in itself, whether expressed or not. As a matter of fact, many people are grateful without ever admitting it Gibbon, the historian, said sententiously, "Gratitude is expensive." This scarcely sounds true, but, as a matter of fact, it is. For instance, the merchant who has prospered during the year may be grateful for his good fortune, but if he should say too much about it to his employees they would expect, and would probably have to be given, increases in their wages. It is the same way with the manufacturer and with all others conducting large enterprises. Even an Emperor has to be careful about the way he expresses his thankfulness, though his heart be full of it, for royal treasuries, as well as private pocketbooks, have their limitations.

Those who appear grateful after being grateful are the salt of the earth. By expressing gratitude for the blessings they have received they share their prosperity with the world and make life happier in every way. Of course there is a limit in the mere matter of thanking somebody. Henry Ward Beecher once said: "Next to ingratitude the most painful thing to bear is gratitude." You do some one a kindness and you never escape the consequences. Of course these thankful persons are rare in the world, but they can become nuisances sometimes. Still it will not do to quarrel with them. They are the leaven that leavens the rest, and some people really do like to be thanked. The point may be made that much of this effusive gratitude is looking more to the future than to the past, but it is so rare that it must be accepted without criticism or cavil.

There never was a time in the history of our country when gratitude should be so real, so general and so candid. The nation has prospered, has expanded—some people, however, are not thankful for that—and has gone through a Presidential election with a behavior that should make every one proud of politics. These are in addition to all the other comforts, privileges and private profits which have come to the people. The growth in population alone shows how well we are advancing; in ten years we have come from 62,622,250 to 76,000,000. Our trade statistics surpass all records of mankind. We are leading the world in material things, and hardly any nation on the globe can get along well without our help and products. We have captured both the industrial and the financial leadership of the earth.

Under these circumstances the people of the United States ought to make the Thanksgiving Day of 1900 the most joyous and the most enthusiastic celebration of its kind since it was established. It is a time for all not only to be but to appear grateful.

* * *

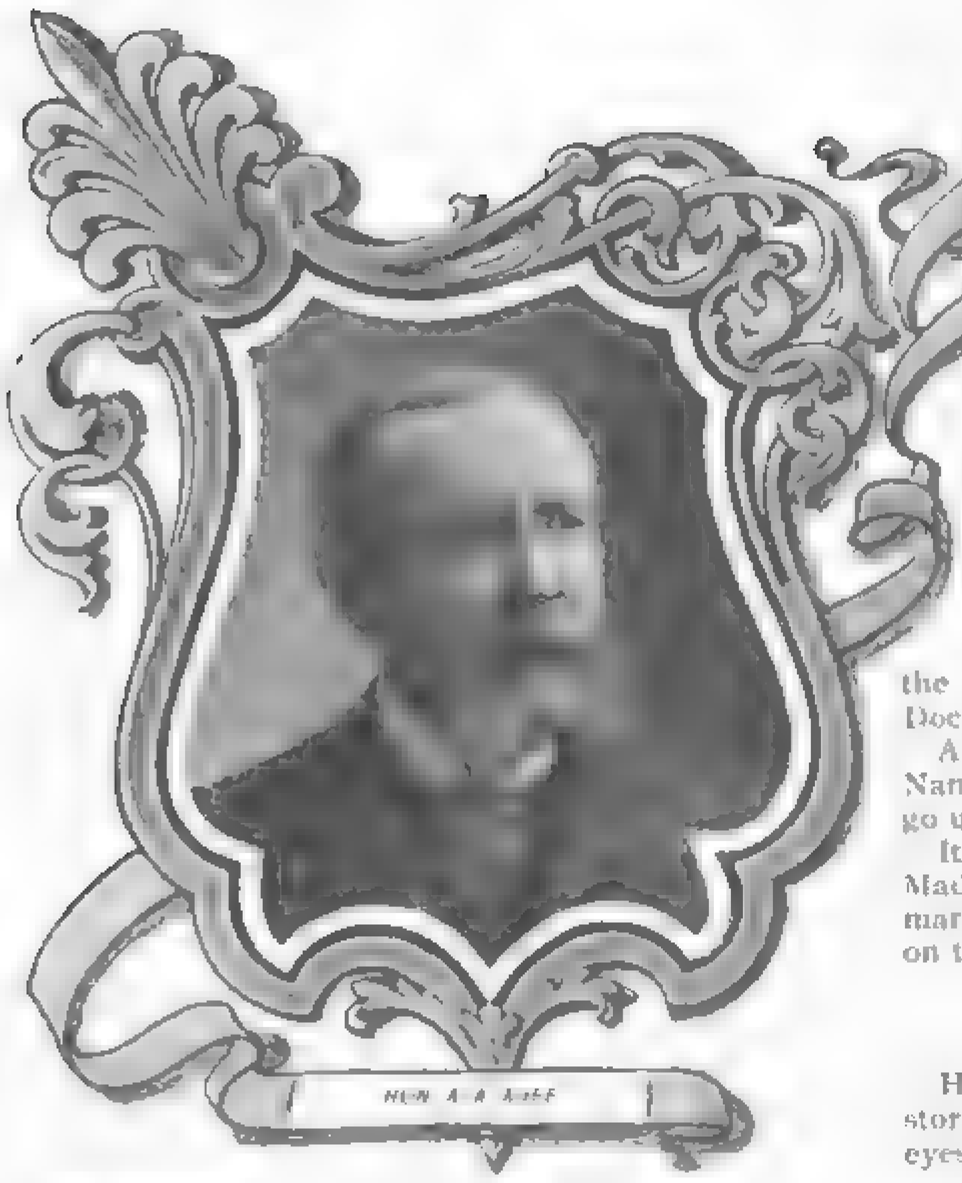
Love comes like a summer sigh, but it generally runs into a Mendelssohn march

The Reign of Money

A FEW weeks ago the son of one of the wealthiest families of New York consented to be a delegate to a political convention, and his subsequent experiences were interesting. The newspapers gave him superabundant illustrations and chronicled his every movement, not forgetting the details of his attire. It showed the triumph of money in the interests of mankind. In society it is even more conspicuous. All the doings of the rich were chronicled with zeal and fullness through the long summer months, and in the various races and sports of the season those who owned fortunes had the centre of the public stage. Money has undoubtedly made its way to the front, and as far as public appearances go it leads all the processions.

There need be no quarrel with this. We must all recognize the absolute necessity of the material. Money represents the most of the striving and the labor of the century Much as we may abuse it as a brutal force it is unquestionably a great blessing—it is a great curse only when it is turned to bad uses or is employed to serve the evil appetites and ambitions of its possessors. In itself it is good and it is great. It moves the machinery of civilization; it gives to merit a broader field for success; it reduces the eccentricities of favor and of privilege to mathematics into which the humblest may enter. And on and from this basis—call it sordid or inhuman if you wish—the world moves and ascends more easily. Even for society the live dollar is better than the ancestral graveyard.

Men & Women of the Hour



HON. A. A. ADEE

FIELD-MARSHAL VON WALDERSEE

Two Parliamentary Bulls

The session of Parliament that recently ended was not particularly prolific of funny sayings, but there were a couple of good things unconsciously said. The first was by Mr Field, M P. He had made a statement at which Mr. Chamberlain shook his head, a silent negative. Mr. Field turned to Mr Chamberlain and proclaimed:

"The right honorable gentleman shakes his head—*I* am sorry to hear it."

The second was from an Irishman, Mr. Flavin, M. P. He was about to put a question to a Cabinet Minister when the right honorable gentleman reminded Mr. Flavin that a letter had been sent to him (Mr. F.), asking him to postpone the question until such time as the Minister could obtain the information needed before an answer could be given.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Flavin, "that is so. I have got that letter, and have not had time to open it"

How Doctor Nansen was Lionized

The report that Dr. Fridjof Nansen and the Duke of Abruzzi may decide to join in a combined effort to reach the North Pole rouses new interest in the achievements and personality of these two successful Arctic explorers.

Doctor Nansen was often very shy and diffident, except when he was to deliver a lecture, at which time he always set himself as to a task and acquitted himself with stiff self-command and a good bearing. At social gatherings he was apt to say nothing at all, even when a flow of words was expected of him. This was noticed by every one who had the pleasure of meeting him intimately during his visit to this country in the fall of 1897

One afternoon, in Brooklyn, a reception was tendered him at a leading club, and many distinguished people of New York and Brooklyn took advantage of the opportunity to meet him. During the handshaking Doctor Nansen preserved an impassive mien, and bore the ordeal patiently, murmuring a few inarticulate remarks as one after another pressed compliments upon him

Then came a harder test. A narrow lane, bordered by a throng on either side, was cleared through the large drawing-rooms in which the reception was held. At one end stood Rev. Dr. Storrs, and at the other Doctor Nansen was unresistingly placed. He fidgeted and looked miserable. Doctor Storrs made a flowing address and closed with an oratorical peroration. Then all waited for Doctor Nansen to respond

He looked down at one foot and shifted it uneasily. He looked at the other foot and uneasily shifted that. He looked helplessly down one line of faces and back along the other line, and then down at his feet again. He looked as if he wished he were on an ice floe in a snow storm.

At length he bowed gravely and, with never a word, turned aside and mingled with the guests.

In the evening of that same day he was to be serenaded by the Norwegians and Swedes of New York, at his hotel on Fifth Avenue, facing the Plaza.

A band was finally heard. The music came nearer and Doctor Nansen and a few friends stepped out on the hotel balcony. A large body of marchers came up, halted, packed themselves in front of the hotel and gave vociferous cheers and a medley of Swedish and Norwegian cries. They called for a speech and then the noise simmered down into silence.

Doctor Nansen fidgeted and looked down at the crowd. It was evident that he was keenly pleased, but he seemed unable to speak. Again the men set up an uproar and again waited in silence. And again Doctor Nansen uncomfortably fidgeted, looking silently down at them.

Finally they marched away and the explorer went back into the hotel. Ten minutes passed—there was another burst of music—and a messenger hurriedly called Doctor Nansen. It was a second body of marchers, who through some accident had missed the first, and they, like the others, wanted a speech. Again, however, Doctor Nansen fidgeted in silence and so the men marched on

Another ten minutes and another burst of music; again did Doctor Nansen hurry out on the balcony; again did a vociferous Viking shout go up. Once more, however, the great explorer stood embarrassed

It was the first body of marchers, who had returned southward on Madison Avenue in search of the missing second body, and were now marching up Fifth Avenue again to catch up with them, stopping, on the way, in hopes of getting the speech they missed.

Frederic Remington's First Painting

How Mr. Frederic Remington made his first painting is an interesting story. As a young man he traveled extensively in the West, with his eyes alertly wide open, and then went to New York with his portfolio filled with sketches. Before going to the West he had had a preliminary training in two art schools, but while out on the plains he had been busy as cowboy and ranchman more than as an artist

He went to New York with the ambition "to perpetuate the wild life of the West of this great country from remote times until these later days, and to include the glitter and romance of the French settlement of Canada" It was a brave ambition, for which one earnest man's busy life is scarcely long enough

It was some time before he obtained recognition after his return to the East, although he secured some commissions as a book illustrator and took up a hard-working professional life. He became well acquainted with Dr. W. T. Alexander, of New York, and was a frequent visitor at his home on Washington Heights—that strip of high land overlooking the Hudson and south of Spuyten Duyvil, for which British and Americans once battled.

Doctor Alexander became a warm admirer of the young artist's work, and knew that he was ambitious to become a painter as well as an illustrator

"Don't wait any longer before you begin your painting," said the doctor one day

Mr. Remington laughed. "I'd begin at once, but, to be frank, I'm running very close to the wind, and haven't enough money to spare to buy a painting outfit. I must wait a little while longer. I'm sure my time must come before long if I keep on trying to do my best, and meanwhile I shan't worry about it"

"No, don't wait," insisted the doctor; "I'll pay you a hundred dollars for your first painting, and I'll make you a large enough advance on it to get your outfit at once."

The painting was made, and it had in it all the charm and mystery of the great West of which Mr. Remington was to become the most notable exponent. It showed a trooper standing beside his horse, while at his feet lay a skull. The man was looking far off into the distance, over illimitable wastes of hill and desert. The horse was especially good, and gave point to a remark that Mr. Remington used to make, that he would be satisfied if there could honestly be placed on his tombstone the words, "He knew the horse"

The picture was deeply admired and hung in a place of honor, and the artist continued on his upward career. Since wide fame has come to him he has often suggested that he would like to buy the painting back at far more than the original price, but Doctor Alexander, with friendly selfishness, has always declined to consider any offer

The State Appraiser of Joy and Sorrow

Mr. Alvey Augustus Adee, the Second Assistant Secretary of State, is one of the indispensable men in the Government at Washington. Whether the Democrats come and Republicans go, or whether Republicans remain and Democrats stay away, Mr. Adee keeps his place

It is to him that every one appeals in cases of needed congratulation or condolence. Kings, Presidents and Princes have a way of dying or getting assassinated or experiencing something serious. To certain Royal families there are Royal increases. To know just how sorry to be and to express it in a proper measure is an invaluable requisite in international affairs. To know just how glad to be on the birth of a new heir to the throne or in the event of some great victory is just as necessary

In these niceties of expression Mr. Adee is probably the most accomplished person the State Department has ever had. He knows just what to do, when to do it, and how to do it, and thus all look to him for the delicate work of this department of international correspondence.

Von Waldersee's Ambitious Wife

The most important point in connection with Count von Waldersee, the German commander in China, is that he has an American wife. She was a Miss Lee, of New York, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. She first married Prince Frederick, of Sleswick-Holstein, who, in order to wed her, had to renounce his title, though he was afterward created, by the Emperor, Prince Frederick von Noer. She married Count von Waldersee in 1874, two years after the death of the Prince.

Count von Waldersee is sixty-eight years of age, and although he has frequently been in battles, including the fierce struggles of Metz and Sedan, and at the siege of Paris, he has never been wounded

Owing to the influence of his wife, who is a fascinating woman of great tact and of a remarkable personality, General Waldersee began some years ago to take an active part in politics.

It is believed by many in Germany, and, in fact, has been so stated in some of the German papers, that the ambition of the American wife was to make her military husband supplant Bismarck as premier, and that strong advances were made in that direction before the accession of the present Emperor, and also in the early days of the present reign

Bismarck held his own, however, in spite of the strong friendship of the new Emperor for both the General and his wife, and even since the death of Bismarck the Emperor has not allowed the political ambitions of the couple to revive. He has, however, shown himself desirous of giving the General high advancement in the army and new opportunities.

The eight room house, for campaign purposes, that arrived in China for the use of himself and staff, was the object of a great deal of comment among the officers of the allied forces.

One of the Americans, who has a fine record as an officer under General Grant in our Civil War, said dryly:

"Well, this is something new in campaigning. It may do well enough in China, and for a Count, but it wouldn't do for Americans. I remember what General Grant took with him on his final six days' campaign below Vicksburg. He didn't have an orderly, or a servant, or a horse. He didn't even have an overcoat, and he didn't have a camp chest.

"Why," continued the speaker, warming to the subject, "he didn't even take a clean shirt! I was with him, and I know. Yes, sir! General Grant's entire baggage for those six days was a tooth-brush!"

The officer paused a few moments, and then added sadly:

"And just think what he missed in not carrying around with him an eight room house!"

MOOSWA *of the* BOUNDARIES. *By* W. A. FRASER

The Trailing of Mooswa

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MILE after mile Mooswa cut from the head-trail with his easy-swinging rack, the strong crust of frozen snow giving his great limbs free play. The open bed of the river held just such a run as he liked; no tree branches to catch his huge horns, no fallen tree giving cover to a stalking Panther or strange Wolf pack; and, as if to make his trip perfect, he was running up a north wind. He was like a telegraph [illegible]or sitting at his clicking instrument with the wires telling him everything

"A brother Moose crossed here, just a hundred yards ahead," the wind whispered one time. "Wh-f-f-f! it was a Bull, too," the scent-wind told his delicate nostrils "Ugh wh-e-e-e-l-l! Sikak has crossed the trail here, and killed the strongest scent left by any other—disgusting little brute!" This message Mooswa took from the wind and repeated to himself. For a mile his nostrils were simply stricken dumb by the foul odor; his nose told him nothing of other affairs

Then for a matter of ten miles there was nothing but the sweet breath of spruce as the wind filtered through a long point covered with it. "Line clear," the frosty air signaled, as Mooswa, taking a straight course for the merging of dark green and river white, raced eagerly

At the Second Rapid, where the float-ice had grounded on rock boulders in the autumn closing time, the river bosom humped like a corduroy road. "I must remember this spot on my coming back," Mooswa muttered, as he picked his way more slowly over the troubled ice road. "Here I can make a big run if enemies are close," he added [illegible] a stretch of many miles reached away, level as a mill pond

"Wolves! the gray hunters! the murder brothers who go in packs!" he said, as his quick feeling nose picked their presence from the north wind "Not Rof's pack," he continued, [illegible]pping the scent a little finer—"strangers!" and he watched warily, cocking his ears forward for a warning whimper

"Huh! they're busy!" for as he flashed over their cross trail there arose the fainter odor of Caribou. "Safe journey, cousin," he muttered, "and conf[illegible] to the throat cutters It's the meat eating, the blood drinking," he philosophised, "that breeds enmity in the Boundaries There are grasses and leaves and flowers enough for all [illegible] no encroachment, if w[illegible] stick to it; but eating one's comrades is what makes the trouble"

Just before daylight Mooswa stopped, climbed up a sloping bank warily and ate a light breakfast; then he slipped back to the river bed, huddled up in the lee of a clay cut, and after resting for two hours pushed on again Another ten miles, and he stopped like a flash, holding his head straight up wind, the coarse, strong growing hairs over his withers vibrating with intensity

"Sniff! Sniff! Dogs! Man! Rof said nothing of Dogs. This makes it more complicated. It is the scent of White Men, and the Dog smell is not that of Huskies. These Whites sometimes bring the long-legged creatures that follow us like Wolves

He worked cautiously down the river till his eyes caught sight of a blue smoke-feather floating lazily upward. Five or six short steps at a time, three or four yards he moved—then stopped and watched with eyes, ears, nose, and all his full sensibility. He knew the Man-trick of a flank movement—he must get them out on the river behind him; besides, there was now the stronger, more certain odor of Dogs. He was perhaps a matter of half a mile from the little shack, above which twisted a spiral curl of smoke, when a fierce, strong-throated, "Yap! yap! Wh[illegible], yap!" cut the frosty air

"I thought so," Mooswa muttered. "I know that breed—the fierce-fanged ones the Scotch Factor had at Fort Resolution—from his own Boundaries across the sea they came They are like the Men themselves—on, on, rush and hold! Deep-chested like Caribou with long legs that carry them over the snow like those of my own family; gray-haired and strong jawed like Blue Wolf; but weak in the feet—small footed with hair between their toes which balls up in the snow and makes them go lame." Then Mooswa considered the task he had undertaken

"If the Man slips the Dogs and the snow keeps hard and dry there will be more fighting than running," he said to himself, "for these brutes will come faster than I care to go. But there is a strong crust, strong enough to bear me, and if the sun warms the snow so that it will ball in the haired toes, then I'll have a chance in the run. The Man moves," he continued, whiffing at the air. "Two of them!" he muttered as their forms outlined against the morning sky "Rof brought tidings of but one. Now for it! I'm coming, Boy[illegible]"

He turned and walked slowly back on his track, breaking into a shuffling trot farther on. In a few minutes the two men, snowshoe clad, rifle in hand and cartridge-belted reappeared circling through the woods on the bank. With one of them were four Scotch Stag hounds in leash. Mooswa's eyes took in the situation as he trotted, carrying his head a little to one side "The flank movement," he muttered, "and a stolen shot at the next bend—they'll not slip the Dogs while they have hope of a shot."

When the first river bank point hid him from their sight he raced. "They're running now," he thought, for he was down wind from them and the telegraph was working When the two hunters reached the belly of the next bend they saw a big Bull Moose quietly browsing at the point beyond. He was walking slowly, snipping at the tree branches as he moved

"Keep the Dogs back," one hunter said, "[illegible] sure to get a quiet shot at him, for h[illegible]"

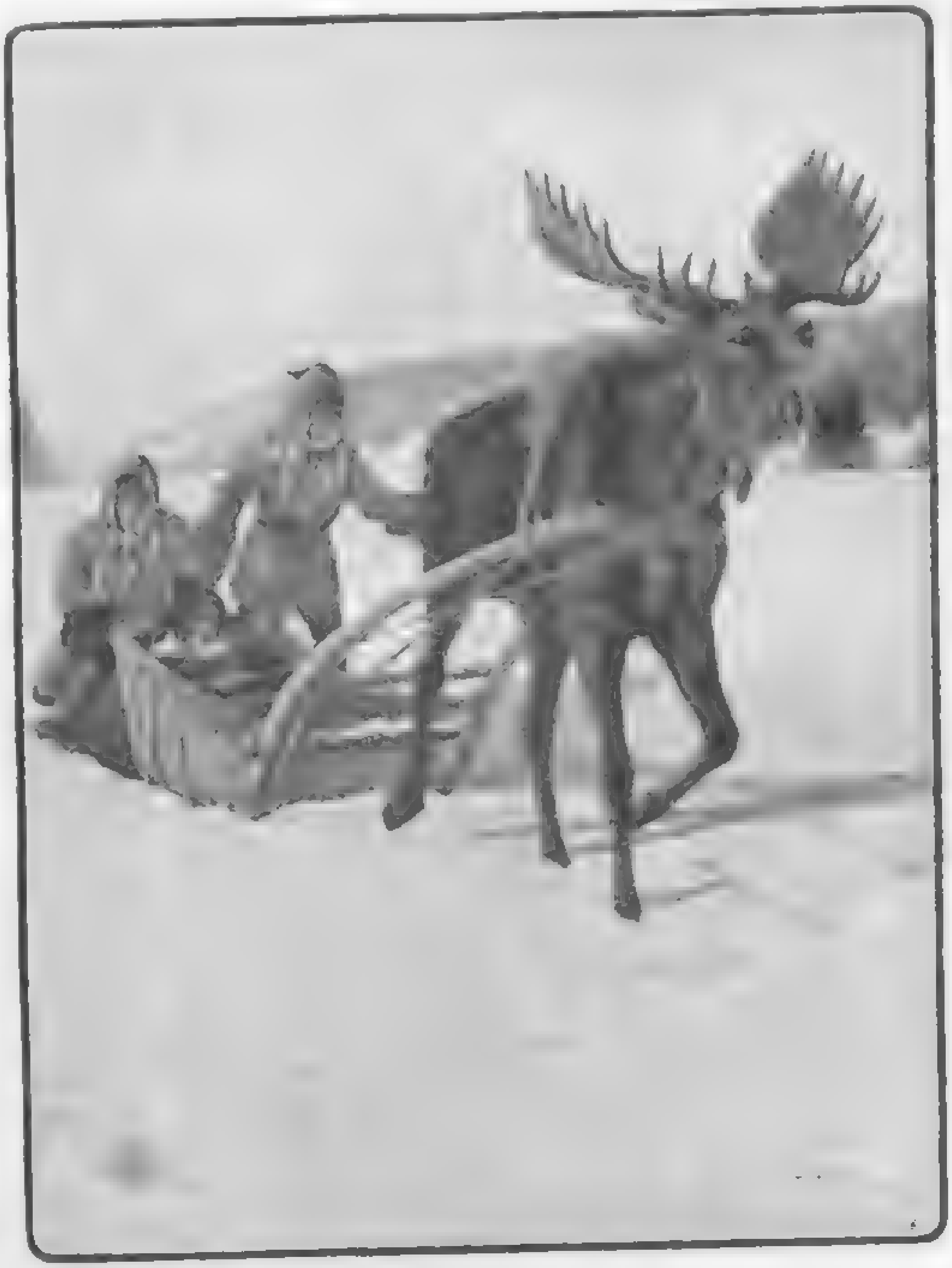
Point after point, bend succeeding bend Mooswa played this game; mile after mile they toiled, the tantalizing expectation of a stolen shot leading them an amazing distance on the Moose trail

"It's the Stag hounds that keep him mov[illegible]" remarked the man who had spoken before; "he's down wind, and gets them in his big fat nose—if I could rustle a shot into his carcass, I'd slip them quick enough then but if we let them go now it will be a play of twenty or thirty miles before we get another sight of him. I'm not struck on following a Bull Moose under full trot with a pack of Dogs behind him

"We'll get a shot on the quiet soon," remarked his comrade. "He is a bit on edge just now, but will settle down after he has seen us a few times." They had given up traveling in the bush, and were following straight on the hoof-marks in the river bed

"Hello!" sang out one, pointing to a depression in the snow, "he's been lying down resting here—he's getting fagged

in [illegible] days they arrived at the Landing



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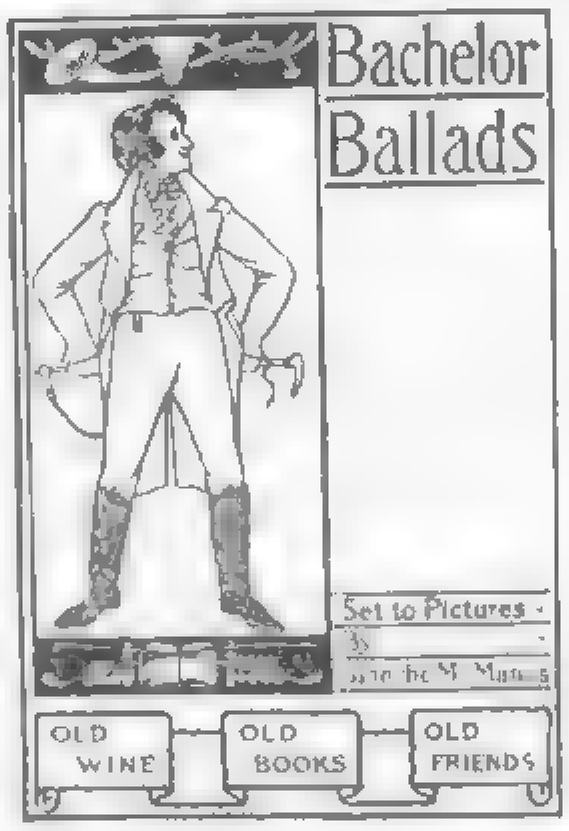

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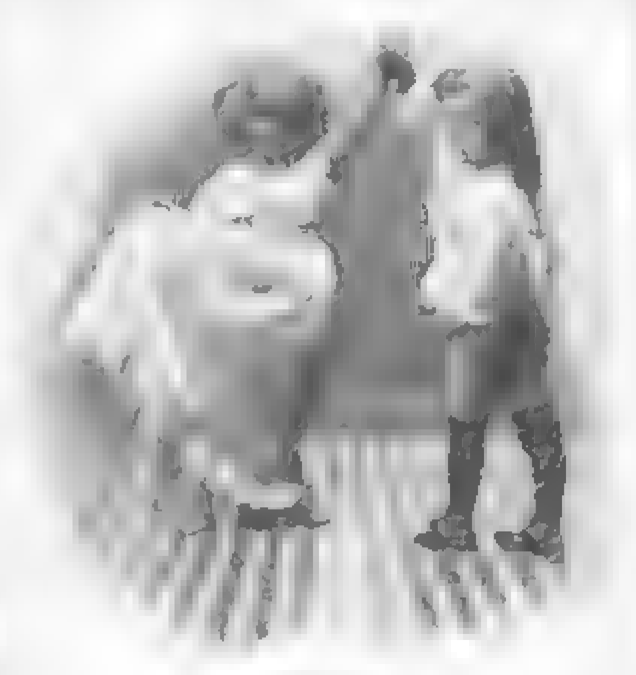

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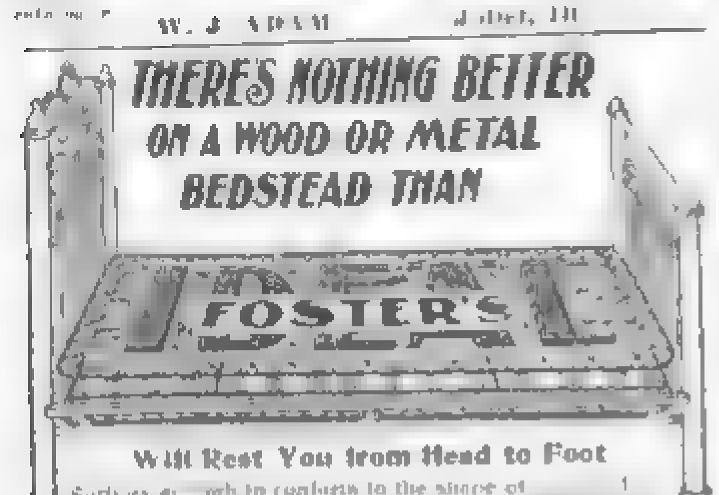

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Somebody else must have been running him before we struck his trail—he's nearly beat."

As they crossed the Wolf trail Mooswa had found on his way down, the Trapper in the lead said, significantly: "It's the gray hunters have done the Bull up; they've been after him, and he's dead beat."

The big Stag hounds sniffed the Wolf trail dropped their long, bony tails a few degrees of angle, raised their heads and bayed a howling note of defiance. "Shut up Bruce!" exclaimed one of the men, pulling at the rawhide leash, "you'll be better up against a Moose than tackling that gang."

Now the mark in the snow had been made by Mooswa just to draw the hunters on; he wasn't tired, for the hard crust held him up and he could have kept that gait for two days. They had traveled probably thirty miles when the leader said: "Better slip the Dogs, Mac; this Moose is putting up a game on us, he's as cunning as an old Fox, and we'll lose him to-night, I'm afraid"

When the straps were unbuckled the Scotch hounds broke into a chorus of delight: "Yi, yi, yi, yi! yap, yap! yi, yi! Bah-h-h! Bah h-h!" Then they stretched their long limbs and raced on the Bull Moose's trail That showed a strain of Collie blood in their veins, for if they had been pure bred they would have run silently and by sight only

"Pleasant greeting, that," muttered Mooswa, as his flanks lengthened out in a terrific pacing gait

"We're coming—we're coming! yi, yi! sang the Stag-hounds, their heads low to the snow, their lean flanks stretching out until they seemed like something shot from a catapult. But swift as they were, Mooswa was swifter. They were running at high pressure, straining every nerve, using every ounce of speed that was in their wire-haired bodies the Bull was running with a little in hand something in reserve. "They will upset everything," he thought "Those blood thirsters will chase me on past the shack, and the Men may never see it."

At the Second Rapid, with its tortuous ice humps, the Bull lost a little ground—he had to go more slowly. The Dogs, quicker of foot, and able to turn more sharply, gained on him. Each time they caught sight of their intended prey they gave savage yelps of eager exultation and ran with their heads high—ran by the eye

"Sing, gaunt brothers!" said Mooswa "On the level you'll have to run with your bellies closer to the trail to keep your advantage."

Well clear of the rapid ice, the Bull again swung his awkward-looking body forward with increasing pace. Suddenly a hoof crashed through the crust, almost bringing him on his nose, before he had gone a hundred yards this happened again. Fringed by giant spruce, tall banks on either side had stood as barriers between the fierce biting frost wind and the snow crust—also the day's hot sun was beginning to rot its brittle shell. Oftener and oftener it broke under the racing Moose; the lighter dogs ran freely over its treacherous surface. The Bull looked over his shoulders at the pursuers They were gaining—he could see that

"Six points more to the shack," he muttered, as he rounded a low-reaching headland that turned the river wide in its snakelike course. Animals count river distances as do the Indians—so many land points from one place to another; and Mooswa's six points were a good ten miles. Each time he floundered in the deep snow his swift running enemies gained a dozen yards

"I wish Blue Wolf were here," thought Mooswa; "I'll never make the shack. I'll try a Boundary call" He stretched his throat and called, "Wha-a-a—e-i-n-n-g, which is not unlike the cry of a Rock [illegible] Hounds answered with an ironical [illegible] another sound struck the runner's [illegible] faint, and very far ahead. It was the [illegible] call of the Boundaries—Blue Wolf [illegible]

"Good old Rof!" cried the Moos[illegible] shot forward with revived strength

The Hounds were now running by sight, head up all the time. Every few minutes Mooswa repeated his signal; each time it was answered ahead, stronger and closer; and behind him the eager yap of the pursuers was drawing nearer. "There'll be more fighting than running presently," he thought "it's just as well—if Rof has the pack it won't take long to settle these hungry hunters"

Rounding the next bend a clear stretch of two miles lay straight away, and at the farther end of it his trained eye discovered three moving specks. Behind him, not thirty yards away, raced the Dogs.

"It will be a battle," he muttered; "four against four—four of the Boundaries in the Starvation Year against four fish fed dwellers in Man's camp." Another mile and the foremost Dog was snapping at the Bull's hocks, just falling short each jump, but Blue Wolf and his comrades were only a stone's throw off

As Mooswa and his pursuers neared the great, gaunt, blue-coated Wolf, the latter crouched—chest and neck and jaw flat on the snow; behind, well spread in rigid leverage, were the strong, gnarled legs. A length back, two younger Wolves waited ready for battle, flat lying as their leader. Mooswa understood. As he slashed by Blue Wolf, almost touching him, the close-following Stag-hound sprang for his quarters, all but dragging him to earth; but the fangs, tearing a gash down Moose's thigh, failed to hold, and as the Dog fell sidewise a pair of jaws, strong as a Bear-trap, closed on his lean throat

"Hold fast, brother!" wheezed Mooswa, swinging around in his own length and making a vicious sword cut at the Hound's back with his iron hoof. The second Dog sprang at the Bull's throat, only to strike the big antlers quickly lowered to guard it Rof's two sons had closed with the other Hounds, and a battle to the death raged There was not much noise, only a snarling snapping from where Blue Wolf's fangs were fastened in the throat of the Hound he had pinned down

Once Mooswa got a clean slash with his fore foot at his fighting Dog that laid the brute's shoulder open; once the Dog fastened in Mooswa's throat as the treacherous crust gave way and threw him off his guard. It seemed anybody's battle. Blue Wolf knew better than to let go the first hold he had taken It was said in the Boundaries that long ago, two or three generations back, a Bulldog had mated with one of his ancestors, and the strong strain had more than held its own: the way of the Bulldog, which is to catch and hold, against the way of the Wolf which is to cut and jump, cut and jump Certain it is that Rof fought as no other Wolf, except his two sons, ever did; holding hard and fast, and working his jaws sawlike, as an Otter hound does, more and more into the grip. But the Stag hound had a well fed strength which stood him in good stead Over and over the two rolled, the Hound's jaws fastened on one of Blue Wolf's fore legs, close to the paw. The bone had been broken long ago—chewed into splinters—and the pain was terrific; but if Blue Wolf had the tenacity of the Bulldog strain, he also had the wild wisdom of the Wolf brain, and he knew that to let go meant death.

Once something swept the Hound sideways with terrific force from over the top of Rof, almost breaking the Dog's back; that was a little side heap from the shovel-horns of Bull Moose. Up to that time it had been all hoarse growls from the strong fighting animals, for the advantage had lain not much on either side. Suddenly a "Wh-u-f-f! ki-yi-yi yi—wh-e-e-e, yi-i-i," dying into a piercing treble, went up. Mooswa was grinding his Dog into the snow crust with his hundred pound antlers. A lucky pass with a fore foot had brought the Hound down and before he could recover M[illegible] thrown the weight of his fighting charge upon him, and was cutting his steel gray body into fragments

There was still hot work to be done, for one of the young Wolves had been overcome, stretched out with a broken neck, and the released Dog was helping his comrade to down the other one. They were both at him when Mooswa charged. Once, twice, three times, as a trip hammer hits hot iron, the heart shaped hoofs, knifelike on the edges, smote the Dogs, for they were taken unawares; then, as before, his horns made the work compl[illegible]

As Mooswa straightened himself, a little staggeringly, for his throat was badly torn, there were only two left fighting; all the rest were dead—the two sons of Blue Wolf and the three Stag hounds

"Thanks, brother," said Blue W[illegible] rising on weak legs, as a deft dragging [illegible] of blow from Moose's right arm laid open the Hound's stomach, and finished the work Rof's fast tiring strength was hardly equal to "Very neatly done—I could almost fancy it was a rip from Muskwa's paw. My two lads are done for," he whined piteously, looking at the gaunt, gray bodies stretched out on the white snow, all splashed crimson with red wine from their veins. "Wolf-blood and Dog-blood—it scents much alike," he said, turning his head away, as he sat on his haunches holding up a broken leg. Drip,

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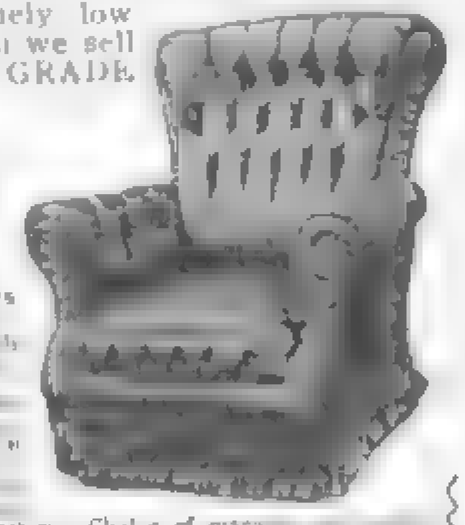

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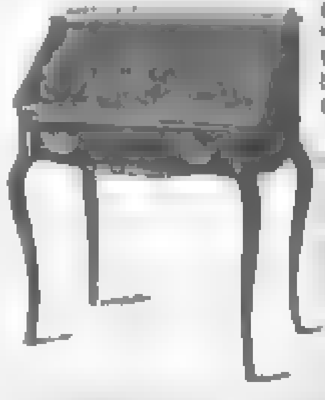

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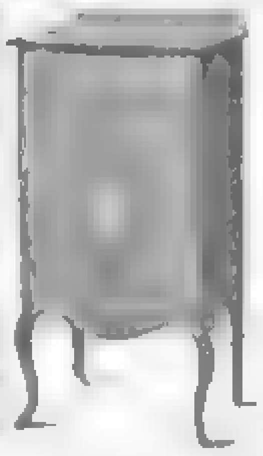

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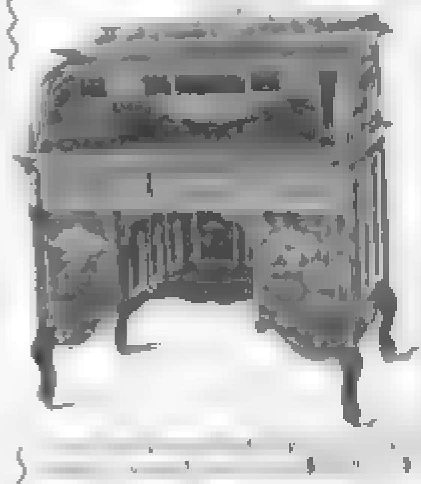

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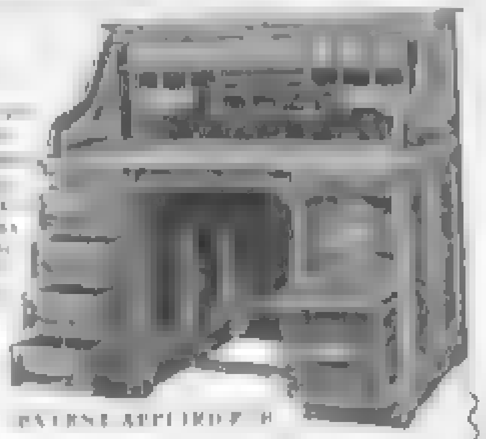

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drip, drip, drip, little red drops ate their hot way into the snow from Bull Moose's neck.

"That's a nasty slash, Mooswa," sympathized Blue Wolf, looking at his companion's wound.

"We twig-feeders have strong gullets," answered the Bull, "else it had been worse There's nothing torn, for I still breathe through my nose; but for many a day you'll hunt on three legs because of me, comrade."

"I suppose so," moaned Blue Wolf regretfully, licking nervously at his crushed paw. "I'll mate well with Black King. But it is all in the life of the pack, and is not your fault; no one takes blame to himself who calls when his life is at bay. Where go you, brother—how far back are the Hunters?"

Mooswa straightened his head sharp into the wind—it still held steady from the north. "Their scent comes from the second point, and we must trail again; the fire-stick is not like Dogs—it bites beyond reach. Get in my horns, Rof, and I'll carry you"

"No," said Blue Wolf decidedly; "each takes his own hurt to his burrow—that is the way of the pack; each to himself in the fight—one down is all on top. Besides, comrade, your long legs are knocking together at the hocks now; the snow drinks much of your red blood."

"Come," called Mooswa, "the Man-scent turns the first point."

Blue Wolf, whining piteously, was rubbing his red-stained jowl up the neck of one of his dead sons. He turned, balanced himself on two cornering legs, holding up the smashed one, and tried to kick snow over their dead bodies. Bull Moose, seeing this, lowered his head, gave three or four mighty scrapes with his wide horns, and piled great mounds of snow over Blue Wolf's dead children.

"Come away now, comrade," he commanded again; "the Hunt-men sight us—they are racing."

"They'll have a fair trail to follow for a little," answered Wolf; "then it will be dark, and we'll lose them. I go to the pack for safety; had I known of the Dogs and this other Man I should have brought more than two Cub Wolves."

"I go to the shack," said Mooswa, shortening his steps to keep pace with the Wolf.

"To be killed by the Hunt-men?"

"I don't know; I go to the Boy"

As they climbed the bank—"Bang! ping g g!" sang a leaden messenger, fairly whistling through the crotches of Mooswa's horns

"The fire-stick!" he grunted; "sight of his dead Train Dogs has angered the Hunt-man. Slip off to your pack now," he continued, as they trailed through the little clearing close to the shack. "Get Umisk to fix up your foot."

"And you?" queried Blue Wolf.

"I stop here!" the other answered, swaying as he stood in his tracks for a second.

"Come with me," pleaded Rof; "my pack shall turn back the Hunters."

"Here they come—off to the woods!" Mooswa answered, going himself to the shack door and rattling his horns against the boards The noise wakened Whisky-Jack, who had already curled up for his night's sleep under the eaves.

"Thieves! Hello, Mooswa!" he piped, craning his neck around the corner, and seeing the big-horned head.

Inside a faint, querulous voice asked impatiently: "Is that you, François, or is it the angels with wood? If it is, throw it down the chimney, please—I'm too sick to get up."

Mooswa "whuffed," blowing the wind through his blood-coated nostrils with a sound the Boy knew, and then he scraped his horn up and down the door again. There was a muffled, slipping noise of some one crawling to the door. The bar dropped, Mooswa pushed it gently open, staggered in, and plumped down exhausted on the floor

Carcajou had heaped the fireplace well with wood for the night—dry tamarack to make it blaze, and green poplar to make it last; the bright light shone on Mooswa's blood-matted body and revealed to Roderick his terrible condition.

"Mooswa! Mooswa!" he cried, dragging himself close and putting his arm around the big nose. "Who has done this? You are wounded."

Just then two men, with the blood-thirst of the chase hot in their hearts, glided to the door on snow-shoes. One had thrust forward a rifle, but his companion struck it up. "What would you shoot?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered the other, his rifle almost falling from shaking fingers as he caught sight of a small boy-figure huddled against the animal's head "Is it a banshee, Donald?" he continued in a frightened, husky whisper.

"Is that you, François?" cried Rod, sitting up in his eagerness, as the voices came to him from the outer dusk.

"Great powers!" exclaimed the man Donald, stepping through the door, "that's Factor McGregor's kid, Rod. I heard he was down here somewhere trapping with that Breed, François. What's the matter, laddie?" the thick Scotch voice burred.

"Well, I'm hanged if I ever outspanned anything like this," said the other man; "it's like that thing we used to read, Babes in the Wood."

"Where's your mate—François?" asked Donald again. "And what's the matter with you—scurvy?"

"François?" answered the Boy hesitatingly, for days of wound-fever had clouded his young brain; "François? oh, yes, I remember; he went to the Landing, long ago."

"And left a kid like that here alone" cried Donald's companion

"What's the matter with your leg—scurvy?" asked the leader again.

"My leg? Yes, it's sore—awfully sore Sometimes I dream that it's another person and I talk to it"

"What's the matter with it?" the man reiterated huskily, pulling the peak of a fur cap down over his eyes to hide something, for the little pale, pinched face, backed by a mass of yellow, knotted hair, made him feel rather queer

"My leg? Oh, yes—yes; there was so much snow, and I slipped, and the ax cut it."

"Better get in the blankets, laddie;" and, standing his rifle against the wall, Donald reached down with his strong arms to lift up Roderick

The little fellow shrank away, and clasped the Moose's head closer. Mooswa's big ears were flicking back and forth nervously; he knew that something was being settled, and lay perfectly still, waiting

"Come, laddie," said the big man again, coaxingly; "don't be afraid; don't you remember me—I worked for your daddy, old Factor McGregor, at Fort Resolution—Donald Bain is my name."

The small pinched face looked up at him. "I'm not afraid, but you'll hurt Mooswa, you've shot him now—see the blood. He's been taking care of me." Donald Bain straightened himself up and looked at his comrade. His companion understood, and nodded encouragingly

"No, laddie, I'll give you the word of a Scotchman that we'll not harm him. God's truth! in the old land if one's enemy came hard pressed to the house for shelter it would be a blackguard that would injure him, or give him away. Get in the blankets now, laddie, and we'll take care of both you and the Moose."

The presence of friends and a cup of hot tea which they brewed him soothed the Boy, and he became quite rational.

"This is the queerest thing I ever saw in my life," said Donald Bain. "I've heard of a hunted Fox close run, taking refuge in a house, but this Moose staggering into the shack is very extraordinary. Who kept the fire going and fed you, McGregor?" he asked.

"Oh, I prayed every night, and in the day too, and the angels came and dropped wood down the chimney, and fish and bacon" Donald's companion tapped his forehead significantly, and, turning his face away, stalked over to the fire and poked it vigorously.

"Mooswa came every day," added the Boy. "He's the Moose father used to have at the Fort—I didn't know him at first and was afraid."

"Oh, ho-o-o!" exclaimed the big man, ending up with a distinct whistle. "I remember him. He took to the bush when he was two year old. That accounts for his coming to the shack—he couldn't quite shake off the civilization he got. Here, Dave," he continued, addressing the other man; "get a pail of water and give the wounded beast a drink"

"He's killed four of the best Hounds ever came to the Northwest," Dave remonstrated, looking at Mooswa

"So would you, man, if you could, when they tried to pull you down It was a fair fight, and not of his seeking either." The Boy also pleaded for Mooswa.

"Now we've got to get young McGregor to the Landing just as quick as we can," declared Donald Bain, as he examined the Boy's limb. "Look at the size of it—it'll be a case of blood-poisoning, I'm afeerd."

"How will you manage it?" queried Dave sullenly. "This brute has killed our dogs—will you carry him on your shoulders?"

"That's so," mused Donald, taking off his big hat and scratching the thick grizzled hair of his head; "I suppose we'll have to rig up a carryall and pull him ourselves."

"You want to go to the Landing?" asked Roderick

"We don't want to——" began Donald, but checked himself, and added: "Yes, me and Dave must go up for more Dogs and some baccy," fabricating with chivalrous ingenuity to reassure the sick boy. "We was thinking you'd better go along, too; there's no Dog train, but me and Dave could track you up on a small jumper—does there happen to be one about?"

"I think Mooswa would drag the sleigh—he used to at the Fort," suggested Rod.

"By the great Wallace!" exclaimed Bain, slapping his thigh, "that he will—if he's not grown too wild. Hitched to a sled, he could run clean away from a Dog train in the old days."

"He's been harnessed right enough, some time or another," declared Dave "Here are two white-haired spots on his back—that means saddle galls. Gracious! he's as quiet as an old horse"

They put in a busy evening, the two men, bathing the Boy's leg, and, with a sailor's needle they found in Rod's outfit, sewing up the torn wounds in Mooswa's neck He never moved, just looked at them stolidly He knew they meant him no harm. Any animal can tell from the touch of a man's finger, or the look in his eye, whether it's war or kindness

Whisky-Jack had been intensely interested in all this—the clatter and noise kept even his bird eyes open. "Wonderful doings!" he exclaimed, "the Boundaries are being turned into a regular Sun-dance—but I'm glad I saw it all. The Boy will be all right now—good old Mooswa!" He flopped about drunkenly, outside, for his eyes were not quite like Owls', and the different lights bothered him.

Then he fired a word of encouragement at Mooswa. "Stick to the Boy, old Dainty-head-gear; you're Big Buck of the Boundaries—I'll tell Black King and all the fellows so. Stupid light, this—fancy they'll get on without me now;" and scrambling up to the eaves he stuck his head under wing and went fast asleep

In the morning a carryall was made, a rude harness constructed from rawhide strips known all over the West as "shaganappy," trap-chains and straps and before noon they were on their way to the Landing, Mooswa submitting to be hitched up.

Whisky-Jack grinned when he saw the Moose decked out in these trappings "Now you're a dandy, my fine fellow," he said patronizingly. "We'll never see you again. Remember me to François when you see him, and tell him not to hurry back. Good-by, good old Mooswa"

"I guess our shack and things will be all right till we get back," said Donald. "At any rate, Factor McGregor's kid has first call, I reckon. I'd like to put a bullet through that Breed, though."

"What if the Moose bolts?" asked Dave. "Here's a tracking-line they used on their canoe—suppose we take a hitch on his horns or his nose with it; we could stop him then if he tried to get away"

"Yes," answered Donald, "and if we can't, if the worst comes to the worst, we can drop him before any harm's done."

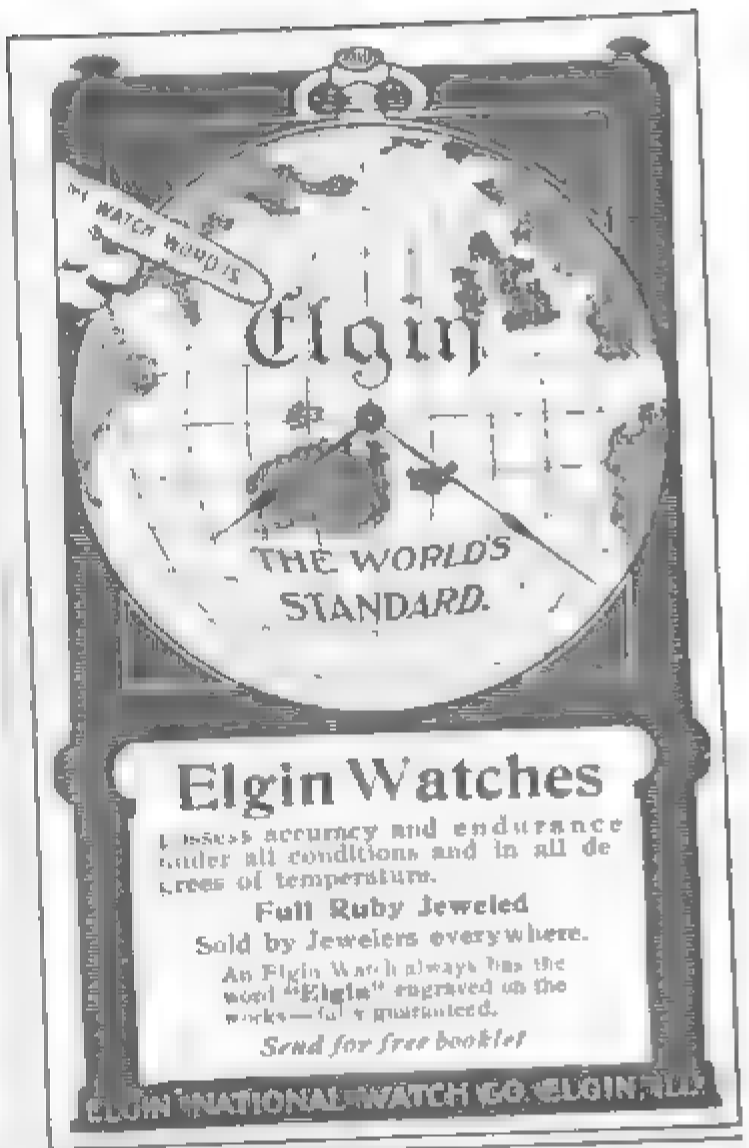
But they need not have bothered their heads about the line, for Mooswa knew just what was being done; he was taking his Boy to the land of good care. Like an old cart horse he plodded along.

In three days they arrived at the Landing François was just ready to start with a new outfit the Factor had given him credit for. Then for days he had to hide from Donald Bain, for there was sheer murder in the big Scotchman's heart.

The day after their arrival Mooswa disappeared. When he got back to his comrades he found that Whisky-Jack had told them everything, and next to Black King he was the greatest hero in the Boundaries.

The Factor sent Roderick in to Edmonton with his own team, and nursing soon put him right. When he told about the angels feeding him, and keeping his fire going, the people listened a little awe-stricken, for they saw that he believed it firmly. Also, the two Hunters asserted that the fire was burning brightly when they came. Perhaps after all it *was* the angels.

(THE END)



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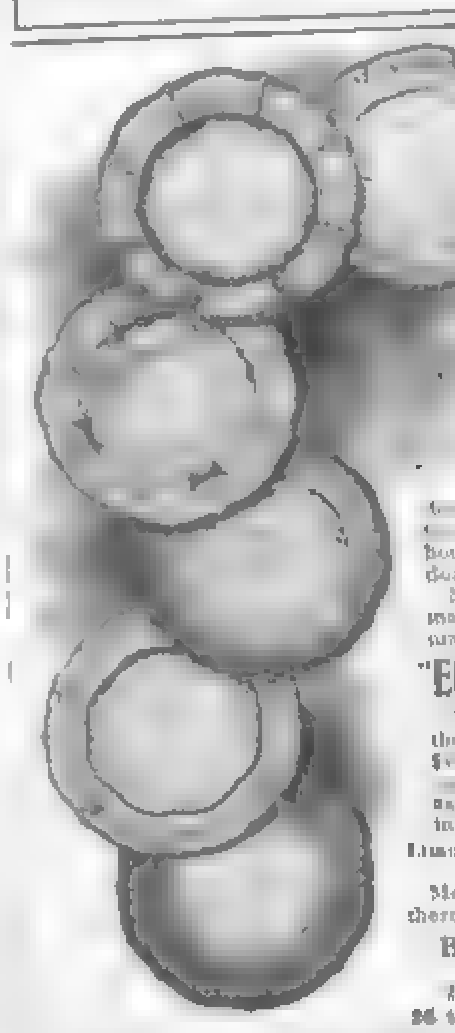

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"Publick Occurrences"

An American Congress in Madrid

On the eleventh of November the Spanish-American Congress will assemble in Madrid. The purpose of it is to establish closer relations between Spain and the South American countries. In reality it is an effort to form a Latin Union, and there is a hope, on the part of its projectors, that France and other Latin countries may eventually be drawn into the arrangement. Just how far the scheme will succeed or how important the representation may be remains to be seen, but the Spanish Ministers claim that it will be a great success and that the results will be of large and lasting benefit in trade and politics

In some respects the meeting is a satire on the United States. A decade ago, through the meeting of the Pan-American Congress, we were congratulating ourselves from one end of the country to the other that we had permanently united all the American Republics. Two years ago we were boasting that we had driven Spain forever from the Western Hemisphere, and that with her going all semblance or substance of sympathy for monarchy had disappeared. And now, at the very end of the century, after all that has been done, Spain has a Congress of the Republics that are, so to speak, under the protection and guidance of the United States and the Monroe Doctrine

Blood is thicker than water, and it is very hard to unite two races in the holy bonds of trade and friendship.

First South American Congress

It is generally thought that the Pan American Congress, which was called together through the initiative and the insistence of James G. Blaine, Secretary of State in the Harrison Administration, was the first general meeting of its kind in history. That is a mistake. Henry Clay recommended that a meeting be held at Panama, but the plan was never carried out. Blaine's plan came to a head in 1888 when, by an act of Congress, passed on May 24 of that year, the Republics of Central America and South America were invited to send delegates to a Congress to be held in Washington. The Congress met in 1889.

Before that, however, there had been a Congress. It was held on July 18, 1888, at Montevideo, where delegates from the South American nations met on invitation of the Argentine Republic and of Uruguay to form a treaty to determine questions of international rights then pending between South American nations. It was the first Congress of its kind that ever assembled in South America. Some good was done but the benefits were not permanent

The Great Pan-American Picnic

The Pan-American Congress had a very good time. It rejoiced in the hospitality of the United States. It had special trains, special attendants, the best food the country could afford, and banquets until the physical possibilities of the South American representatives were tested to the limit. There was no restriction either in price or provision. The criticism at the time was that the entertainment overshadowed the more serious purpose of the Congress.

As one of the members expressed it, "We ate too much to think."

Consequently, the Congress itself did not achieve the more serious things comprised in the original program. All the delegates praised the United States; the picnic cost them nothing; but in the end the results were not all that Mr. Blaine or others expected

For instance, they did not succeed in establishing an international bank; they did not succeed in agreeing upon the protection of copyrights and patent rights; they did not succeed in adopting an extradition treaty and the granting of subsidies to steamship companies went by the board.

There was, of course, some good from the Congress. The delegates voted to recommend to the various Governments a uniform system of weights and measures, a universal commercial coinage, and a common method of legalizing documents; and the idea that reciprocity treaties should be adopted between represented states was favored

At this Congress the most complete representation of North and South America ever known was presented. As the guests of the United States, which laid claim very justly to the title of America, came the delegates from the Republics of Mexico and Central America and South America, from Haiti and San Domingo, and from what was then known as the Empire of Brazil. The men were cultured and they brought with them delightful wives and daughters. The social part of the meeting was a very great success, and the attention bestowed upon the visitors was remarkable for its sincerity and universality.

Our Ignorance of South America

Suppose you close your eyes and frame to yourself an answer to this question: "What do I know about South America?"

The chances are that the conclusion will be that South America is a large piece of land below us inhabited by some nations who have revolutions every three or four months

But go to your cyclopædia or your geography and you will find that South America amounts to something big in every sense of the term. It is a great continent with millions of people, with untold richness of undeveloped wealth, and with a commercial importance that we have never adequately appreciated — a vast extent of country 4500 miles long, and, at its widest part, 3200 miles broad. With an area of seven million square miles it comprises almost every variety of product and of climate that the world can offer

Ten republics and three colonies occupy this magnificent continent. In spite of all the sensational reports that come through the news columns, human life is as safe as in any other part of the world, and the average of happiness is as high. They may not have the luxuries and the comforts of the most advanced civilization, but there are happy homes, and the people grow old gracefully

Physically, South America is one of the most interesting and amazing of continents. It has the longest range of mountains in the world. It has the largest rivers. Think of a river navigable for 2500 miles, or almost as far as from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the United States, and you will get some idea of the magnificent length of the Amazon. Think of plains that stretch for illimitable miles and you get an idea of the vast prairies of Brazil and the Argentine Republic

Mention gold and you probably will not realize, at the first thought, that South America has furnished more of it to the world than California. In fact Brazil itself goes ahead of California's total, and, to add to its record, it has furnished many thousands of the diamonds that are now worn. In other mineral wealth South America is wonderfully rich. It has silver, copper, platinum, lead and iron, and the mines have only begun to furnish their treasures.

In climate and in all the things that make for the welfare of mankind South America is wonderful. South Africa with its wealth cannot compare with it

And the friendship and the trade of the millions of people who occupy this continent are of great importance to any nation.

The Latin and the Anglo-Saxon

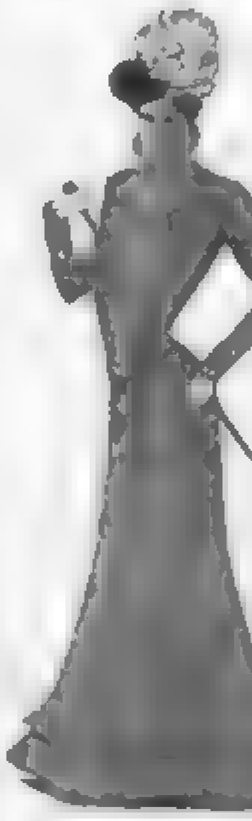
There is no reason in the world — but one — why the United States should not have the trade of this great continent. That one reason is purely racial. With all the efforts of our best statesmen, and with all the friendship that has been professed by one nation for the others, there seems to be a barrier over which our people cannot get. The Latins and the Anglo Saxons are studiously polite to each other, but the courtesy usually stops at etiquette.

Thus we see such a meeting as the Congress at Madrid

Though it may not amount to very much it expresses a sentiment that unquestionably exists — the difference between Anglo-Saxons and the Latin races. Unquestionably this will eventually be overcome, but in the meanwhile the feeling remains. A large part of the fault belongs to our own country, in that we neither make special efforts to cultivate the friendship of the South American people nor to cater to their valuable trade

It seems the silliest sort of an anomaly that the commerce and the finance of this great continent should be controlled by nations of the other hemisphere. But such is the case, and the American people are thinking more of their 1100 islands that form the Philippine Archipelago, and which are worth a few millions in trade, than they are of this magnificent continent whose trade is beyond all estimate and whose wealth is boundless.

Suits and Cloaks



WE have just received from abroad some exquisite designs in tailor made suits and cloaks for Winter wear. They are the most advanced styles that have yet been produced and we have illustrated them in a Supplement to our new Winter Catalogue. We have also added many new Winter fabrics to our line.

To the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost we will mail *free* this attractive Winter Catalogue and Supplement, together with a full line of samples of the materials from which we make these garments.

These new styles and fabrics are the very latest that have been produced and are shown by no other firm.

Our prices this season are lower than ever before.

Our catalogue illustrates

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Exclusive Designs in Jackets, lined throughout, $7 up.
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Golf Capes, Newmarkets, Rainy-Day Suits and Skirts and Pedestrian Suits and Skirts, made of double face materials.

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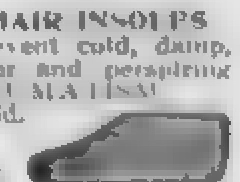

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AN INCIDENT showing the remarkable keenness of Benjamin Franklin's wit happened about 1730, while he was publishing the Pennsylvania Gazette. Some of his rich patrons had taken offense at the policy [illegible] so Franklin invited them to sup with [illegible] and talk the matter over. The repast consisted of a pitcher of water and two puddings made of flour of the entire wheat — [illegible] wheat," as it was called in those days. His fastid[illegible] friends did not seem to relish this fare, which gave him a chance to point his [illegible] "My friends," said he, "any one who can subsist [illegible] patro[illegible]."

The story applies equally well to the flour named after Ben Frank[illegible]

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Franklin Mills Flour [illegible] all the wheat that's fit to eat, in fact, is all nutriment, and nothing but [illegible]

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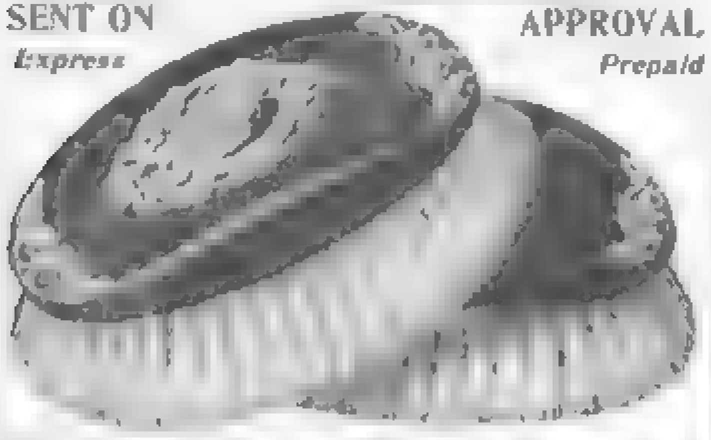

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Cost for service [illegible] as [illegible] gas, yet a pleas[illegible] brighter light. 100 [illegible] 20 hours [illegible] print read [illegible] Every style in [illegible] and single burners from $2.75 up. Handsome designs in copper oxidized, polished brass and nickel. Lighted **instantly** with one match. We have imitators — ask for the "Canton." Write fo[illegible]
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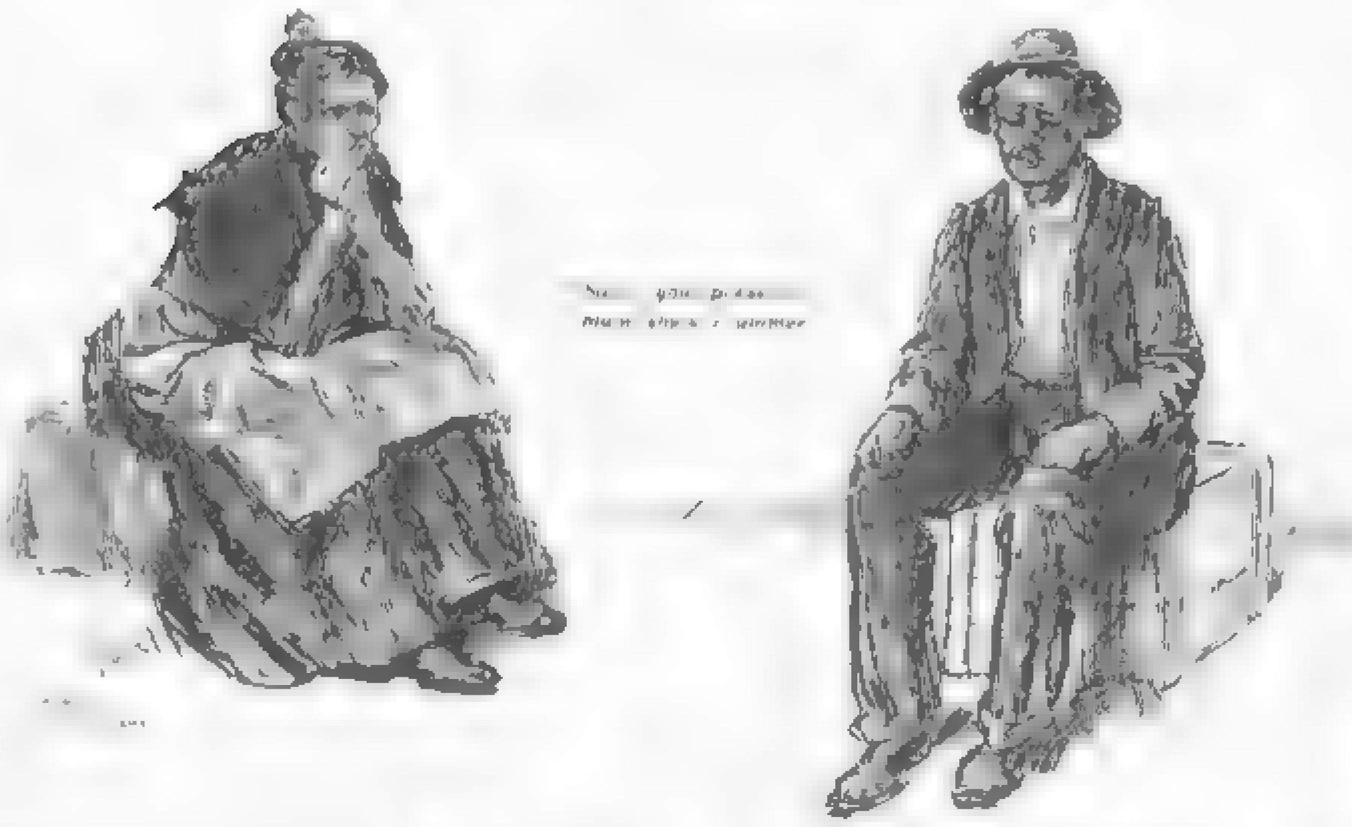
Lead the world [illegible] Housekeepers [illegible] blows when Cooker needs more water [illegible] *We pay express*
TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 12, Toledo, Ohio



'Enry 'Iggins' 'Eart Story

By Joe Lincoln

BUT he's a tramp, Tempy! I shouldn't feel safe for one single minute with a tramp around the place."

"Yes, but he ain't a *reg'lar* tramp, Prissy. He says he come down ter the Cape lookin' for a job on a summer estate. Says his money's give out, and he don't know what he *will* do. He's got a reel nice face and a splendid head. His bump of benevolence is as big as ever I see."

Miss Temperance Allen had studied phrenology in the days of her girlhood, and still prided herself on being an unfailing judge of character.

"But what can he do?"

"Why, he can take care of the garden, and wash the winders, and help us a heap in house-cleanin' time. Besides, he says he understands horses thorough, and he could [illegible] Peter and take us drivin'. Goodness knows we need somebody ter do that! I ain't [illegible] a mite of peace in that carryall sence [illegible] shied so at that automobeely thing."

[illegible] Great, the family horse, was twenty-three years old, but even his ancient nerves had not been proof against the clicking, steam-spouting auto-wagon of the village [illegible]

"Well, le's go have a look at the critter," said Miss Priscilla, the practical sister; "I s'pose he's a reg'lar cutthroat, same as most of 'em."

But the stranger did not look very formidable as he sat on the back steps, munching a generous slice of bread and butter and vociferously absorbing hot tea. He was a small man with sandy mutton-chop whiskers and a rather timid expression of countenance. His clothes were worn and shabby, but neat, and his face and hands were clean.

"What's your name?" demanded Miss Prissy.

"[illegible] 'Iggins, mum," answered the wanderer.

"Where did you come from?"

"Liverpool, mum. I was a gard'ner fer a w'ile, mum, then I went sailorin', and then I was a hunder keeper on Lord 'Awkesbury's hestate in Lincolnshire, mum."

"Jest think of it! he worked for a lord!" whispered the admiring Miss Tempy.

"Then I 'ad a quarrel with the 'ead keeper, mum. 'Im and I 'ad some words, and I was discharged. No fault of mine, I hassure yer, mum. Then I come ter this bloo — this glorious country, mum, and I've 'unted fer work hever since. A chap told me there was gard'ner work ter be 'ad at the summer places down the Cape 'ere, so I took the train has far has Sandwich, and I've walked the rest of the w'y. If yer could give me a job yer'd find me hable and willin', mum."

And "hable and willin'" they found him, when, after a protracted council of war, during which Miss Prissy protested and Miss Tempy pleaded, Henry Higgins was engaged as man of all work about the Allen homestead.

The old house, shaded by arching silver-leaf trees, stood on a hill in the outskirts of Orham. The sisters were known all o[illegible] village as "the old maids," and when "[illegible] old maids" were spoken of no one confused them with other old maids. Miss Priscilla was thrifty, practical and stout, with a strong dislike for creatures of the male sex in general. Miss Tempy was romantic, gushing and slender, with a fondness for light literature — love stories in particular — and a slight tendency toward matchmaking. Not that she assisted in the making of any matches in real life, but it amused her to mentally sort the young people of the town into pairs, and to remark that "So and So and So and So would make a reel harnsome couple."

Workmen and hired help in general found this eccentric pair rather difficult to please, but the smooth and tactful Henry soon made a place for himself in their esteem and came to be considered almost indispensable. He laid out the flower-bed on one side of the front walk in the shape of a big letter T, and that on the other side in the shape of a P. This floral compliment to the Christian names of his employers was duly appreciated. His room over the stable was enriched by two framed chromos and a piece of shell work which had formerly hung in the spare chamber, and his advice was asked on all important matters.

He was very reticent concerning his own past history. This unwillingness to talk convinced Miss Tempy that he had some secret to conceal. Her sensational reading suggested a reason at once.

"You don't s'pose Henry's a lord in disguise?" she asked her sister; "I've heard of sech things. P'raps he's the disinherited scion of a noble fam'ly trav'lin' incognyto."

"No, no," said Miss Prissy firmly; "he ain't no lord. He likes ter work too well ter be anybody like that. All the lords I ever heard of was too lazy ter do much but spend money, and marry some poor numskull of an American girl so 's ter spend hers."

Then Miss Tempy conceived the idea that Mr. Higgins had been disappointed in love. She delicately pumped him upon every favorable occasion, but he evaded her questions, and she found out nothing. She declared that he had an "awful bump of secretiveness," but was more than ever convinced that he had a "heart story," as she called it. What this story was she meant to find out.

One afternoon in September she went out to the barn to consult him about the digging up of the dahlia roots. She found him seated on a box by the woodpile, regarding a knot-hole in the floor with a fixed and dismal stare. He started rather violently when he saw her, but rose to his feet and saluted.

"Why, Henry!" exclaimed Miss Tempy, "what a curious odor! I declare if it don't smell like some sort of liquor!"

"I 'ave been rubbin' the 'orse's 'oofs in halcahol, mum," said Henry, speaking very slowly and distinctly; "the hodor is very pen-e-tra-ting hindeed, mum."

"Oh, is that it? But why was you lookin' so sad when I come in? Is anything the matter?"

"I was thinkin' of 'ome, mum," said Henry; "of 'ome and dear ones, has the poet says. I was thinkin' of my wife."

"Your wife!" gasped Miss Tempy. Here was the "heart story" she had so long suspected. "You poor man! Set right down and tell me your trouble."

Henry sat down upon his box rather emphatically, and looked a little surprised to find it so low. Miss Tempy seated herself upon the chopping-block.

"Go on," she said, after a pause; "you was speakin' about your wife, yer know."

Henry appeared to have forgotten the fact, but he cleared his throat and began.

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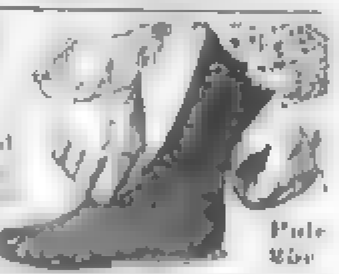

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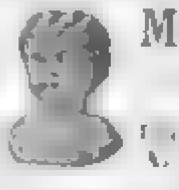

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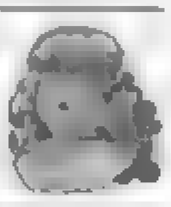

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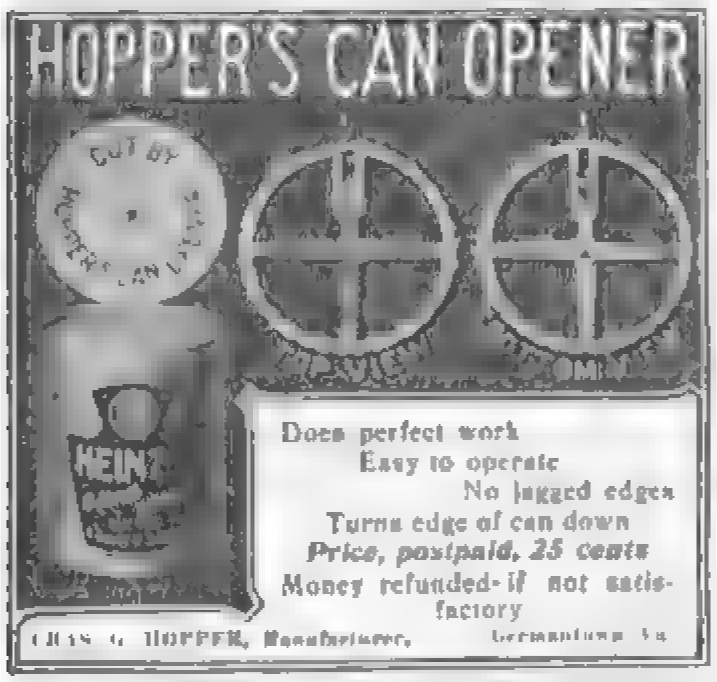

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Money Maker and saver. Print your own cards, circulars, book, newspaper, with our $5 or $18 printing press. Typesetting easy, printed rules sent. For man or boy. Send for catalogue, presses, type, paper to factory. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

"My wife!" he said; "my wife! Wi[illegible]d my bosom! She's a 'ummer! Savin' your presence, mum, she's a 'ummer!"

"*Is* a hummer?" cried Miss Tempy "why, good land! is she *alive?*"

"I dunno, mum," sighed the afflicted one; "I dunno. 'Er name's Christina"—Henry pronounced it Chrishtina—"and she's a Swede. I married 'er w'ile I was at Stock'olm on a voyage. She's six foot tall, mum, and if hever there was a hangel on hearth, it's 'er. She don't know no Henglish, mum, ter speak of, but I can talk some Swede lingo, so we gets on fine. Oh, 'ow 'eavenly 'appy was hour little 'ome' Christina," said Henry, staring somewhat vacantly at Miss Tempy, "Christina, savin' your presence, mum, is a 'ummer."

"But where is she now?" cried his amazed listener.

"Lost, mum. 'Lost ter sight, ter mem'ry dear,' has the poet says. 'Er 'n' me come hover ter this bloomin' country on a freight boat; steerage, mum. Left 'er on the w'arf—went ter get a drink—of water—come back—wife gone—lost!—heverything lost!" Here Henry broke down and sobbed miserably.

"You poor thing!" said Miss Tempy, "don't cry."

But Mr. Higgins refused to be comforted. In answer to her further questions he continued to sob, and to reiterate incoherently that his wife was a "'ummer." He ceased to reply after a while, and Miss Tempy was somewhat surprised to find that he had fallen asleep.

"Worn out by his sorrer, poor thing!" she said, as she tiptoed out of the barn; "I declare if it ain't a story good enough ter put in a book!"

She found Miss Prissy much agitated over the loss of half a bottle of home made [illegible] brandy, a store of which, for medicinal purposes only, she made each year and kept on a shelf in the cellar.

"I don't see where it could have gone to," declared Miss Prissy; "I know I left it full and the cork in, and now it's ha'f gone."

"It must have been the rats," said her sister; "Henry was tellin' the other day how he knew of some rats in England that took a whole bottle of whiskey, or some kind of spirits. Henry said they pulled the cork out with their teeth, and dipped their tails inter the bottle and then licked the liquor off of 'em. They kept dippin' and lickin' till the stuff was all gone."

"They did, hey! Well, they won't git no more of this, 'cause I'll lock it up in the preserve closet. But what ails you? You're as excited as can be."

Breathlessly Miss Tempy told of her discovery, and Miss Prissy was satisfactorily thrilled thereby.

"Poor critter!" she said; "jest see how well he's bore up under it! Never complained or broke down one single mite until now. I do wish we could help him!"

"Oh, so do I! If we could only bring 'em tergether again, wouldn't it be lovely! You don't s'pose if we put an advertisement in the Boston papers she'd see it?"

"'Twouldn't do her no good if she did. Henry says she can't talk English, so 'tain't likely she can *read* it. And besides, she prob'ly won't have no spare change ter buy newspapers with."

But in her romantic bosom Miss Tempy still cherished the hope that she might, some day, be the means of returning the long lost Mrs. Higgins to her husband's arms. She questioned Henry on the subject of his bereavement the next morning, but that puzzling individual, who, by the way, was not in the best of humors, turned the conversation, and refused to add to his confidences of the previous afternoon. And never thereafter could he be persuaded to speak of his absent better half. In fact, he showed signs of annoyance whenever his grief or its cause was mentioned, so the sympathetic ladies concluded that he was "sensitive on the subject," and respected his feelings.

November came, and, on the first Sunday in the month, Brother 'Bijah and his wife Dorcas drove over from West Ostable to spend the day. Brother 'Bijah, who, in his capacity of elder brother, was much looked up to in the Allen family, was fat and jolly. His better half, though not so plump, was just as good natured, so their visits were more than welcome to the two sisters.

After dinner they were seated in the parlor, and the tongues of the three ladies were traveling at a rate which prompted Brother 'Bijah to observe that it was "a good thing the winders are shut, else folks down the road might think we was runnin' a sewin'-machine on Sunday."

"Oh, my land!" said Mrs. Dorcas; "I forgot ter tell yer about our new hired girl. Yer know I've been doin' my own work sence Huldy left ter git married, and I found it quite a tug, I tell yer. Well, one day last month, Mrs. Baker's Swede girl come over, and she had this woman with her. The woman was a reel clean lookin' critter, awful big and strong, and thinks I: 'My gracious me! I wisht I had you ter do my washin' next Monday.' Well, come ter find out, this woman was lookin' fer a place. She don't speak hardly any English, and——"

"Oughter hear Dorcas talkin' to her," interrupted Brother 'Bijah. "Dorcas has got the idee that the way ter make a foreigner understand yer is ter holler at 'em, as if they was stone deef. She hollers at this girl enough ter take her head off. T'other mornin' the poor thing come down stairs with one ear plugged up with cotton. Made signs that she'd got an earache. I told Dorcas I'd been expectin' it."

"Oh, be still, 'Bijah!" said his wife. "Yer mustn't b'lieve all he tells yer," she added, addressing the sisters. "Well, as I was sayin', near's we could make out by Mrs. Baker's girl's pidgin English jabber, this woman was a Swede who had lost her husband——"

"*What?*" said both the maiden ladies.

"Had lost her husband. Him and her, it seems, come over from Eurup' in a steamer, and, somehow er 'nother, we couldn't make out how, her husband got parted from her, or she from him, and she lost him. She went ter the perlice, and they traced him as fur's the Cape Cod train, though what on earth he wanted ter come down ter the Cape fer *I* can't see. His wife, I reckon, had an idee that Cape Cod was some sort of town, 'cause she got on the train and come as fur as Ostable, when her money run short. Mrs. Baker's girl met her, found out she was a Swede, and, knowin' we wanted a girl, brought her around."

"What's her name?" breathlessly demanded Miss Tempy.

"Christina."

"My soul and body!" cried Miss Tempy.

"Great land of Goshen!" exclaimed Miss Prissy.

Then, both speaking at once, they told the tale of Henry and his lost wife.

"Yes, but Christina's last name ain't Higgins; it's Harris," said Mrs. Dorcas.

"It might be Higgins or Jerusalem," said Brother 'Bijah, "fur's yer can tell by the way she pronounces it. I don't b'lieve there's any doubt but it's her."

"Henry's got an afternoon off," said Miss Prissy, "or we could ask him."

"No, *no!*" cried Miss Tempy; "that would spoil it all! If it's her, we want ter surprise him. We want ter surprise 'em both. It'll be too romantic for *anything!*"

"I know how we can tell!" said Mrs. Dorcas. "She's got a tintype of her husband somewheres. She showed it ter me, but I didn't pay no attention to it then. I'll git it from her, and then I'll mail it ter you, and you can see if it's Henry."

"If it is," cried the excited Miss Tempy, "we'll have you all over here ter dinner. You bring Christina, and we'll let her and Henry see each other all of a sudden. *I* know! we'll do it Thanksgivin' Day! It'll be the most splendid Thanksgivin' ever we had! Don't you breathe a word ter Christina about it."

The tintype came by mail the next evening. It was Henry's likeness, no doubt about it. The mutton-chop whiskers were a trifle more luxuriant, and the forehead did not extend to so near the crown of the head, but it was a portrait of Mr. Higgins, sure and certain.

The sisters, particularly Miss Tempy, were wild with delight. The latter wrote at once to Brother 'Bijah, telling him and Dorcas the glad news, and bidding them be sure and bring Christina over for Thanksgiving. Then they busied themselves with preparations for the festival. They determined that the dinner should be worthy of the occasion, and searched the pages of the cook book for dainty receipts. Henry, who had a taste for the good things of this life, was much interested in these labors, and offered to show them how to make a genuine English plum pudding. Miss Tempy could not resist giving him a hint as to the delight in store for him.

"Henry," she said, "it may be—I won't say for sure—but it *may* be that Miss Prissy and me will have a little surprise fer you on Thanksgivin' Day. Now what would you like most of anything in this world?"

"Well, mum," said Henry deliberately, "that's a good deal of a question, mum, ain't

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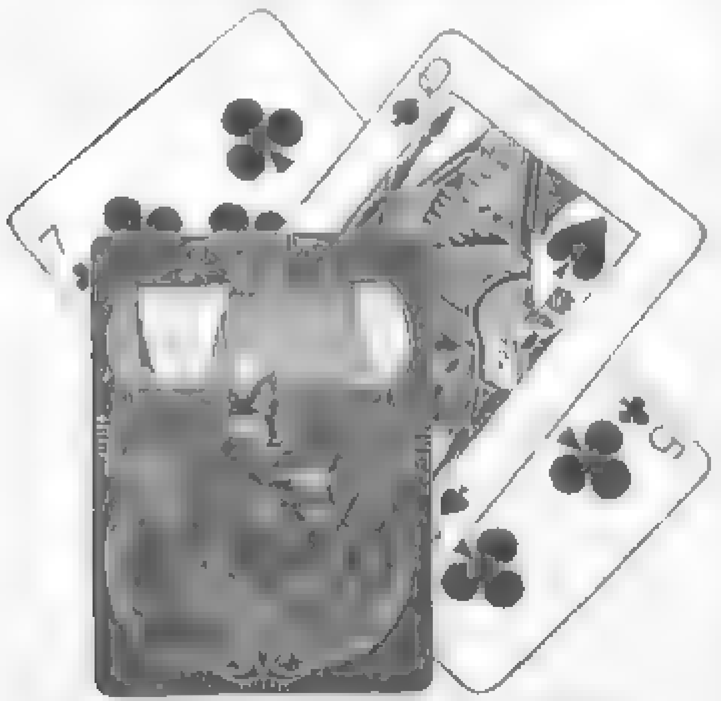

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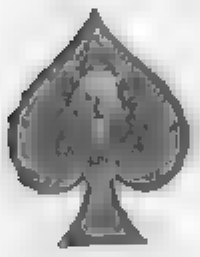

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it? It seems now, mum, has if a new suit of clothes would be habout w'at I'd like has well has hanything."

"Oh, it's lots better than clothes! *Ever* so much better! I shan't say another word, but you jest wait and see!"

This had the effect of raising Henry's expectations to a very high pitch, and he did his utmost to please. He killed and dressed the big turkey and the two chickens for the pie. He spent half a day raking for oysters in the freezing waters of the Clam Pond, and fell overboard into the bargain

Miss Prissy had formed a dozen plans for the dramatic reunion of husband and wife. At length she decided on one which seemed to her the best.

"Tempy," she said, "you and me and Bijah and Dorcas will be in the dinin'-room. Christina, she'll be in the settin'-room. Then we'll ask Henry ter step inter the settin'-room, and there he'll see her. We mustn't be there when they meet; it's too solemn, almost sacred, as yer might say Oh dear! I can hardly wait!"

On Thanksgiving morning Miss Prissy watched from the attic window, like a plump Sister Anne. When she saw the carriage which contained the people from West Ostable approaching she hurried Henry off to the barn on some trivial pretext, and kept him there till the bewildered Christina had been bundled upstairs to the spare chamber. The returned Mrs. Higgins was a tall, red headed, raw-boned female, with arms like those of a blacksmith

"She ain't what you'd call reel harnsome," Miss Tempy confided somewhat hesitatingly to her sister, "but anybody can see she's reel good, and her bump of connubial affection is beautifully developed."

It was decided that the great event should take place just before dinner. Christina was smuggled into the sitting-room, and when Henry answered the call to table he found his employers and their guests seated about the festive board, with faces which suggested those of mourners at a funeral.

"Your little surprise is—is in the settin'-room, Henry," faltered Miss Tempy, trembling with excitement; "we all hope you'll like it."

Henry had been expecting his "little surprise" all the forenoon, and had grown somewhat anxious at its delay in putting in an appearance. He had prepared a speech for the occasion, which he now proceeded to deliver.

"Mum, and ladies and gentle-man," said Henry; "w'atever this 'ere little gift may turn hout ter be, I wish ter say that I ham very grateful fer the same, and I 'opes has 'ow I've deserved it. I halso venture to hobserve that in the future, has in the past, I'll halways be found ready ter hanswer the call of duty. Thankin' you, mum, and ladies and gentle-man, for your hattention, I beg ter be has hever, yours truly, 'Enry 'Iggins"

So saying, Henry made a polite bow to the company, opened the sitting-room door, stepped inside and closed it behind him. The watchers in the dining-room waited breathlessly. They did not wait long

Two cries, or, more literally, howls, came from the sitting-room. The first was Christina's voice, the second Henry's. These were followed by the sound of hurrying feet and a crash.

The door burst open, and Mr. Higgins, disheveled and pale, darted across the threshold. He ran like a man fleeing for his life, while behind him, screaming an ever increasing volley of Swedish ejaculation and invective, came the one-time sharer of his "'appy little 'ome." Down the length of the long table and into the kitchen sped Mr Higgins, upsetting chairs and flower-stands. His wife paused long enough to hurl a projectile after him, and then continued the chase. She missed the flying Henry, but brought down the engraved Signing of the Declaration which hung over the kitchen door

Through the woodshed and down the back steps went pursuer and pursued. Brother 'Bijah, running to the window, saw them go over the garden fence and down the hill out of sight. Mr. Higgins was leading, but his spouse was a close second.

Mrs. Dorcas sat in her chair, speechless with astonishment. Miss Prissy, trembling and groaning, ran to pick up the fragments of the Declaration. Miss Tempy was sobbing. The dining-room rang with the "Haw, haw's!" of the unfeeling Brother 'Bijah.

It was a long time before any one recovered sufficiently to think of dinner. Then everything was cold, and, as Mrs. Dorcas expressed it, they were all so "upsot" that no one but Brother 'Bijah cared to eat. The Thanksgiving was a dismal failure.

In an hour or so Christina returned. She was out of breath and dirty, but there was fire in her eye. She pounded the table and delivered an oration in Swedish, emphasized by fierce gestures and fist shakings. No one understood a word of it, and Brother 'Bijah, after observing that he'd been "waitin' fer her ter run down," but that he "cal'lated she was wound up fer eight days, like a clock," took her by the arm and led her out to the carriage

When the visitors had gone Miss Tempy tearfully remarked to her sister "Prissy, I'm afraid what I thought was that woman's bump of connubial affection must have been combativeness"

Henry's room was visited that night, and his clothes and other belongings carried away, but the sisters never set eyes on him again

The mail of the following Monday brought them two letters. The first was from Brother 'Bijah. He wrote, in part, thus:

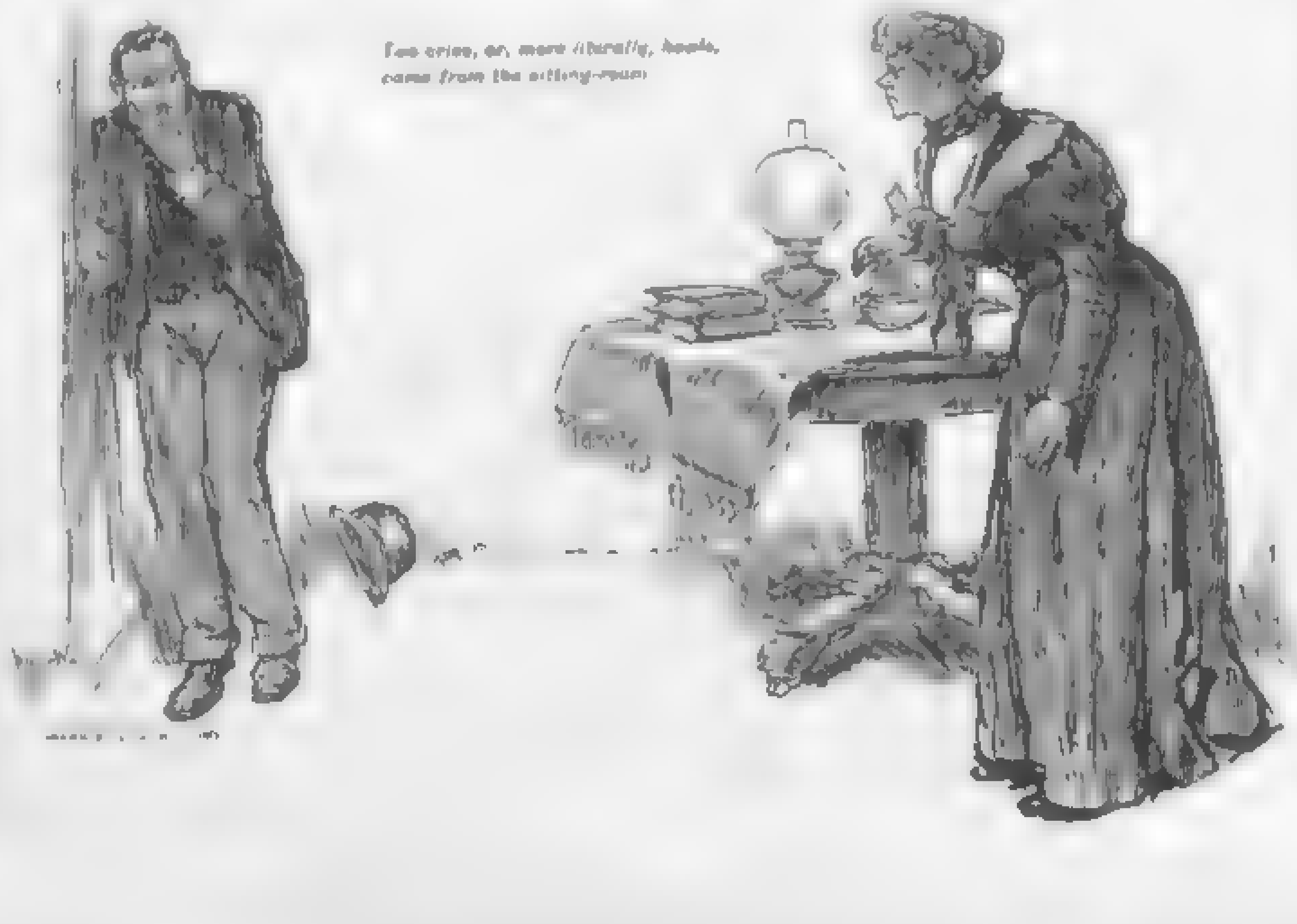
> "As near as we can find out from Mrs. Baker's Swede girl, this Henry of yours—whose real name is Harris—ran away from his wife Christina on purpose. I swan to man I don't know as I blame him much. It appears all she wanted to find him for was to take it out of his hide, as the saying is. We've discharged her, but she's got a job cooking over to the county jail. That's a good place for her. I'd as lief have a prize-fighter around the house, myself. I'd never dare tell *her* the potatoes wa'nt done."

The second epistle was as follows

> "MIS PRESILLER and TEMPY ALEN:
>
> "*Maddams:* Yule dowtles be Surprized to heer from Him yu drov away but i Rite to tel yu that yu orto be asshamd of yure ungraitful Konduck to a poor frendles houtcast. wot in the"—word erased—"do yu think i Kum doun to yure Blumin old sandeep for if not to git away from that rededed Katermaran. and yu ad to Unt her upp and tern her luse on me. i ope yule liv to repent off it thats all i say. Him yu new as
>
> "HENRY HIGGINS."

"But *what*," pleaded Miss Tempy, "what made him say he loved her so, and cry about her, and call her angel and a—a hummer?"

"Tempy," said Miss Prissy, shaking her head sagely, "I've always suspicioned that the rats didn't git the whole of that missin' cherry brandy."



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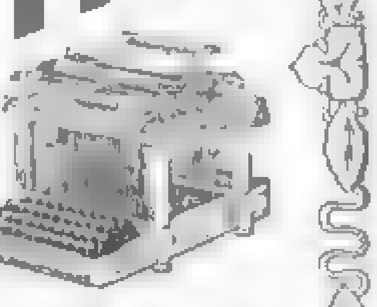

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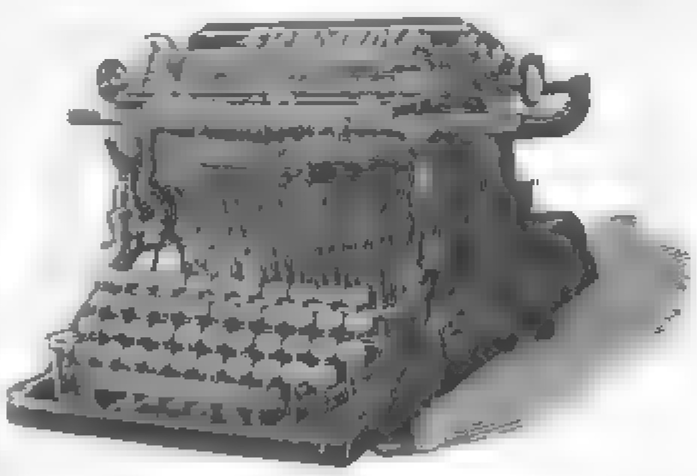

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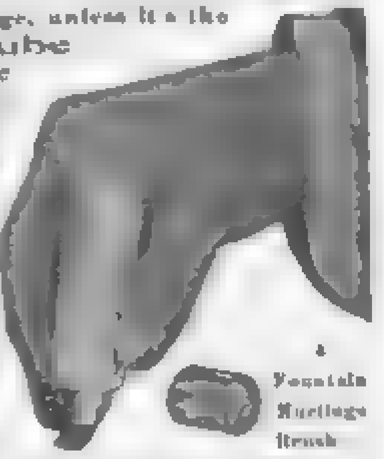

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Odd Adventures *in* Queer Callings

II—Confessions of a Mind Reader

By Frank W. Thomas

MIND-reading, jokingly styled, by one magician, "the telepathic demonstration of theosophic thought waves, psychic force and esoteric research," has received a great deal of serious study from students. It has also been the subject of endless ingenuity on the part of many of the brightest conjurors. And it may very fairly be said that the magicians have been much more successful in producing the spurious article than have the men of science in developing the genuine.

One of the earliest performers to perfect this sort of magic was Robert Houdin, of France. In company with his son, he developed a remarkably ingenious system of apparent thought transference by means of questions. The notable thing in this performance was that the questions varied but little. In fact the same short queries were used so often and with such entirely different replies, that no one suspected them of furnishing the cues for the answers. The system was simple and easily understood, as a little explanation will readily show.

If a gentleman handed Houdin a watch he would turn toward his son, who was blindfolded, and say, "What is this?" The son would reply "A watch," the expression *What is this?* invariably meaning a watch. For the detailed description a dozen or more short prompting words were used, such as *yes*, *right*, *well*, *good*, and so forth. This same set of prompting words was used for all articles. When the first or cue question showed the article to be a watch then *yes* meant that it was open faced; *right*, closed face; *good*, stem winding; and so on. When the first or cue question indicated some different class of objects, as, for instance, a hat, then these same prompting words were still used, but as applied to a hat *yes* meant a silk hat; *right*, a derby; and so on.

So it will be seen that while a different cue question was necessary for each different class of objects, the same set of short prompting words was used over and over again for all detailed description.

An Accurate Memory a Great Aid

Houdin's son possessed a remarkable memory, and when they went to give exhibitions of this mystery he would, before the arrival of the guests, go over all the odd articles in the rooms where the entertainment was to be held, noticing every detail. In this way he would frequently be able, after getting the first cue question, to go ahead and completely describe an elaborate piece of bric-à-brac or a large picture without the use of the prompting words at all. Houdin himself tells of an incident where a party of gentlemen had requested him to step to an adjoining library in order to see if the phenomena would continue, even though the wall intervened between his son and himself. Houdin laid his hand on a certain book on one of the shelves and said, "What book is this?" The son immediately replied, giving the correct name. One of the party, suspecting the question in some way to have suggested the answer, himself asked the son what book was next to that one. Without a word from his father the boy replied: "If you mean the one to the right, it is ——; if the one to the left, it is ——," giving the correct name in each case. He had fortunately noticed these very books, and remembered the order in which they were placed. His ready response at once showed clearly to the audience that the father's questions had nothing to do with *any* of the replies.

We have heard many tales of supposedly authentic cases of mental influence. The wife becomes suddenly and unaccountably concerned regarding her absent husband, and it is afterward discovered that he met with a serious accident just at that time.

But after allowing for the wives who always worry, and who are therefore bound to have their fears corroborated once in a while, after allowing for the wonderful influence of what we might call retroactive imagination, and after admitting a reasonable amount of strange coincidence, it is doubtful just how much real foundation there is for any of these stories. The magician frequently achieves the appearance of reading the mind when in reality he has simply accurately reasoned out, in advance, what the members of the audience will be likely to do or think, and has based his statements thereon.

A Miracle in Reading Numbers

An interesting illustration of this method occurred in one of my own entertainments. It was at a private residence, and being without my assistant, who usually took part in this trick, I was forced to do it alone, and at the same time to change somewhat the usual method of performing it. The effect on the audience was as follows: One lady chose a numbered card out of a sack containing a large quantity of different numbers, and another and larger number was obtained by allowing three gentlemen each to write a number on a pad. These three numbers were added together by a fourth gentleman. The lady returned the card she had chosen and the gentleman the sheet containing the numbers he had added. I was carefully blindfolded by a committee and then requested some one in the audience to get a book. The trick then proceeded by my reading their minds, telling the lady the number on her card, the gentleman the total of the figures he had added, then stating the name of the book and its author and finally giving a sentence in the body of the book, this test sentence having been chosen by dividing the gentleman's number by the lady's and using the results so obtained to indicate the page and line where the sentence was to be selected. As the lady's number was chosen by chance from the sack and the gentleman's was the sum of the three random numbers written by the audience, it does not seem likely that this particular sentence could have been known beforehand. And more remarkable still, the book selected was actually taken at random from a large bookcase by an entirely unprejudiced member of the audience. This last statement is literally true.

It will never do to tell you now that the lady was compelled to take a certain number by using a double bag, one half of which contained nothing but fourteens, or that the total which the gentleman footed up was bound to be 1802 because of having substituted another slip of paper previously prepared with three numbers of my own, for him to add in place of those written by the audience. The book part, however, was original and interesting. On going to the house, before the arrival of the guests, I noticed the bookcase and also a number of books lying on the tables. These latter were gathered up and carefully put out of sight. Now let us anticipate what would be most likely to happen when a book was called for. Why, every one would look about for one and none being in sight anywhere else, some one would be sure to go to the bookcase and get one. Now, if there had been but two or three books in the case, this person might have had some difficulty in deciding which one to select. He might have suspected that they had been purposely placed there, with the desired one on top, or something of that kind, but with a whole bookcase to choose from, the range of choice was so great that no one would have suspected that his selection could be guided, and he would therefore be almost certain to take the book which was the handiest. I had previously selected a book adapted to my purpose, and had noted its name and author, and memorized the sentence which would be chosen by means of my prearranged numbers. This book was placed flatwise between the top of one row of books and the shelf just above them, at a convenient height from the floor, and with one end of the volume projecting invitingly but not suspiciously. Really the chances taken were not so very great after all. When the

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Editor's Note—The first of this series of papers on Odd Adventures in Queer Callings appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of October 13.

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request for the book was made, a gentleman sitting near the case got up, pulled aside the draperies and took that book. There were ninety nine chances in a hundred that he would do it, and by anticipating that fact an effect was produced which was really inexplicable to the uninitiated. If the gentleman himself should chance to read this, the faith which he has since had in the genuineness of mind-reading will be sadly shaken.

The credulity of intelligent people has never been better exemplified than by the [illegible] manifested by thousands and thousands in some of the various forms of [illegible].

Clever performers have traveled from one end of the country to the other predicting the future prices of oil or wheat. Substantial business men have placed credence in their predictions, even in the face of the very manifest fact that if these people could really do what they claim it would be unnecessary for them to be in the show business. They could sit at home and acquire untold millions by speculation.

When these manifestations are put forth purely as an entertainment, and without serious intent to deceive people or cheat them out of their money, they are undoubtedly as harmless as any of the other forms of amusing deception.

It is a different matter, however, when the performer seriously poses as sincere and gets his dollar apiece for alleged supernatural information, when, frequently, his victims are poor people, who can ill afford to spend the money.

It is to be admitted, however, that even when given as an entertainment there are people who believe so firmly that they will not accept even the performer's own personal statement that the whole thing is trickery.

Preparing for the Query Test

All this is well illustrated by an entertainment given by Mr. Stevens and myself for the Young Men's Christian Association in the city of L——. After a preliminary performance of sleight-of-hand, I stated to the audience that Mr. Stevens was possessed of remarkable clairvoyant powers, and that, when in a trance state, he could answer any questions which members of the audience might propound. For the purpose of fixing the questions more firmly in their minds, the audience were requested to write them on slips of paper, sign their names, fold up the slips, put them in their pockets, and keep them there until after he had called their names and stated the questions, when they were to hand them in so that his statement of each name and question could be verified to the audience. He would then answer the question. They were told that they could ask about the past or the future, about lost or stolen property, or in fact anything which they wished to know.

A large number of people wrote questions and securely deposited them in their inside pockets. We went through some mysterious motions calculated to place Mr. Stevens in a trance state, after which a sheet was thrown over him. One hand was left free and this he would wave about in a weird manner, now and then touching his forehead and occasionally pointing out the location of some questioner in the audience. The addition of the sheet gave him a ghostlike appearance and at the same time made it impossible for him to see any of the audience, to say nothing of the questions in their pockets.

It was my duty to remain on the platform and direct the proceedings, calling on the audience to verify the questions as he gave them, and the answers also, whenever it was possible for the people to state whether or not the same were correct.

The various names and questions were obtained by us in perhaps half a dozen different ways, a description of one of which will be sufficient to indicate the character of the others, all of which were equally simple.

The Puzzling Query Test Explained

After requesting the writing of the questions, I carelessly remarked that, for the benefit of those who had no paper with them, Mr. Stevens and myself would supply them. Whereupon he went down one aisle and I the other. We each had a quantity of slips of paper and pencils, as well as some heavy pieces of cardboard about six by nine inches in size. We would lay a paper on one of these and hand it, with a pencil, to the first person who would accept it. Then another slip of paper, a pencil and a board to another person, and so on till all were distributed, when the pencil and board would be taken from the first person, a fresh slip laid on the board *in a different place* and handed to some one else. This was kept up until all our boards had had questions written all over both sides of them. Of course the people did not realize that as they wrote their names and questions on the white paper, they were also writing an invisible duplicate impression on the board, which we could afterward develop with suitable chemicals. Yet such was the case.

When all had written who cared to do so the boards were finally gathered up, and, as I went down my aisle picking up the last of them, Mr. Stevens stepped to the stage, and engaged in some little by play which drew the entire attention of the audience to him, and gave me an opportunity to slip out at the rear door of the hall and exchange the boards which had been written on for an equal number of similar, but unprepared ones, which I immediately carried back with me and threw carelessly on one end of the stage, with the unused slips of paper and pencils, where they remained in full view of the audience during the remainder of the evening. It is usual for these boards to come in for some share of suspicion, but the fact that they apparently remain always in view, and the further fact that many questions not written on the boards are answered, usually dispel these suspicions.

Occasionally, as happened this time, some person will ask to see the boards. One lady came up after the performance and expressed a desire to see one. "Why, madam," said I, "you can *have* one if you want it." "Any one?" said she, rather incredulously. "Certainly," said I; "there they are. Help yourself." When last seen she and her husband and little boy were tearing the card in pieces in a vain attempt to discover something out of the ordinary.

It is necessary to explain that between the time of the writing of the questions and the answering of them there was an intermission of half an hour or more, this time being taken up on this occasion by a lecture given by a young lady missionary just returned from India.

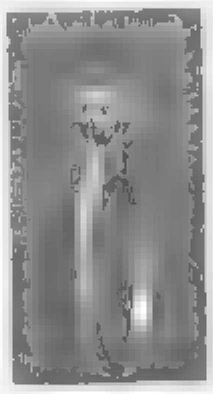
This intermission is always necessary in these entertainments, and yet I have seldom talked with any member of the audience who had noticed this very significant fact. It is a very sad commentary on the quality of the people's powers of observation that most of them declare positively that the answering of the questions immediately follows the writing of them.

During the intermission, the questions obtained by the boards, and by the various other methods used, were neatly copied on slips of paper of convenient size for Mr. Stevens to handle under the sheet with which he would be covered during the séance. We then spent the rest of the time of the intermission inventing answers to them, and looking up such small matters as we could. Over one hundred questions were asked at this entertainment, and all but one were answered. That was written by a small boy who wanted to know where he was born. This we could not tell him, and we simply did not call that question at all. Had we been giving a second evening's performance in that city we should have learned his birthplace during the next day, sent him a complimentary ticket, and called this question the next night and answered it. No one would have suspected that we had had a whole day in which to look it up.

Inquiries as to Thefts and Losses

Many questions can be answered in a satisfactory manner, although the truth of the answer cannot be proven. For instance, one lady wished to know where some jewelry was which had been stolen from her two months before. By omitting the word jewelry and the item giving the time of the robbery from the first statement of the question, we managed to convey the impression that we actually divined these facts, the lady, of course, corroborating them. This gave an air of likelihood to the further statement that the goods were even then in a pawn-shop on State Street, Chicago. By the time they could write to that pawn-shop, if any such really existed, we should be out of the city. Performers making a specialty of this illusion would have lists of pawn-shops in all prominent cities, and would give accurate names and addresses, so that even when the goods were not found, the fact that such a place really existed would lend a certain amount of genuineness to the answer.

During the course of the performance Mr. Stevens said: "The name of Professor Williams comes to me. He must be sitting quite near me, for his name comes very



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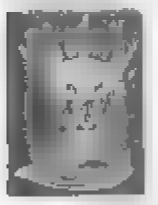
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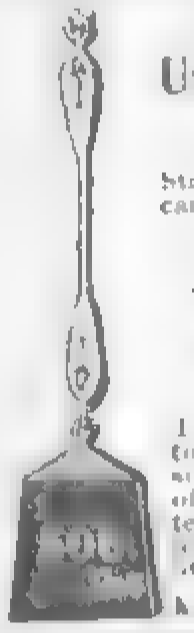
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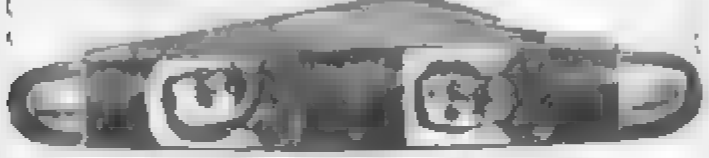
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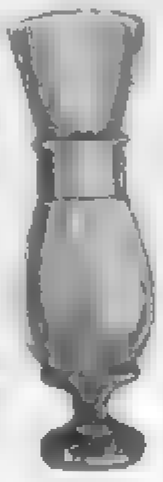
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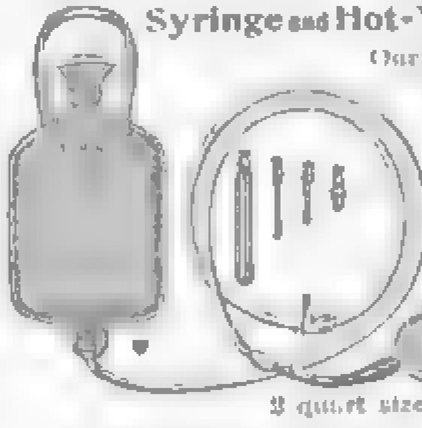
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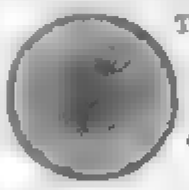
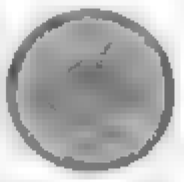
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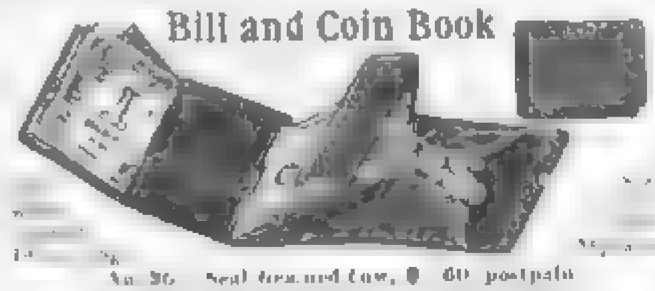
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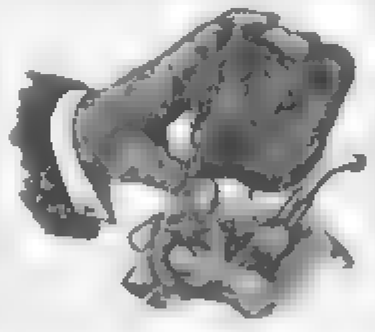
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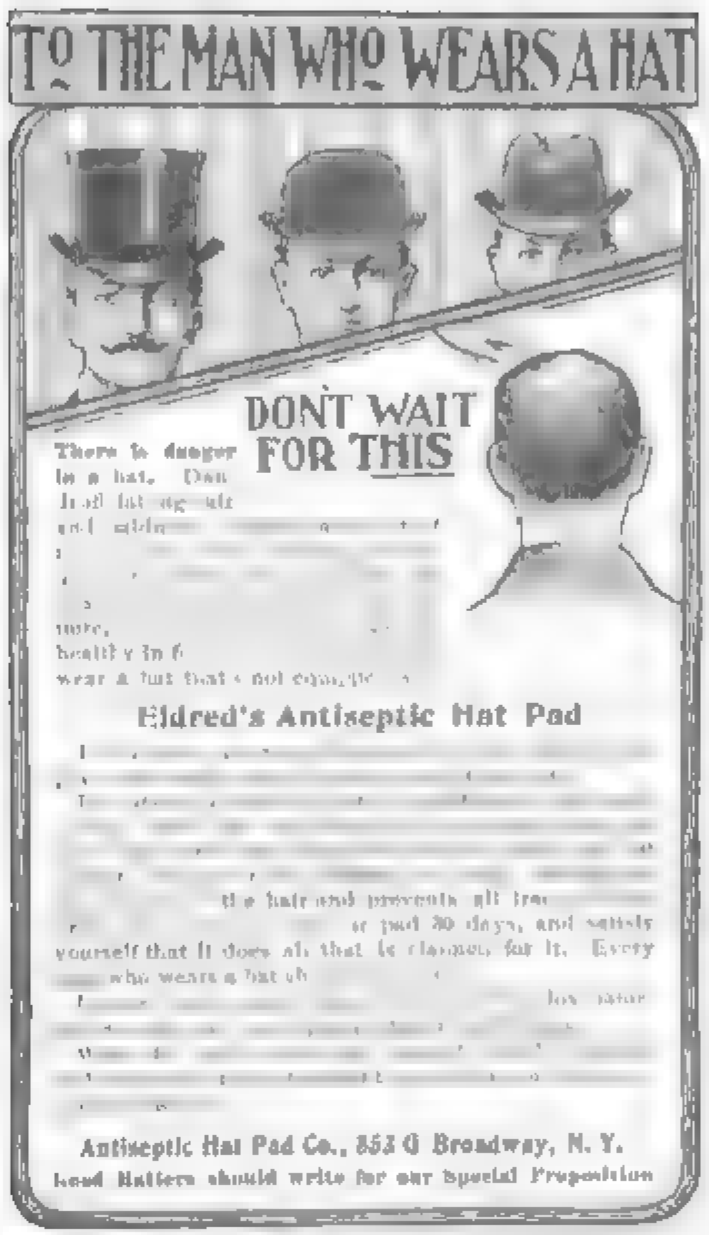
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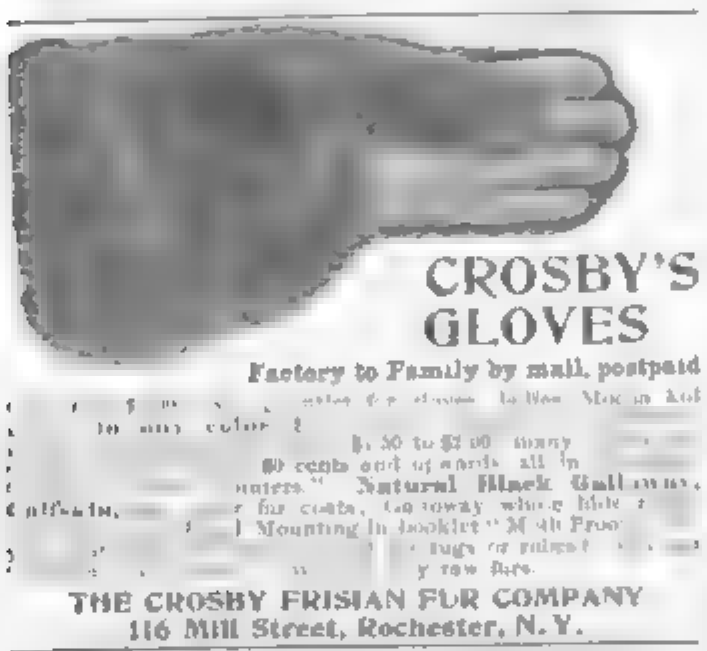
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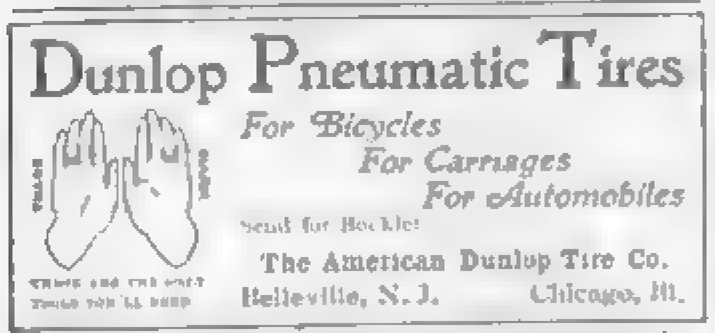
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strongly, although he has written no question." Sure enough, there sat the Professor in the front row, not half a dozen feet away. On inquiry, he stated that he had not written any question, but admitted that there was something which he wished to know. Mr. Stevens told him the question he had in his mind was, "Is Mr. Thomas married or not?" This he acknowledged to be correct and it was answered for him. After the performance, the Professor, who was the principal of the public schools of L——, came to the platform, and told me that it was the most remarkable manifestation of psychic phenomena he had ever witnessed. And he could hardly be blamed for believing it, for there was no collusion with him in the matter.

The fact was, I had given a short entertainment at the same place in the afternoon, and on leaving the hall had overheard him ask another gentleman if he knew whether or not I was married. On reaching the door I learned his name and requested the secretary to give him an urgent invitation to attend the evening performance, and to be sure and see that he got a good seat. We noticed that he wrote no question, and it was quite easy to impose on him sufficiently to make him believe he was thinking about that question then, when probably he had not thought of it since the afternoon.

Amusing Matrimonial Questions

A most amusing statement was precipitated by Mr. Stevens saying: "The same thought comes to me from three young ladies. They wish to know when the eventful day will arrive. The young ladies have signed fictitious names to their questions and I will not embarrass them by stating what their real names are; but in order that they may know that their identity has been revealed to me, I will say that the initial of the last name of the young lady who has signed as Mary Brown is H., and she will be married within six months. The initial of the one who has signed Carrie Smith is L., and she will be married within a year. The initial of the one who has signed Lulu Gilbert is D., and she will not be married for a long time."

These girls sat together in the centre of the hall. They were unable to appear unconcerned, and the audience, recognizing the initials, burst into a laugh which so disconcerted them that the three ran down the aisle and out of the hall, accompanied by shouts of delight from the audience.

Two men, father and son, had had their store robbed, and in connection with this question Mr. Stevens said: "Nearly the same thought comes to me from two different parts of the house. Two men have had their store robbed. One wants to know what the robbers took. It was sixty dollars in money. The other wishes to know where the robbers are and if the money can be recovered. The robbers took the one o'clock train going north last Sunday. They are now in Chicago where they will be apprehended in about ten days, but the money will never be recovered."

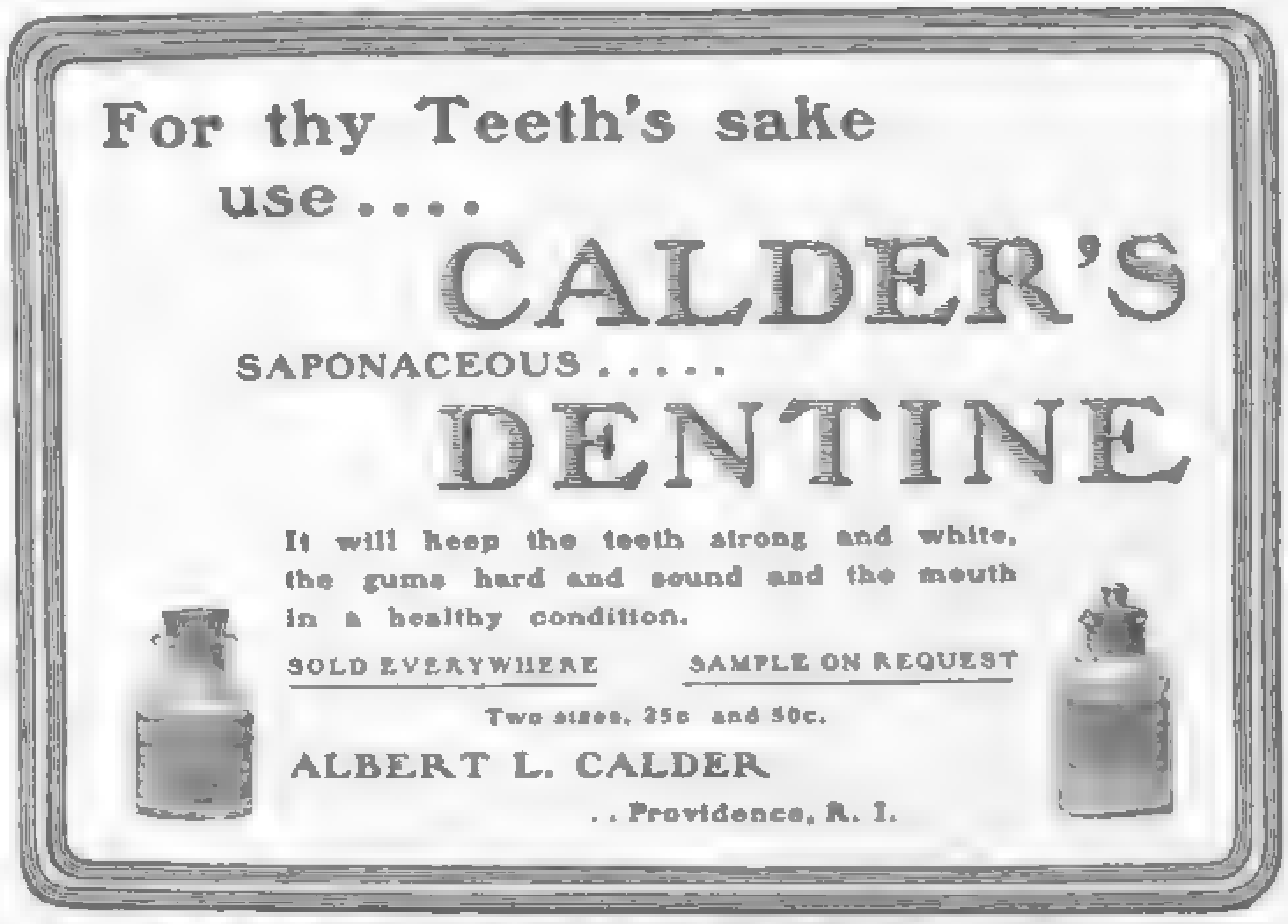
This greatly excited the older man of the two, who jumped up from his seat and fairly shouted, "That must be true, for the robbery occurred at noon on Sunday."

This answer, much of which they knew to be correct, and more of which afterward turned out to be true, was simply the result of good reasoning, based on a little substantial information. We were able to learn that sixty dollars had been taken and also the time of the robbery. On looking up timetables we found that there had been a train going north at one o'clock. It was most likely that the robbers did take this train, for they would naturally want to leave the town as soon as possible, and as this train would put them in a large city in a few hours, it would be a most desirable route to take.

An Untold Love

By Madeline S. Bridges

OH, the birds sang it
And the leaves sighed it,
The brooks rang it
And the rain cried it,
The sun glanced it
And the flowers breathed it,
The boughs danced it
And the buds sheathed it,
The stars beamed it
And the winds blew it,
My heart dreamed it,
But—she never knew it!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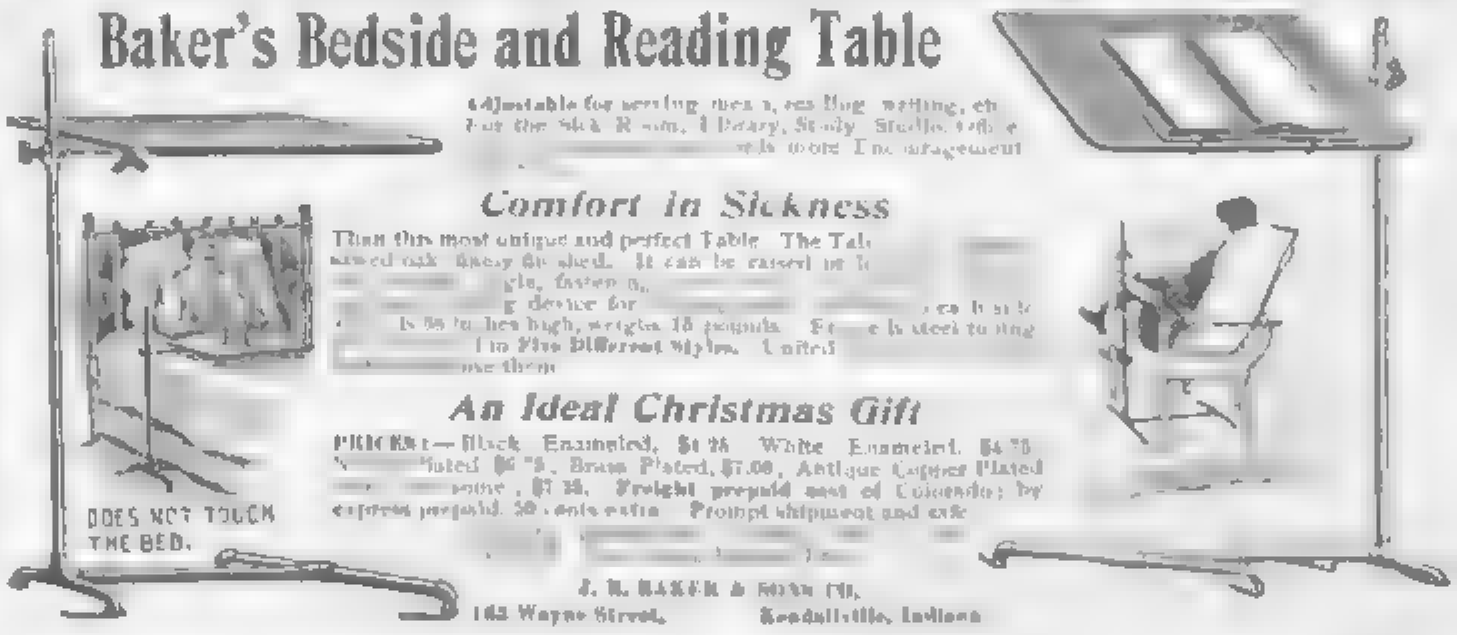
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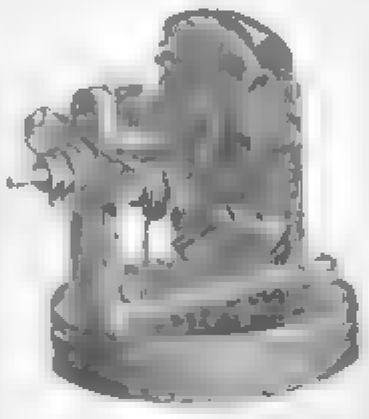

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A Supper by Proxy

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

THERE was an air of suppressed excitement about the whole plantation. The big old house stared gravely out as if it could tell great things if it would, and the cabins in the quarters looked prophetic. The very dogs were on the alert, and there was expectancy even in the eyes of the piccaninnies who rolled in the dust. Something was going to happen. There was no denying that. The wind whispered it to the trees and the trees nodded.

Then there was a clatter of horses' hoofs, the crack of a whip. The bays with the family carriage swept round the drive and halted at the front porch. Julius was on the box, resplendent in his holiday livery. This was the signal for a general awakening. The old house leered an irritating "I told you so." The quarters looked complacent. The dogs ran and barked, the piccaninnies laughed and shouted, the servants gathered on the lawn and, in the midst of it all, the master and mistress came down the steps and got into the carriage. Another crack of the whip, a shout from the servants, more antics from the piccaninnies, the scurrying of the dogs—and the vehicle rumbled out of sight behind a clump of maples. Immediately the big house resumed its natural appearance, and the quarters settled back into whitewashed respectability.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt were off for a week's visit. The boys were away at school, and here was the plantation left in the charge of the negroes themselves, except for the presence of an overseer who did not live on the place. The conditions seemed pregnant of many things, but a calm fell on the place as if every one had decided to be particularly upon his good behavior. The piccaninnies were subdued. The butlers in the big house bowed with wonderful deference to the maids as they passed them in the halls, and the maids called the butlers "mister" when they spoke to them. Only now and again from the fields could a song be heard. All this was ominous.

By the time that night came many things were changed. The hilarity of the little darkies had grown, and although the house servants still remained gravely quiet, on the return of the field hands the quarters became frankly joyous. From one cabin to another could be heard the sound of "Juba, Juba!" and the loud patting of hands and the shuffling of feet. Now and again some voice could be heard rising above the rest, improvising a verse of the song, as

> Mas' done gone to Phila[illegible]
> Lef' us bacon, lef' us co'n brea[illegible]
> Oh, Juba dis an' Juba dat, an' Juba skim[illegible]
> [illegible] yaller cat
> To mek' his wife a Sunday hat, Oh, Juba!"

Not long did the sounds continue to issue from isolated points. The people began drifting together, and when a goodly number had gathered at a large cabin, the inevitable thing happened. Some one brought out a banjo and a dance followed.

Meanwhile, from the vantage ground of the big house, the more favored servants looked disdainfully on, and at the same time consulted together. That they should do something to entertain themselves was only right and proper. No one of ordinary intelligence could think for a moment of letting this opportunity slip without taking advantage of it. But a dance such as the quarters had! Bah! They could never think of it. That rude, informal affair! And these [illegible] aristocrats turned up their noses. No, theirs must be a grave and dignified affair such as their master himself would have given, and they would send out invitations to some on the neighboring plantations.

It was Julius the coachman who, after winning around the head butler, Anderson, insisted that they ought to give a grand supper. Julius would have gone on without the butler's consent had it not been that Anderson carried the keys. So the matter was canvassed and settled.

The next business was the invitations, but no one could write. Still, this was a slight matter; for neatly-folded envelopes were carried about to the different favored ones, containing—nothing, while at the same time the invitations were proffered by word of mouth.

"Hi, dah!" cried Jim to Julius on the evening that the cards had been distributed; "I ain't seed my imbitation yit."

"You needn't keep yo' eyes bucked lookin' fu' none, neithah," replied Julius.

"Uh, puttin' on aihs, is you?"

"I don't caih to convuss wid you jest now," said Julius pompously.

Jim guffawed. "Well, of all de sights I evah seed, a dahky coachman offen de box tryin' to look lak he on it! Go 'long, Julius, er you'll sholy kill me, man."

The coachman strode on with angry dignity.

It had been announced that the supper was to be a "ladies' an' gent'men's pahty," and so but few from the quarters were asked. The quarters were naturally angry and [illegible] but envious, for they were but human and not yet intelligent enough to recognize the vast social gulf that yawned between the blacks at the "big house" and the blacks who were quartered in the cabins.

The night of the grand affair arrived and the Mordaunt mansion was as resplendent as it had ever been for one of the master's festivities. The drawing-rooms were gayly festooned, and the long dining room was a blaze of light from the wax candles that shone on the glory of the Mordaunt plate. Nothing but the best had satisfied Julius and Anderson. By nine o'clock the outside guests began to arrive. They were the dark aristocrats of the region. It was a well dressed assembly, too. Plump brown arms lay against the dainty folds of gleaming muslin, and white-stocked, brass-buttoned black counterparts of their masters strode up the walks. There were Dudley Stone's Gideon and Martha, Robert Curtis' Ike with Dely and there were Quinn, and Doshy, and, over them all, Aunt Tempe to keep them straight. Of these was the company that sat down to Stuart Mordaunt's board.

After some rivalry, Anderson held the head of the table, while Julius was appeased by being placed on the right beside his favorite lady. Aunt Tempe was opposite the host where she could reprove any unseemly levity or tendency to skylarking on the part of the young people. No state dinner ever began with more dignity. The conversation was nothing less than stately, and everybody bowed to everybody else every time they thought about it. This condition of affairs obtained through the soup. Somebody ventured a joke and there was even a light laugh during the fish. By the advent of the entrée the tongues of the assembly had loosened up, and their laughter had melted and flowed as freely as Stuart Mordaunt's wine.

"Well, I mus' say, Mistah An'erson, dis is sholy a mos' salub'ious occasion."

"Thank you, Mistah Cu'tis, thank [illegible] ah allus my endeavoh to mek' my gues'es feel deyse'ves at home. Let me give you some mo' of dis wine. It's f'om de bes' dat's in my cellah."

"Seems lak I remembah de vintage," said Ike, sipping slowly and with the air of a connoisseur.

"Oh, yes, you drinked some o' dis on de casion of my darter's ma'ige to Mas'—to Mistah Daniels.'

"I ricollec', yes, I ricollec'."

"Des lis'en at dem dahkies," said the voice of a listening field hand.

Gideon, as was his wont, was saying deeply serious things to Martha, and Quinn whispered something in Doshy's ear that made her giggle hysterically and cry, "Now, Mr. Quinn, ain't you scan'lous? You des seem lak you possessed dis evenin'."

In due time, however, the ladies withdrew, and the gentlemen were left over their cigars and cognac. It was then that one of the boys detailed to wait on the table came in and announced to the host that a tramp was without begging for something to eat. At the same instant the straggler's face appeared at the door, a poor, unkempt-looking white fellow with a very dirty face. Anderson cast a look over his shoulder at him and commanded pompously:

"Tek him to de kitchen an' give him all he wants."

The fellow went away very humbly.

In a few minutes Aunt Tempe opened the dining-room door and came in.

"An'erson," she cried in a whisper.

"Madam," said the butler rising in dignity, "excuse me—but ——"

"Hyeah, don't you come no foo'ishness wid me; I ain't no madam. I's tialed [illegible] fine lady. I done been out to de [illegible], an' I don' lak dat tramp's face an' fo'm."

"Well, madam," said Anderson urbanely, "we haven't asked you to ma'y him."

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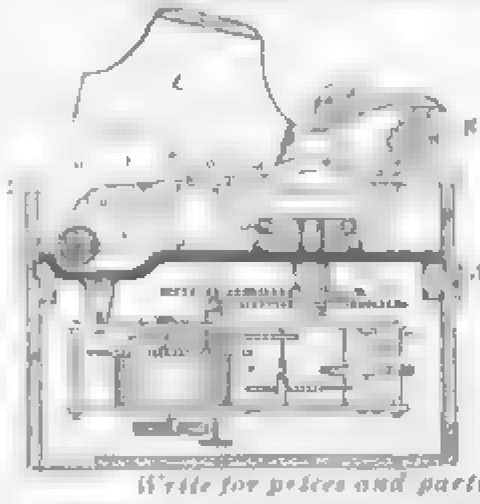

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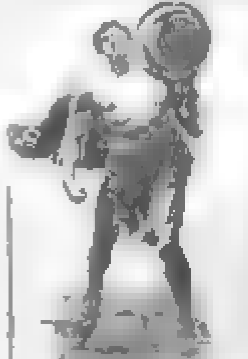

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At this there was a burst of laughter from the table

"Nemmine, nemmine, I tell you, I don' lak dat tramp's face an' fo'm, an' you'd bettah keep yo' eye skinned, er you'll be laughin' on de othah side o' yo' mouf

The butler gently persuaded the old lady out, but as the door closed behind her she was still saying, "I don' lak dat tramp's face an' fo'm

Unused to playing fine lady so long, Aunt Tempe deserted her charges and went back to the kitchen, but the "straggler man" had gone. It is a good thing that she did not go around the veranda, where the windows of the dining-room opened, or she would have been considerably disturbed to see the tramp peeping through the blinds—evidently at the Mordaunt plate that sparkled conspicuously on the table

Anderson, with his hand in his coat, quite after the manner of Stuart Mordaunt, made a brief speech in which he thanked his guests for the honor they had done him in coming to his humble home. "I know," he said, "I have done my po' bes'; but at some latah day I hopes to entertain you in a mannah dat de position an' cha'acter of de gent'men [illegible] assembled desuves. Let us now jine de ladies

His hand was on the door and all the gentlemen were on their feet when suddenly the window was thrown up and in stepped the straggler

"[illegible], how dah you, suh, invade my premises?" asked Anderson, casting a withering glance at the intruder, who stood gazing around him

"Leave de room dis minute!" cried Julius, anxious to be in the fray. But the tramp's eyes were fastened on Anderson Finally, he raised one finger and pointed at him

"You old scoundrel," he said in a well known voice, as he snatched off his beard and wig and threw aside his disguising duster and stood before them

"Mas' Stu'at

"You old scoundrel, you! I've caught you, have I?"

Anderson was speechless and [illegible], but the others were not, and they had cleared that room before the master's linen duster was well off. In a moment the shuffling of feet ceased and the lights went out in the parlor. The two stood there alone, facing each other

"Mas' Stu'at

"Scoundrel!" said Mordaunt, raising his hand and taking a step toward the trembling culprit

"Don' hit me now, Mas' Stu'at, don' hit me ontwell I's kin' o' shuk off yo' pussonality. Ef you do, it'll be des' de same ez thumpin' yo'se'f"

Mordaunt turned quickly and stood for a moment looking through the window, but his shoulders shook

"Well," he said, turning; "do you think you've at last relieved yourself of my personality?"

"I don' know, I don' know De gyahment sho' do fit monst'ous tight."

"Humph. You take my food, you take my wine, you take my cigars, and now even my personality isn't safe

"Look here, what on earth do you mean by entertaining half the darkies in the county in my dining-room?"

Anderson scratched his head and thought Then he said: "Well, look hyeah, Mas' Stu'at, dis hyeah wasn't rightly my suppah no ways

"Not your supper! Whose was it?"

"Yo'!"

"Mine?

"Yes, suh"

"Why, what's the matter with you Anderson? Next thing you'll be telling me that I planned it all, and invited all those servants

"Lemme 'splain it, Mas', lemme 'splain it. Now I didn't give dat suppah as An'erson. I give it ez Mas' Stu'at Mordaunt; an' Quinn an' Ike an' Gidjon, dey didn't come fu' deyse'ves, dey come fu' Mas' Curtis an' Mas' Dudley Stone. Don' you un'erstan', Mas' Stu'at? We wasn' we all, we was [illegible]"

"That's very plain; and in other words, I gave a supper by proxy, and all my friends responded in the same manner?"

"Well, ef dat means what I said, dats it."

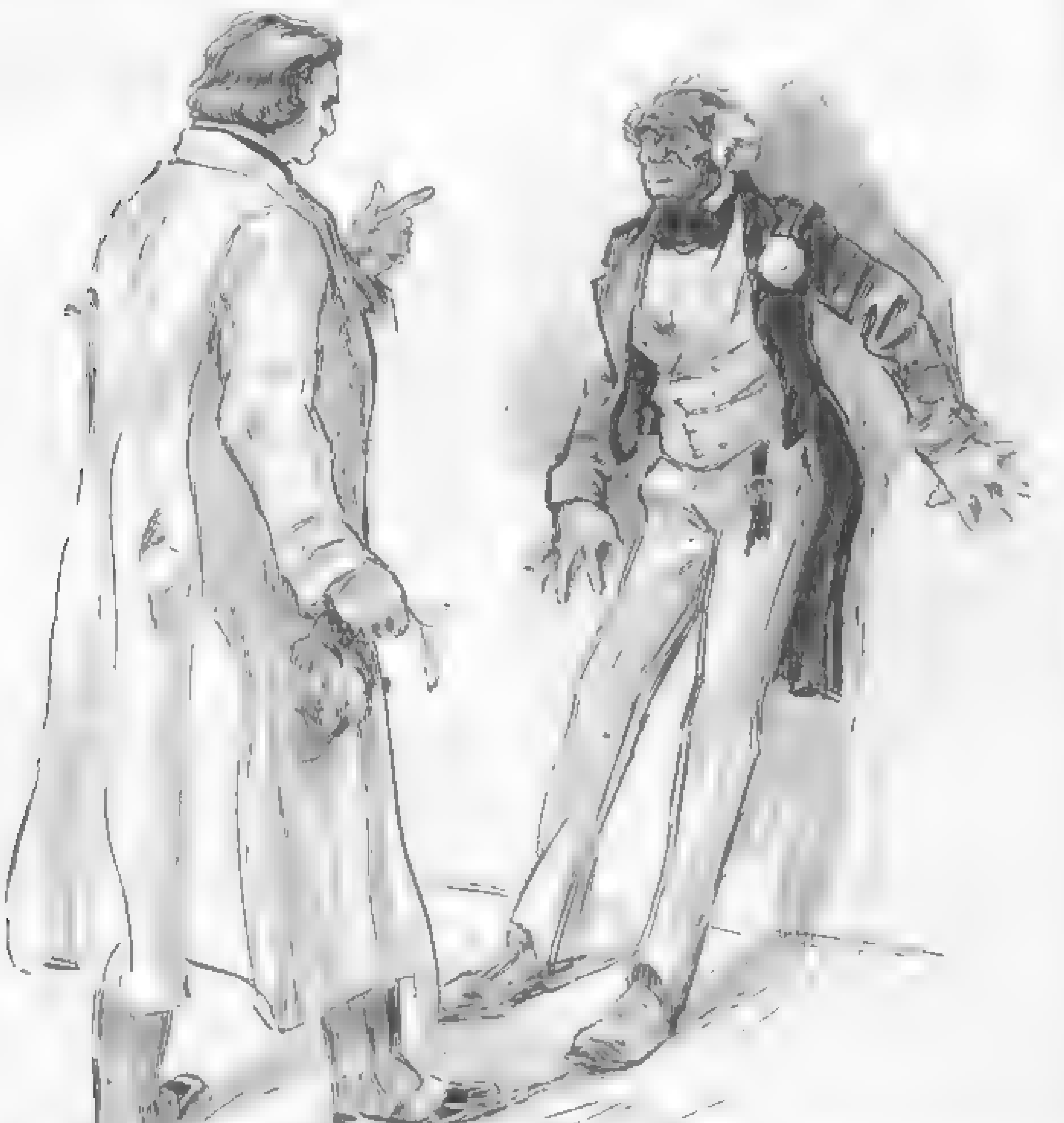
"Your reasoning is extremely profound Anderson. It does you great credit, but if I followed your plan I should give you the thrashing you deserve by proxy. That would just suit you. So instead of that I am going to feed you, for the next day or so, by that ingenious method. You go down and tell Jim that I want him up here early to-morrow morning to eat your breakfast."

"Oh, Mas' Stu'at Whup me, whup me but don't tell dose dahkies in de quahtahs, an' don't sta've me" For Anderson loved the good things of life.

"Go."

Anderson went, and Mordaunt gave himself up to mirth

The quarters got their laugh out of Anderson's discomfiture. Jim lived high for a day, but rumors from the kitchen say that the butler did not really suffer on account of his supper by proxy



"You old scoundrel," he said in a well-known voice

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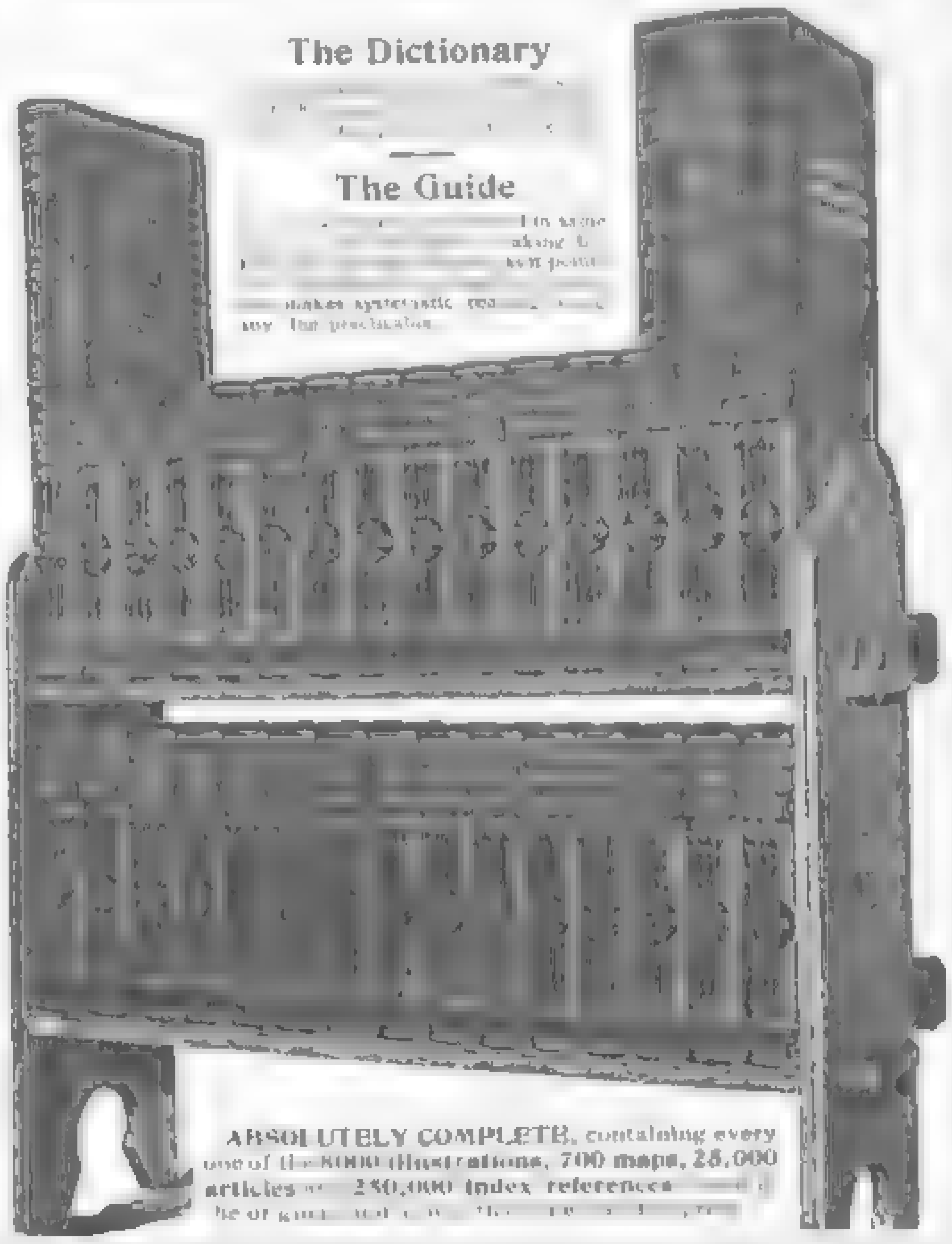

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The Matter-of-Fact Man

By William Mathews

DR. WILLIAM MATHEWS

"THERE are people," says Emerson, "who can never understand a trope or any second or expanded sense given to your words, or any humor, but remain literalists after hearing the music and poetry and rhetoric and wit of seventy or eighty years. They are past the help of surgeon or clergy." Charles Lamb fancies the Scotch, as a people, to be afflicted in this way. A Scotchman, he says, has no surmises, no guesses, misgivings, half intuitions, partial illuminations, dim instincts, or embryo conceptions. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak on the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. Above all, "you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian, and clap an extinguisher upon your irony." As examples of this, Elia cites a Scotchman who could not understand him when he spoke of a certain work as being "a *healthy* book"; and he tells of a party of North Britons who were expecting a son of Burns, and says that four of them, when he expressed a wish that it were the father instead of the son, started up at once to inform him that "that was impossible, because he was dead!"

The Scotch readers of Lamb know how to understand his mirthful extravagancies, else they might retort that the English did not always have the keen sense of the ridiculous which they so generally manifest. The sayings and doings of court fools which have come down to us, and the stupid jests in Joe Miller, show that John Bull was slowly and painfully educated into it by a training in ponderous puns and practical jokes. The truth is, that the ability to perceive and enjoy humor is a gift, an inborn capacity, as truly as the ability to produce it. As some persons are born color blind and cannot discriminate between blue and yellow, red and green, so others are humor-blind and cannot detect the meaning of irony, a pun, or a merry quip. Such a born literalist was the venerable old lady who attended a "conversazione" of the seer, Alcott, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. When he classified men as the Knower, the Doer and the Thinker, she looked up from her knitting work and asked whether by the Knower he meant the man who built the Ark?

Getting at Things Too Literally

It is said that a Manchester cotton spinner has no idealities and cannot understand the term "abstraction." He reduces everything to sight and touch—views everything in the concrete. Show him the coat in which Nelson died at Trafalgar, and he will wonder whether it was of West of England or Bradford manufacture. Exhibit the sword which Cromwell wielded at Marston Moor, and he will descant oracularly upon the workmanship and the qualities of the steel. Display the mummy of the oldest Rameses or Pharaoh, and he will declare that the wrapper is flax, not cotton. "The blood of all the Howards" he regards as but so much crimson fluid,

> And, placed where Catskill's forehead greets the sky,
> Grieves that such quarries all unhewn should lie—
> Or, gazing where Niagara's torrents thrill
> Exclaims [illegible]

It was of such countrymen of his that Burke said that they value only what they can measure with a two-foot rule or count with their ten fingers. They are not wanting in benevolence, according to Sydney Smith; they will give time and money when they are convinced, but "love dates, names and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives, Bull requires the day of the month, the year of our Lord, the name of the parish, and the countersign of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances, he can no longer hold out, but gives way to the kindness of his nature—*puffs, blubbers and subscribes.*"

It was an Englishman of this type who some years ago, when his daughter eloped with a captain of dragoons, made the following request in an advertisement in the Times: "If the young girl refuse to return to her inconsolable parents, she is desired at least to send back the little key of the chest of linen she has carried off."

It is well known that Milton had but little sense of humor, else he would not, in Paradise Lost, have introduced artillery and gunpowder into his battles of the angels; nor would he, in Paradise Regained, have made the Prince of Darkness say to our Saviour that such furious thunderstorms as that to which he had been exposed, though feared by mortals as "dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,"

> "Are to the main as inconsiderable
> And harmless, if not wholesome, *as a sneeze*
> To man's less universe, and soon are gone.

Nor, again, would the poet have inveighed in the pomp of lofty Latin, as he did, against the love affairs of Morus, or represented that to have kissed a girl was the blackest of crimes. It is seldom that poets are lacking in humor, but Milton's defect was that also of Wordsworth, Shelley and Schiller.

New Kind of Surgical Instrument

Everybody is familiar with the jest of Sydney Smith after he had spent five years in that "land of Calvin, oatcakes and sulphur," Scotland, that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke well into the Scotch understanding; but few persons know of the admission which the wit made to Robert Chambers a few weeks after the perpetration of this mirthful extravagance—viz., that the Scotch are an immensely funny people—*only* they need a little operating upon to let the fun out. "I know of no instrument," added the clerical wag, "so effectual for the purpose as the corkscrew." It is a remarkable confirmation of his "sober, second thought" on this subject, that Tom Taylor, when editor of Punch, used to receive more jokes from Scotland than from any other part of the United Kingdom.

Matter-of-fact men, if we *may* believe Jean Paul, are plentiful in Germany, whose people, as he says, determine the course of a zephyr by a sea compass, and the heart of a girl by conic sections. America, too, quick-witted as are the mass of its inhabitants, has its literal-minded, unimaginative people, who greet with a stony stare of indifference the most brilliant scintillations of wit. We know of not a few New Englanders to whom a jest which sets other men in a roar is incomprehensible; or, if it be not absolutely incomprehensible, it hangs fire in the [illegible] receptacle of the brain till it has been explained and all its aroma has evaporated. Charles Sumner, in most matters, was quick enough of apprehension, yet even he lacked the sense of humor. It is said that one day, after tidings had arrived from Washington of the suicide of Provost Paradol, the brilliant French Ambassador, Sumner was giving his theories as to the cause of the act, when Lowell asked: "Did you see the Ambassador often before his death?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I saw him every day."

"Did you converse with him in English or in French?"

"Oh, I talked nothing but French."

"Gentlemen," said Lowell, "we do not need to seek any further reason for his death; this fully explains the suicide." The explosion which followed, we are told, Sumner was never able to understand.

To a friend who had expressed his sympathy for Sumner when taken ill he replied: "I am not afraid to die, for I have read through Calvin's Institutes in the original Latin."

It is a curious fact that men who have no gift of wit or sense of humor sometimes startle their friends with unconscious irony—perpetrate jokes without knowing it. One

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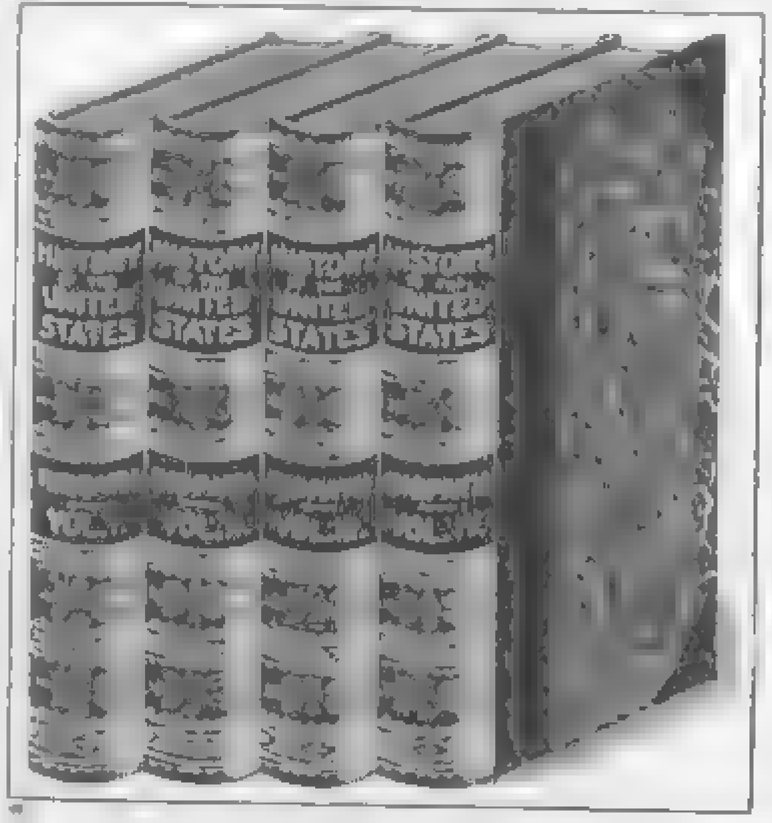

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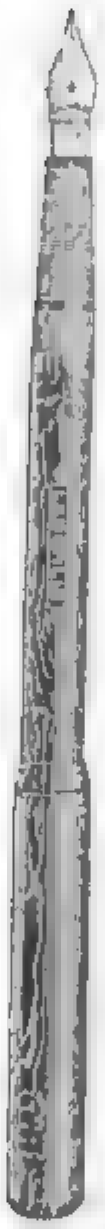
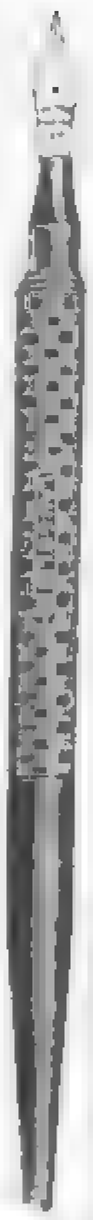
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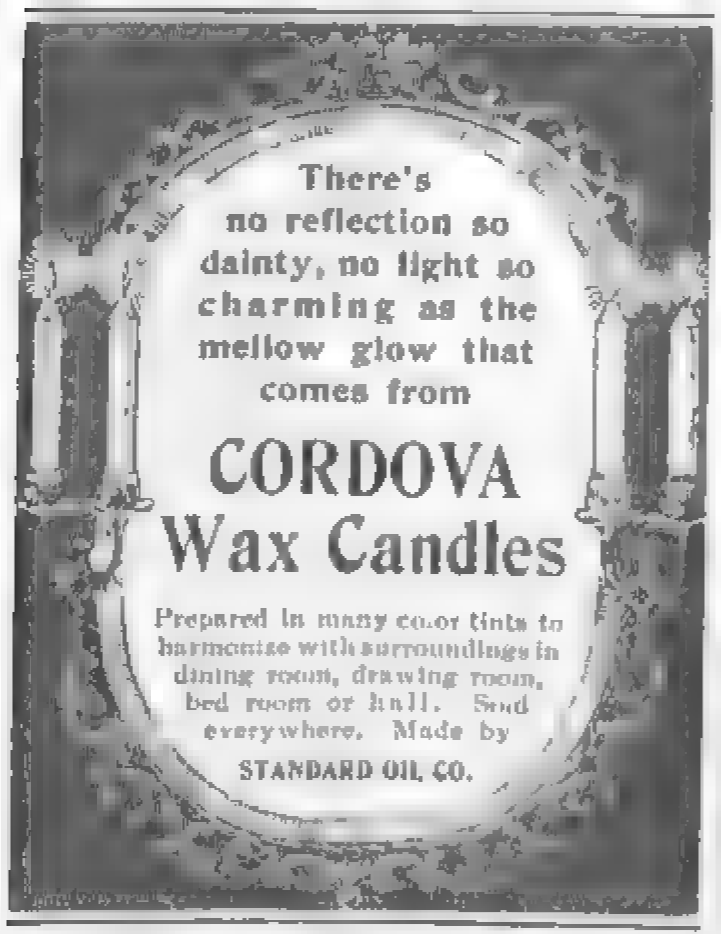
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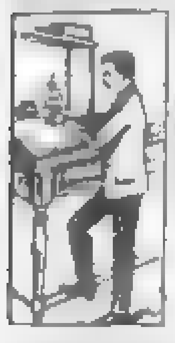

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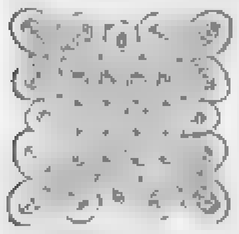
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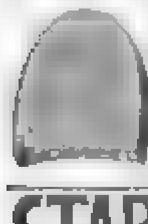

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day the famous old New England divine, Dr. Samuel Hopkins, called on a parishioner and, finding him sick, suggested that as he had been so long without the means of grace, his pastor should bring one of his sermons and read it to him. "Do so," was the naive reply, "for I have had no sleep since the attack began." No sarcasm was probably intended; and equally innocent of any evil intent was the rural editor who, chronicling a woman's death, wrote that she "had lived fifty years with her husband and died in the confident hope of a better life."

The Fish Story Tom Hood Told His Wife

It is one of the ironies of fate that a wit or humorist is sometimes married to a prosaic, jest-proof woman, or an imaginative, humor-loving woman to a literal-minded, matter-of-fact man. It has been suspected that Laurence Sterne, the creator of "my Uncle Toby," and Shandy and Corporal Tim, had such a wife as the former, by whom his sly, rich bits of Rabelaisian humor — his mediæval *double entendres*, his *quolibets* and *quid pro quos* modeled on Scarron and exploding like pyrotechnics — were not only unappreciated, but almost unnoticed. How fortunate it was for that prince of jesters, Thomas Hood, that, with his fondness for both verbal and practical jests, he was married to a woman of the sweetest temper, who, though often cheated by them, could join in the laugh which they provoked, even when at her own expense!

On one occasion, when living by the seacoast, Hood gave his wife some useful hints on buying fish. "Above all things, Jane," said he, "as they will endeavor to impose on your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition." Armed with this information, and rather anxious to show off her knowledge, Mrs. Hood was prepared to do battle with the cunning fisher-women, one of whom soon afterward called. As it happened, the woman had nothing but plaice, which had the ominous spots, and Mrs. Hood, shaking her head, hinted her fears that the fish were not fresh. In vain did the fisherwoman insist that they were only just out of the water. Mrs. Hood, in the innocence of her heart and the pride of conscious knowledge, was ready

"My good woman, it may be as you say; but I should never think of buying any plaice with those unpleasant red spots."

"Lord bless yer eyes, mum replied the astonished fisherwoman with a shout, "who ever seed plaice without spots?"

A suppressed giggle on the staircase behind her revealed the joke, and, turning her head hastily, Mrs. Hood caught sight of her husband hurriedly disappearing in an ecstasy of laughter, leaving her to appease the angry sea nymph as best she could

The Realistic Songs of Henry Russell

Henry Russell, the well-known English vocalist, relates in his autobiography several incidents in his public career which still further illustrate the literal phase of intellect which we have tried to describe. On one occasion he gave at Hanley, England, an entertainment for the benefit of the Staffordshire potters, who were in great distress. After he had sung his song, "There's a good time coming, boys; wait a little longer," a man in the crowd arose, greatly excited, and shouted: "Muster Russell, can ye fix the toime?" Another artisan in the reserved seats stood up and said: "Shut oop, man; Muster Russell 'll write to ye!"

At Newcastle-upon-Tyne Mr. Russell sang The Gambler's Wife, in which the wife is represented as awaiting the gambler's return to his home. The clock strikes one — it strikes two — it strikes three. As it strikes four, the young wife, clasping her child to her bosom, dies in hopeless despair. At this point a woman stood up and shrieked in shrill tones: "Oh, Mr. Russell, if it had been me, wouldn't I have fetched him hom

In earlier days, as the same vocalist was singing, "Woodman, spare that tree!" an old gentleman cried: "Mr. Russell, was the tree spared?"

"It was, sir

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the old gentleman with a sigh of relief

When The Newfoundland Dog had been sung, a piece which describes the dog saving a child's life, a North-countryman exclaimed, "Was the child saved, mon?"

"It was, sir." Then with the anxious look of one asking a great favor, the man pleaded, "Could ye get me a pup?"

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Literary Folk

Their Ways and Their Work

SOME one should write a guide-book to London of a new sort, for the use of American visitors. There are plenty of volumes on the antiquities of the town, and there are books which will tell you at what shop to buy mackintosh coats and at what restaurant to dine. There are writers who will gossip of all the literary associations of the past. But what many an American wishes to see, and above all many an American girl, are the celebrities of the present, especially the literary and artistic celebrities. It is all very well to have paid your dollar to hear Mr. Zangwill or Mr. Anthony Hope lecture; but you know that these people live in London, and that they must go about as other people do; it seems a shame that you cannot see them. Of course you may pass your favorite author in Piccadilly any day, or sit next him on top of a 'bus going down the Strand. If you have a good memory for faces, and have studied the illustrated magazines carefully, you may recognize him. But the chances are not great, and unless you have some friend who can introduce you to literary London you must try to see it in the semi-public places to which you may possibly penetrate.

The greatest opportunities you will have will be the first performances of new plays at the various London theatres. If you can beg, borrow or steal a seat, do so. If not, there is always the pit.

Freshen up your memories of the illustrated papers, and listen to what the people around you say—they know their London. You cannot fail to see many interesting people. Your Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Anthony Hope of the lecture tour will probably be there, more at their ease. Possibly Mr. Barrie will be in a box with his pretty wife, or you may have chanced on a night when Mr. Henry James is up from Rye. Mr. Max Beerbohm you will be sure to see; you may know him by the pearl buttons on his black waistcoat and the stick he carries into the stalls. Mr. George Street will be there probably, looking rather like a buck of the Georgian period he writes so brilliantly about. Mrs. Craigie you can fairly hope to see. Of dramatists you will see many: Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Huntly McCarthy, Mr. Edward Rose, and all the theatrical people who are not playing at the time. In short, the London first night is the best public show in the town.

The guide-book could tell [illegible] chances. A ticket for the Academy Private View you cannot get. But the second day, when any one can go in for a shilling, you will find almost all the painters there and many other interesting people besides.

It is easy enough to direct the stranger to the restaurants where he will see theatrical and operatic celebrities. But the literary folk must eat at home more, or in clubs. Still the guide-book could give a hint or two. If you chanced to lunch at the Temple Restaurant, just outside the gate of that ancient place, you would probably see Mr. Clement Shorter come in with some well-known person to talk over a proposed contribution to the Sphere. Or at Roche's, a tiny place behind the Palace Theatre, you might possibly chance on a minor poet or two.

Or, if you thought it worth the trouble you might post yourself outside Miss Ellen Terry's cottage at Putney any morning and see Mr. Swinburne come across the heath. And some one would perhaps tell you the legend that Mr. Swinburne's doctor allows him a glass of beer a day if he will walk across Putney Common to get it, and that Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, with whom he lives, is called upon by the physician to see that the regulation is carried out. But the story doesn't matter; you might find yourself face to face with the greatest living English poet.

Queen Margherita's Jealousy

With the example of the Kaiser and the Ameer before her, perhaps the Dowager Queen of Italy may some day be induced to publish some of her writings. She has composed many stories of the Middle Ages, wonderful fairy tales and records of knightly adventure. According to a friend of hers, Queen Margherita would be qualified for actual authorship by a trait not uncommon among authors of less distinguished birth—that of looking somewhat askance at the work of other writers in a vein similar to her own. For it is reported gravely that "the modern romantic literature is considered by Her Majesty to be rubbish."

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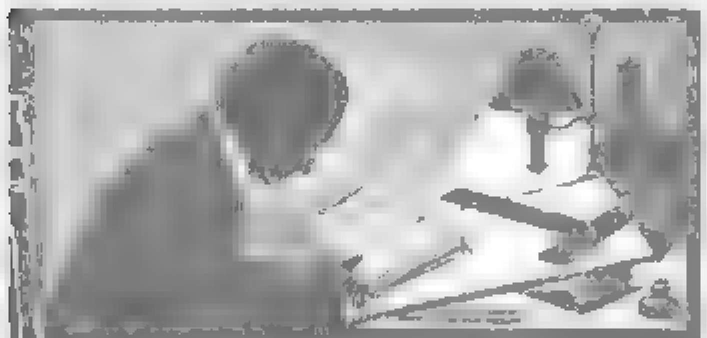

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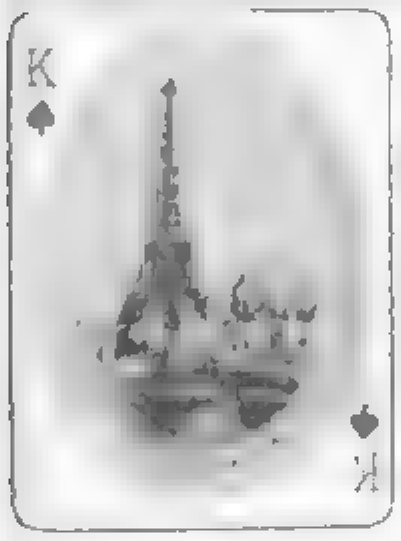

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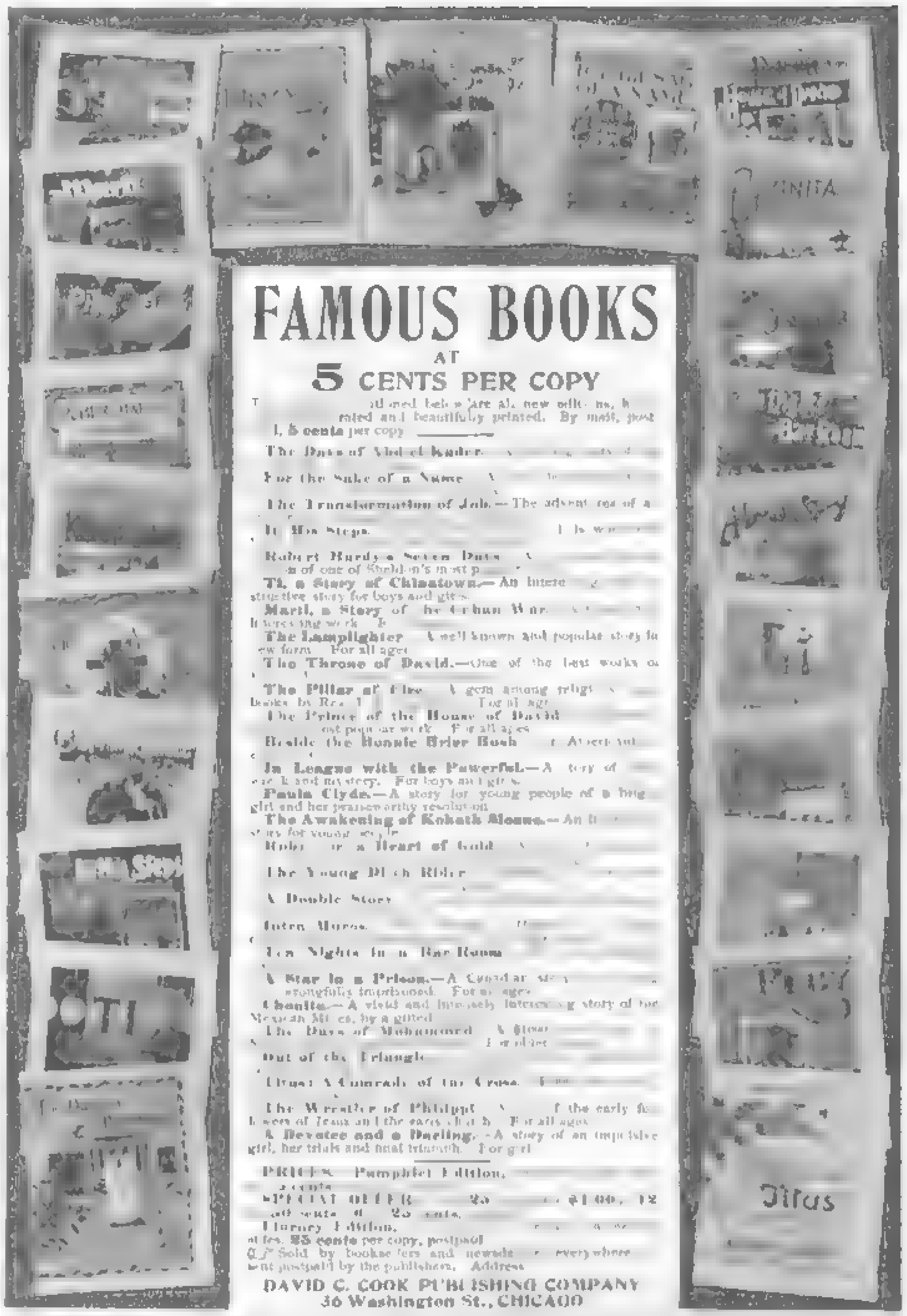

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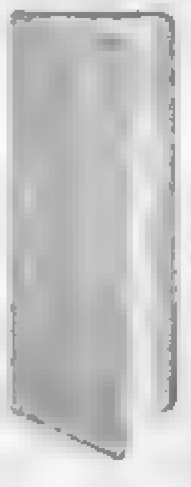

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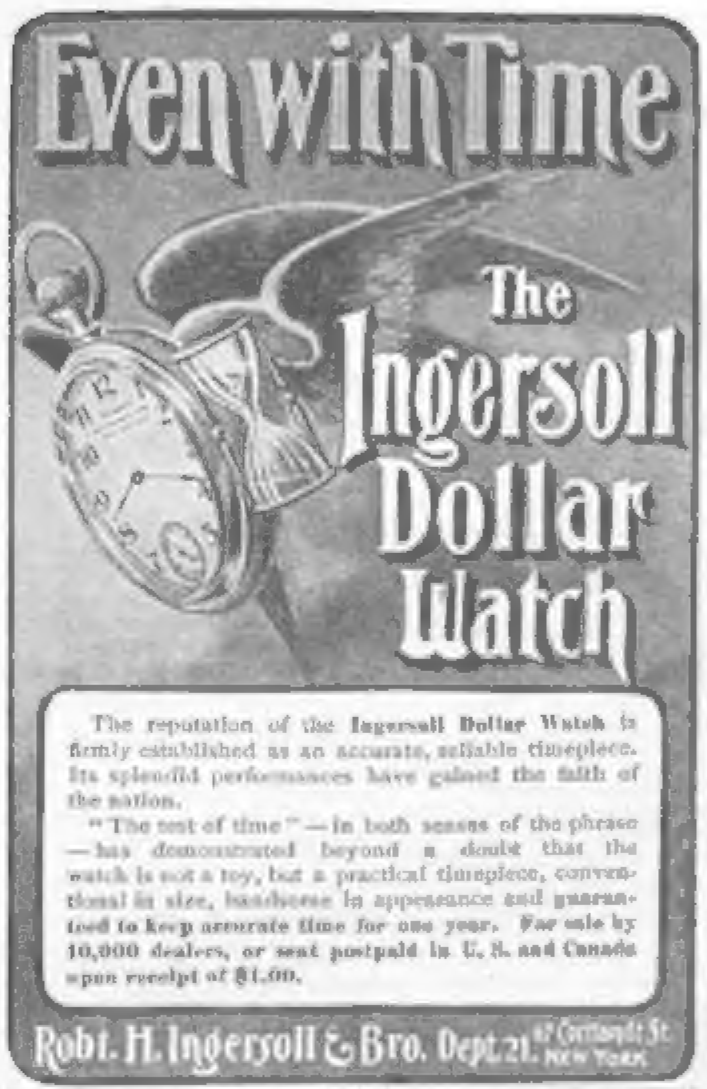
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GOVERNMENT dietary experts have been making a special study of the food consumed by football players while in training, and have discovered some rather surprising facts.

For one thing, they have found out that men engaged in the severe and very active exercise required in this kind of sport eat a great deal more than oarsmen preparing themselves for a race, though it might be supposed that the amount of energy utilized in either case is about the same.

The data from which this conclusion is drawn have been derived from studies of the diet of seven different college crews, including Harvard and Yale, and from similar observations of the food eaten by the members of two football teams, one a Connecticut team and the other representing the University of California. In each case every edible article placed on the training table was weighed beforehand, and everything left over, including the smallest scraps, was again weighed at the end of each meal. This sort of thing was kept up for weeks, so as to make the tests as close to absolute accuracy as possible.

The Connecticut football players were far ahead of the boat crews in respect to the amount of food they ate, but the California team was a wonder. It seems hard to believe, but the latter actually consumed more than twice as much food per diem, for each man, as was eaten by the average of the oarsmen!

Expressed accurately in figures, the average footballer from the Pacific Coast absorbed each day 1596 grams of nutrients, against 772 grams for the average rowing man. The record of the Connecticut football team was 1084 grams per man.

The experts confess that they do not know what to make of these results. The muscular exercise of rowing, they say, especially during a contest or a preliminary trial of speed, while not so long continued as that of a football game, is more severe while it lasts, and the nervous tension is more intense. The total amount of work done in the periods of exercise during training was probably not much, if any, less for the members of the boat crews than for the football players.

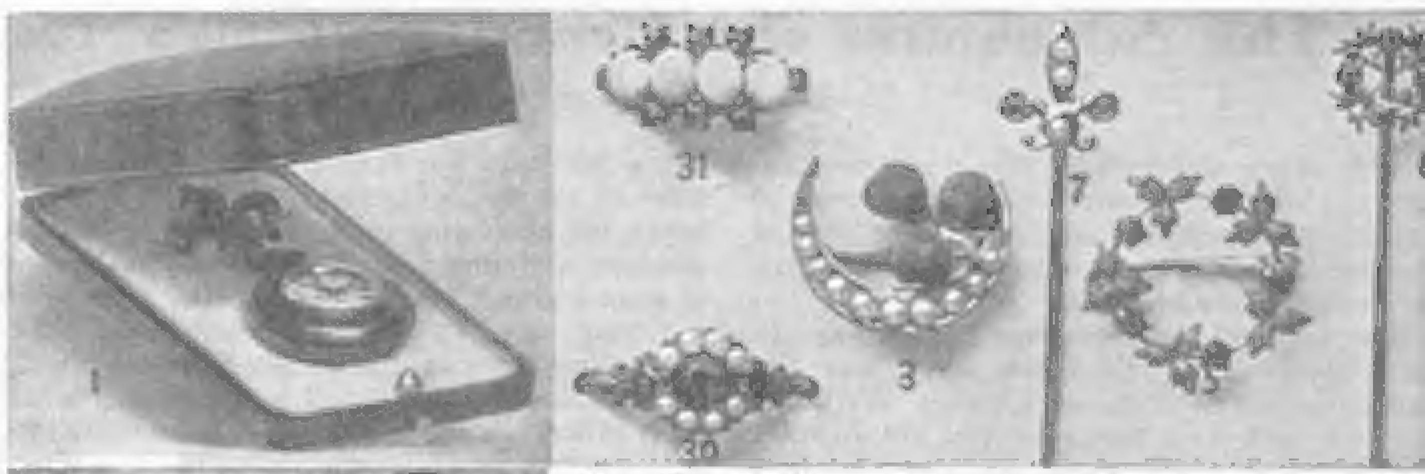
At any rate, the difference could hardly be sufficient to account for such a great difference in food consumption.

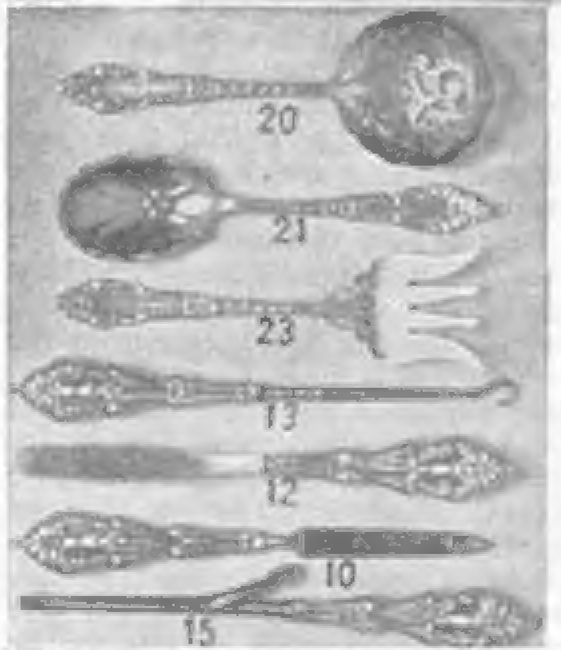
The dietary of the California football team, compared with that of an ordinary well-to-do household, was very expensive. The cost of meat alone was thirty-five cents a day for each man, and another large item was ale, which came to nearly twenty cents apiece each day.

Artificial Rubber

So long ago as 1892 it was discovered, purely by accident, that rubber could be obtained synthetically from turpentine. The process, so far as it has been developed, has no practical value, being slow and uncertain, but a slight increase in chemical knowledge may change the whole situation and injure the industry of the rubber planters.

Substitutes for rubber have been obtained in a variety of ways, one of them being derived from the oil expressed from germs of maize. This artificial product, which is evolved by combining the corn oil with sulphur, is described as a "horny, elastic body, with many of the properties of caoutchouc." Another process utilizes linseed oil, which is treated with nitric acid and mixed with nitro-cellulose, the resulting substance being called "velvril." This velvril can be worked or moulded under heat and pressure, or it may be converted into a varnish by dissolving it in a suitable solvent.





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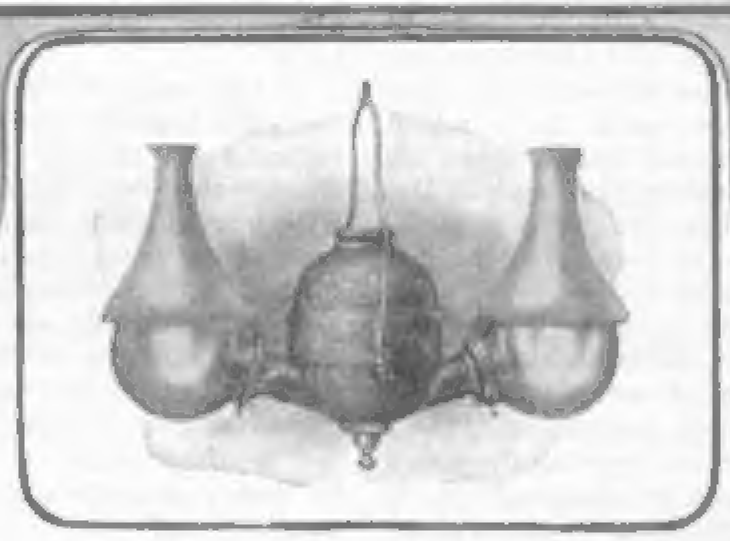
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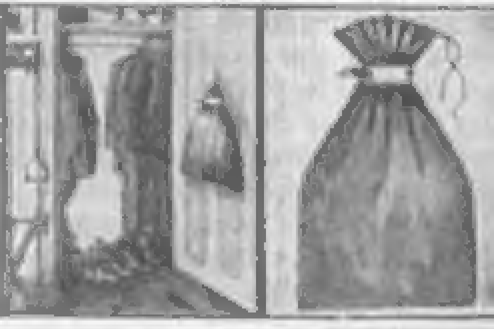

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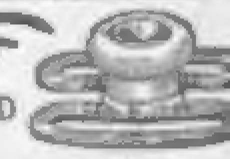

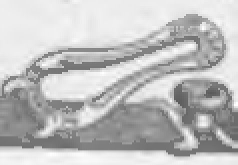

The Adventures of a Pioneer Plainsman

(Concluded from Page 5)

women were devoted to their white husbands. Many a squaw has been known to sacrifice the interests and perhaps the lives of members of her own family in order to warn her mountaineer husband.

One hot fight that deserves a front page in the history of mountaineer days was the stand that Drew Denton, Charley Williams and old man Lee made in the cottonwood bottoms of the Missouri. It was the first time the Indians were given a taste of the fighting qualities of the modern repeating rifle, so far as I have been able to learn, and for that reason, if no other, the incident must be regarded as important. In telling me the story of the affair Denton said:

"Healy, the repeaters were all that saved us. Without them not one of our party would have come out of the cottonwoods alive—not one! It would have been all day with us had we carried rifles of the old pattern."

Drew Denton was a brave man, but that fight was too much for him. It drove him out of wild life into peaceful pursuits. "I'm going back to Oregon," he said to me, "to settle down there. This sort of thing is too bloody for me. I've had enough of it!"

And go back he did. The last I heard of him he was living up there on the slope—one of the few genuine mountaineers left from the old days when the Upper Missouri was one of the hottest places on earth for a white man. But about the Rocky Point fight. It occurred in 1870—possibly '71—and in the spring of the year. There was still a little snow on the ground—just enough to hold a good, sharp trail, no matter how clever were the attempts of the traveler to cover his tracks. The Sioux were out for white scalps, and it was always a fight when the braves picked up the trail of a mountaineer.

This condition of affairs put up the price of pitch-pine wood along the Missouri to an exorbitant figure. Perhaps the average price was fifteen dollars a cord, but sometimes a captain would pay twenty-five dollars, for he couldn't run his steamboat without wood, and few men cared to chop even at that price, knowing they were more likely to lose their scalps than to live to spend the money. A rifle was as much a part of their chopping outfit as an ax, and it was reckless to let one's gun get far out of reach while at this kind of work.

Denton was altogether the best man in his party—a bit stocky in his build, but lithe and active for all that. Williams was also a young man, but lank, slow, and lacking in frontier experience. Lee had seen his best days, but he knew all about a rifle, for he was a practical gunsmith—which may account for the fact that he and his partners had supplied themselves with some of the first repeating rifles brought into that country.

They were picking their way along the bluffs, taking good care to keep well out of the regular trail, when Denton's sharp eyes caught sight of a considerable war party of Sioux, about a mile away. There was only one thing to do—make for the thickest timber of the cottonwood bottoms and trust to luck that the Indians would not happen to spy them or pick up their trail. By crawling, writhing, dodging and sneaking the men contrived to reach the belt of cottonwoods without being seen by the savages, but they had no more than picked their ambush when they heard the war-whoop. At every instant they expected the Indians to appear. But for some unaccountable reason they failed to break into the woods, although the fury of their shouts increased with every moment. It was a strange situation for the men who were crouched behind trees waiting for a big war party to open fire upon them.

Afterward it was learned that the party consisted of two bands, one of which had discovered the trail and proposed that all go into the timber and rub out the three white men. To this the leader of the other and wiser band had replied: "No; these men have no horses that we can take, but they have rifles and will shoot well. Besides, they have picked a good place to fight from. We would get their scalps, but it will cost the lives of too many warriors." This was good sense, for, according to the traditions of Indian warfare, a victory loses half its glory if the life of even a single brave is sacrificed.

"You are cowards—dogs!" was the answering taunt of the strong-hearted band. At once the two bands fell to quarreling with each other. Then the chief of the warriors who were so fierce for the scalps of the whites said, "We will show you how to fight!"

Their squabble among themselves was suddenly ended by three shots which dropped as many warriors. But poor old Lee had exposed himself and a quick brave caught him through the heart with a bullet. Instantly Denton and Williams fell back a trifle and secured better positions behind logs in the thick brush.

The instant after the first volley from the repeaters there was a forward rush of warriors, as they supposed the white men would have to load before they could fire again. But they were facing a new kind of gun, and the manœuvre that answered as fine strategy in dealing with the old muzzle-loader only served to furnish more meat for the repeater. Another rush was then attempted, but was broken with the same costly results to the hot-headed band, who then began to fall back.

At this stage of the fight the band that had been for leaving the white men alone came forward to punish the mountaineers and shame the retiring band. They came on with a wild rush, and for the next few minutes those repeaters worked with a rapidity that simply confounded the attacking savages. The steady stream of balls that came from the muzzles of the repeaters was mysterious and terrifying beyond anything the warriors had ever known.

They had been used to a gun that had to be put down after its discharge to receive another ball, but here was a rifle that went "puff! puff! puff!" without being taken from the shoulder. And every shot made one more dead Indian!

Suddenly the end of Williams' gun wavered and he fell over backward. Instantly two warriors—real red heroes!—leaped forward with their tomahawks raised. As the foremost was squarely over Williams the latter jerked up his gun and shot the brave clean through. The Indian fell forward, completely covering the victim he had thought ready for his scalping-knife. The other warrior had dropped back. Meantime Denton was working his repeater at top speed, and soon Williams rolled the dead man off his chest and began to fire again, although he had been struck in the shoulder.

The next moment brought Denton his turn, and he felt in his breast a spot that burned as if touched by a live coal. This sensation was followed by a deathly faintness and for an instant it appeared as if he were as good as dead. But his grit outlasted his sickness and fright, and he found that he could still keep peppering away with his repeating rifle. Every movement was like that of a man in a nightmare, so strong was the spell of the sickness and the temptation to lie down. Then the sight of Williams, still making his repeater talk although he was badly wounded, helped to restore Denton's nerve.

After what seemed hours to these poor fellows, the Indians again fell back yelling—then disappeared! Leaping to their feet Denton and Williams pushed forward in the other direction, saw that the coast was comparatively clear, and then took the desperate chance of crossing on the ice. Either the Indians did not see them or had been given all the fighting they cared to stand for one day. At any rate the poor fellows reached the other shore and finally made their way back to the post.

Denton's sickness in the course of the fight was caused by a ball which struck a memorandum book that was in the breast-pocket of his jacket, over his heart. The bullet passed through the book and one or two thicknesses of clothing, but did not break the skin.

Although the boys at the post went out in hot pursuit they only succeeded in finding dead Indians. Of these there were fourteen remaining. How many had been carried away by the war party can only be guessed at. That was Drew Denton's last fight, and all the men about the post agreed that he was entitled to quit in good standing if he was disposed to pull out. That fight also settled the standing of the repeating rifle in that region, at least. It was thenceforth set down among the white man's necessities.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers portraying the most significant features of frontier life in pioneer days. Though the papers are intended to form a series, each article is an independent contribution to the history of the plains and mountains of the great West.

Captain John J. Healy, who tells these stories, has been Indian trader, soldier, scout, prospector, miner and pioneer sheriff. His apprenticeship was served under the famous "Jim" Bridger, and he knew personally the leading mountain men of the important period beginning with 1857. Captain Healy is often referred to as "The Man from the Other World."

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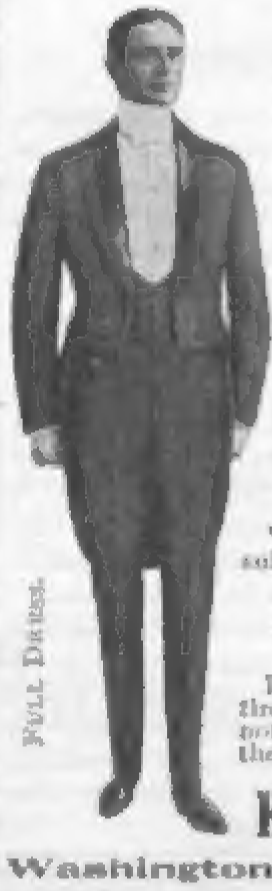

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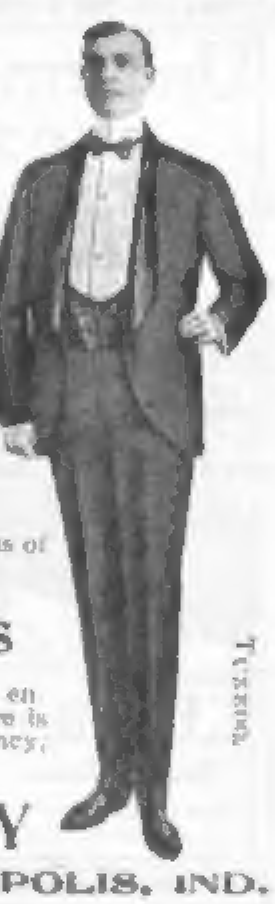

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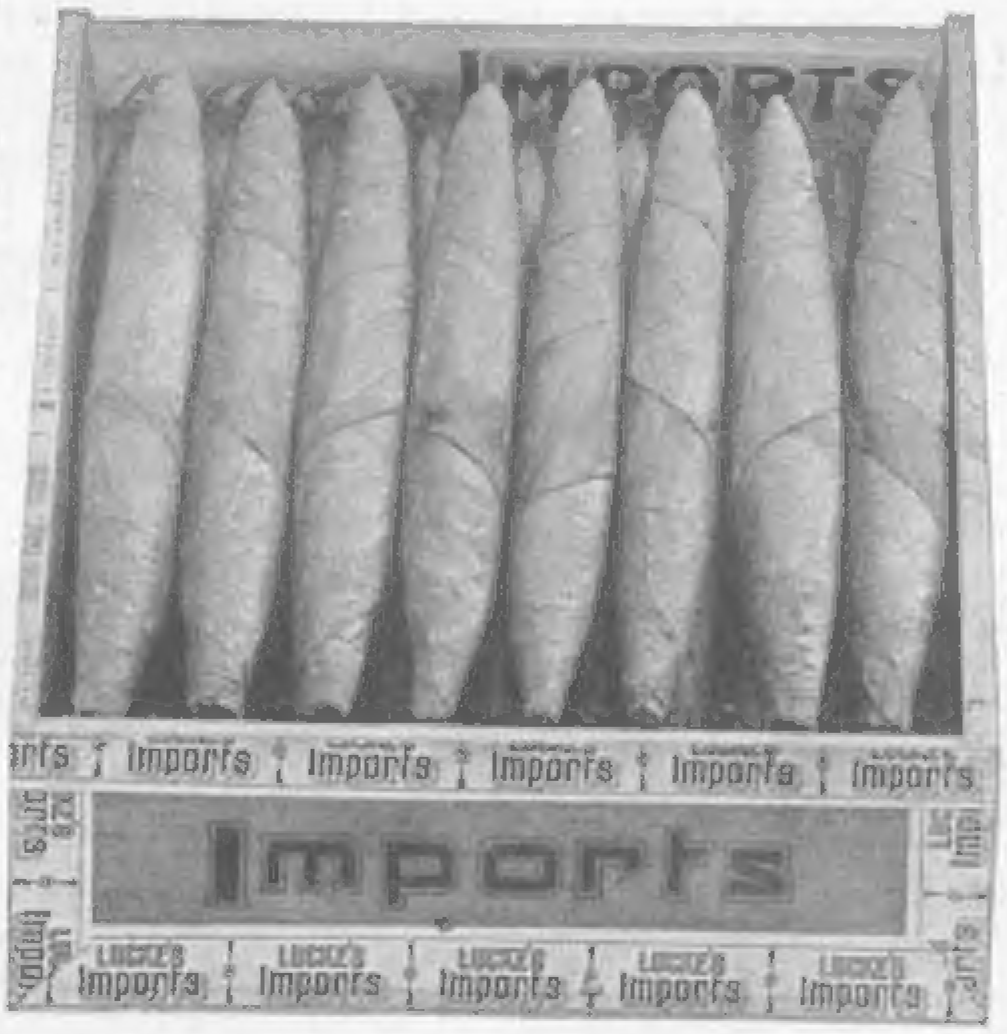

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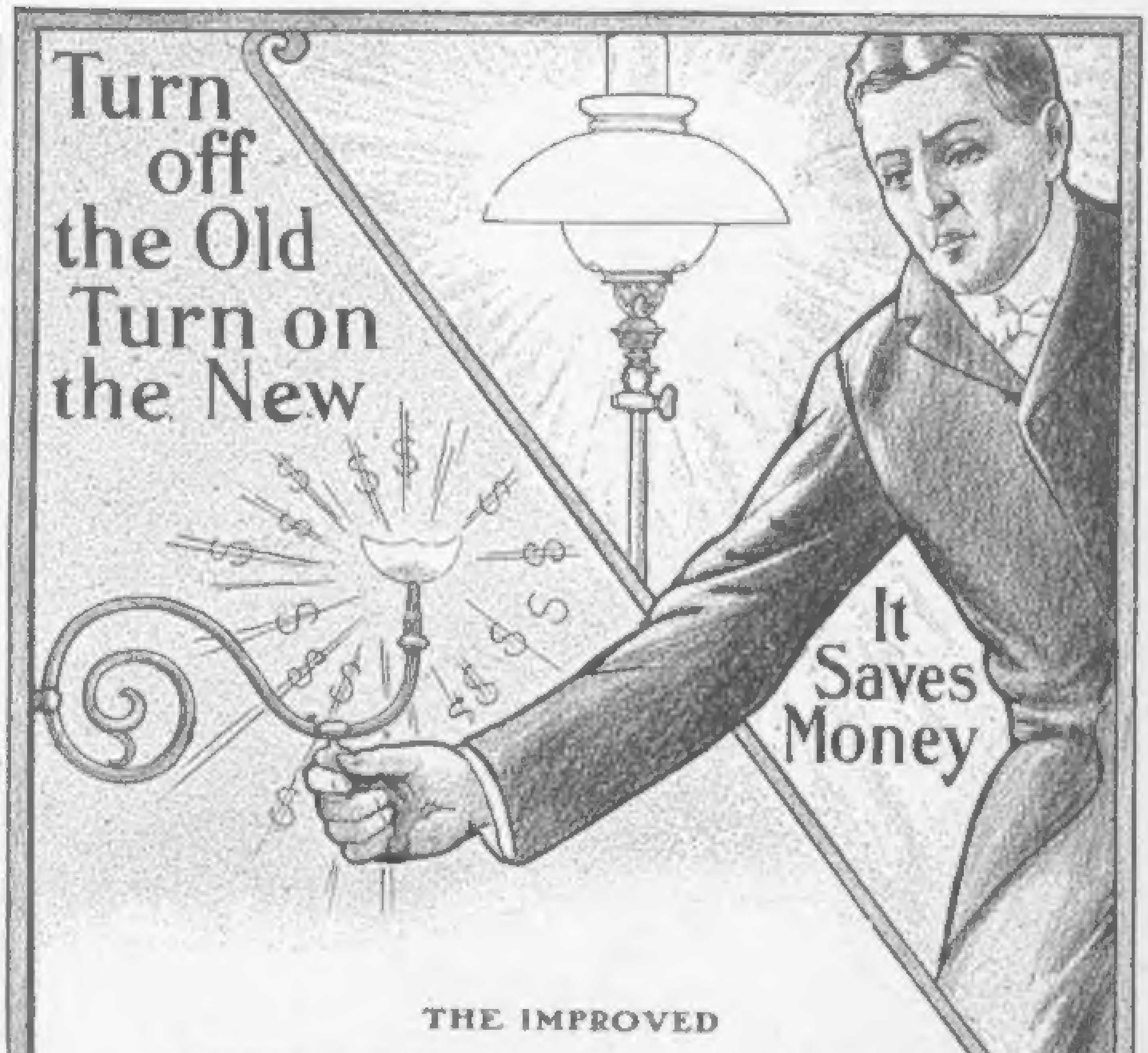
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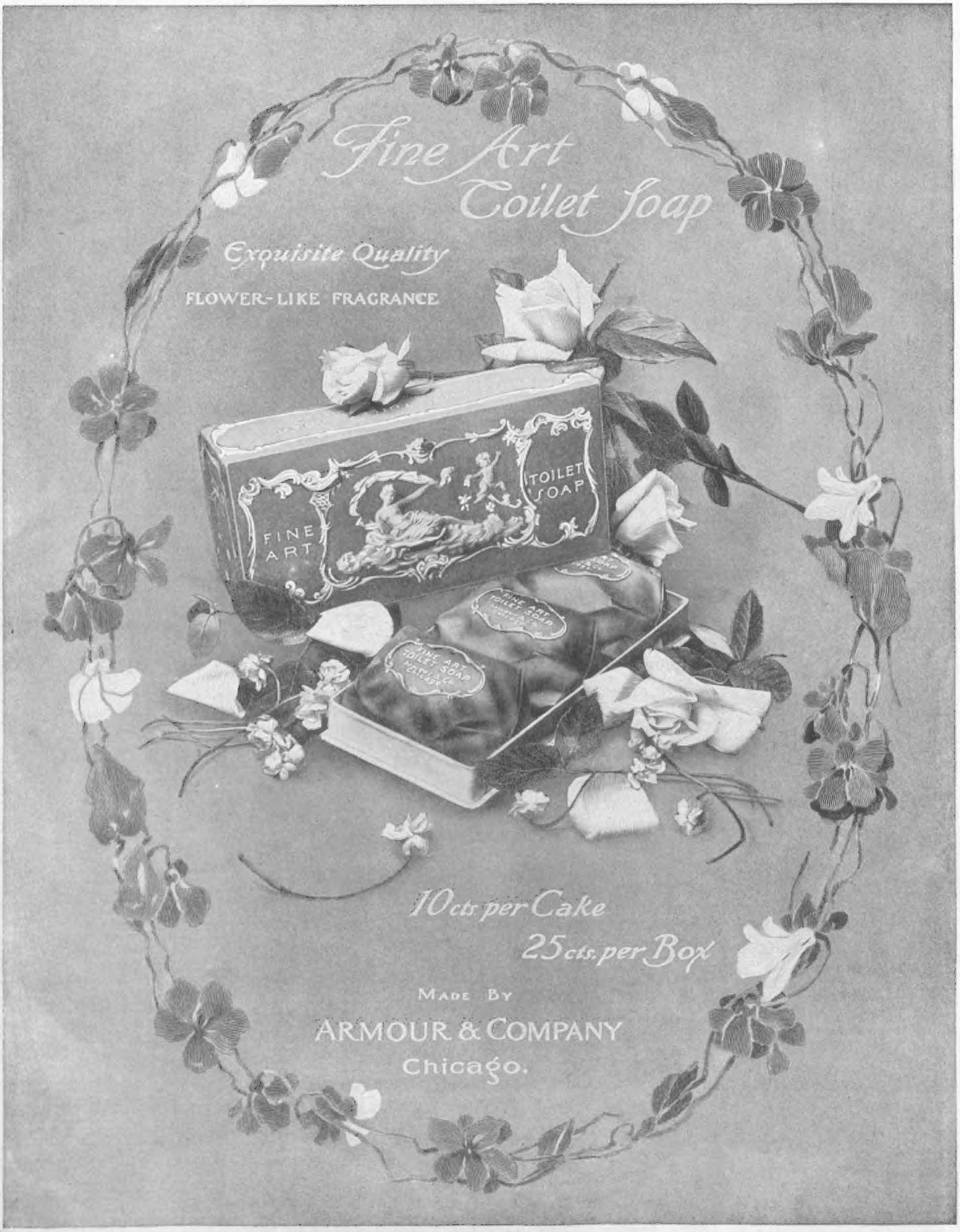
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